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DEC 24 1914

Everybody's Magazine

When Christians fight, are they Christians? (page 843)

YE have heard that it hath been said, An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth:

But I say unto you, That ye resist not evil: but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also.

And if any man will sue thee at the law, and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloke also.

And whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain.

Give to him that asketh thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away.

Ye have heard that it hath been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbour, and hate thine enemy.

But I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you.

And the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.

DECEMBER

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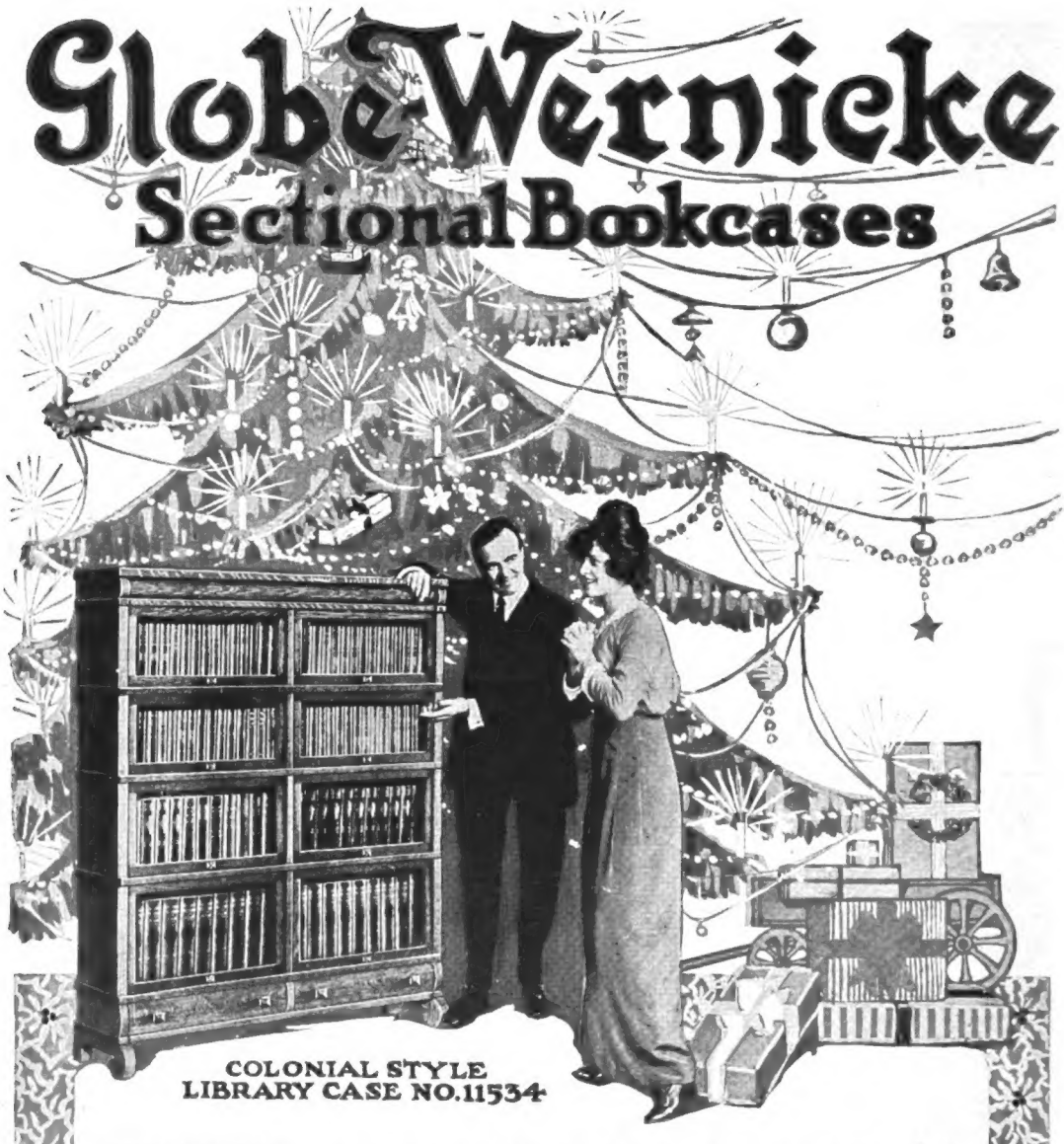

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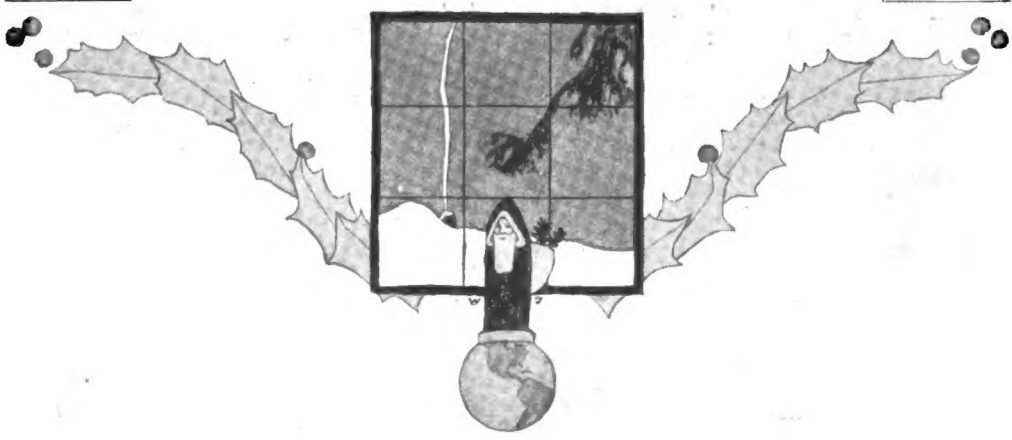

STILL JIM

by HONORÉ WILLSIE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. SCOTT WILLIAMS

Editor's Note—**Permit us to introduce to you "Still Jim"—twentieth-century pioneer. You will meet him in a story that sweeps you in a rush of action from his swimming-hole days in New England to his big job in the West. You will find him doing big things in a big way, working always on one idea—the importance of Being An American. And you're certain to like him.**

There is a woman, too—as big and fine as "Still Jim" himself, and perhaps even wiser.

Mrs. Willsie knows the West of which she writes, and pictures it with remarkable vision and sympathy. Her book, "The Heart of the Desert," a singularly vivid story of the great mesas, has won many readers, and there is further proof of her gifts as a writer in her short fiction and in articles on sociological subjects. "Still Jim" carries all the authority of her first-hand knowledge of the Reclamation Service and her keen observation of modern trends in American life. But, first and foremost, it's a rattling good story.

CHAPTER I—THE QUARRY

An elephant of Rock, I have lain here in the desert for countless ages, watching, waiting, I wonder for what! *Musings of the Elephant.*

LITTLE JIM slowly passed the old farmhouse where he had been born. It was used for a storehouse for quarry supplies now. Yet it still was beautiful. Two huge elms shaded the wide portico. The great eaves sheltered many-paned windows. The delicate balustrade still guarded the curving staircase. The dream of Little Jim's life was to live again in that great, hospitable mansion.

He passed with a boy's deliberation down the long street that led toward the quarry. The street was heavily shaded by gigantic elms. It was lined on either side by fine Colonial houses set in gardens, some of which held dials and bricked walls; wide, deep gardens, some of which were ghostly sweet. But the majority of the mansions had been turned into Italian tenement houses. The gardens were garbage heaps.

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The houses were filthy and tumble-down. The look of them clutched one's heart with horror and despair, as if one looked on a once lovely mother turned to a street drab.

Little Jim looked and thought with a sense of helpless melancholy that should not have belonged to his years. When he reached the quarry, he sat down on the edge of the pit and dangled his legs over the men below. The derrick was out of commission because once more the lift cable had parted. Big Jim Manning, Little Jim's father, was down in the pit with Tomaso, his Italian helper, disentangling the cables, working silently, efficiently, as was his custom.

Little Jim bit his fingers and watched and scowled in a worried way. He and his mother hated to have Big Jim work in the quarry. It seemed to them that Big Jim was too good for such work. Little Jim often asked to be a water-boy and his father's helper; but Big Jim never seemed to hear the boy's request and Little Jim kept on at school.

The noon whistle blew just as the cable was once more in running order. Little Jim slid down into the pit with his father's dinner bucket and sat by while his father ate.

Big Jim Manning was big only in height. He was six feet tall, but lean. He was sallow and given to long silences that he broke with a slow, sarcastic drawl which Little Jim had inherited. Big Jim was forty-five years old. Little Jim was fourteen years old, tall and lean, like his father, his face a composite of father and mother. His eyes were large and a clear gray. Even at fourteen, he had the half sweet, half gay, wholly wistful smile that people watched for when he grew up. His hair was a warm leaf-brown, peculiarly soft and thick. Little Jim's forehead was the forehead of a dreamer. His mouth and chin were dogged, persistent, energetic.

When he was not in school, Jim never missed the noon hour at the quarry. He had his father's love for mechanics. He had his father's love for law- and order-making, the gift to both of their unmixed Anglo-Saxon ancestry. When Big Jim did talk at the noon hour, it was usually to try to educate his Italian and Polish fellow workmen to his New England viewpoint. Little Jim never missed a word. He adored his father. He was profoundly influenced by the dimly felt, not understood tragedy of his father's life and of the old New England town in which he lived.

"Dad," said little Jim, looking from his father to 'Maso, "why can't you get Americans to do this kind of work?"

"Deal with facts, Jimmy, deal with facts," drawled his father. "I'm working here. Will Endicott, John Allen, Phil Chadwick are all day laborers. Our forefathers founded this government and this town. What's happened to it and to us? It's too late for us older men to do much. But you kids have got to think about it. What's happened to us? What's happened to this old town? I want you to think about it."

This was not a new topic to the Mannings nor to the Mannings' friends. Little Jim had been brought up to wonder what was the matter with his breed; what had happened to Exham. Little Jim's forefathers had once held in grant from an English king the land on which the quarry lay. His father had lost it. Farm labor was hard to get. The mortgage had grown heavier and heavier. The land all about was being bought up by Polish and Italian hucksters who lived on what they could not sell and whose wives and children were their farm-hands. Big Jim Manning could not compete with this condition. Little by little he had lost his grip, until now he was a laborer in the syndicate-owned quarry.

"Now the cut, it comes," said 'Maso suddenly. "You putta your kid on job. I bringa my Tony. He getta good job."

"Tony's too small to work," said Big Jim. "You'd ought to keep him in school and give him a chance."

"Chance for what?" asked 'Maso.

"Chance to grow into a decent American citizen," snarled Big Jim with the feeling he had had so often of late, the sense of having his back to the wall while the pack worried him in front.

Tony looked up quickly. He was a brilliant-faced little chap. "I am an American!" he cried. "I'll be rich some day."

Big Jim looked from 'Maso's child to his own. Then he looked off over the browning summer fields beyond the quarry. There lay the land that his fathers had held. But the fields that had built Big Jim's flesh and blood were dotted with Italian huts. The lane in which Big Jim's mother had met his father, returning crippled from Antietam, was blocked by a Polish road-house.

"I want my boy to get an education," said Big Jim, "so he can do what I haven't done. Immigration has got me. I don't

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THE BEAUTY AND SWEETNESS OF THE PLACE WAS SUBTLE BALM TO JIM.

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want it to get him. I don't want you to learn how to be rich, Jimmy; I want you to learn how to find out why I'm a failure, why we're letting 'Maso starve us instead of making old-fashioned Americans out of the 'Masos."

Little Jim didn't like the look on his father's face. He spoke his first thought to break the silence. "Can't I stay for a while, dad, and watch you load the big blocks?"

"If your mother won't worry and you'll keep out of the way," answered Big Jim, rising as the whistle blew.

Little Jim, sitting with his long legs dangling over the derrick pit, watched his father and 'Maso tease the derrick into swinging the great blocks to the flat-car for the rush order. He sat so for an hour. Then the thing happened! So quickly that little Jim could not jump to his feet and start madly down into the pit before it was all over. The great derrick broke clean from its moorings and dropped across the flat-car, throwing Big Jim and 'Maso and the swinging marble block together in a ghastly heap.

It took some time to rig the other derrick to bear on the situation. Little Jim dropped to the ground and managed to grip his father's hand, protruding from under the débris. But the boy could not speak. He only sobbed dryly and clung desperately to the inert hand.

At last Big Jim and 'Maso were laid side by side upon the brown grass at the quarry edge. 'Maso's chest was crushed. The priest got to him long before the doctor, but no one understood the futile words the little Italian spoke before he slipped away.

Big Jim, lying on the border of the fields where his fathers had dreamed and hoped and worked, looked hazily at Little Jim, and tried to say something, but couldn't. Once more the sense of having his back to the wall with the pack suffocating him, closed on him, blinded him, and merged with him into the darkness into which none of us has seen.

Had Big Jim been able to clarify the chaos of thoughts in his mind and had he had a longer time for dying, he might have done the thing far more dramatically. He merely rasped out his life, a bloody, voiceless, broken thing on the golden August fields, with his chaos of thoughts unspoken.

He might, had things been otherwise, have seen the long, sad glory of humanity's migrations; might have caught for an unspeakable second a vision of that never-ceasing, never-long-deflected onmoving of human life that must continue, regardless of race tragedy, as long as humans crave food either for the body or the soul. He might have seen himself as symbolizing one of those races that slip over the horizon into oblivion, unprotesting, only vaguely knowing. And seeing this thing, Big Jim might have paused and, looking into the face of the horde that was pressing him over the brim, he might have said:

"We who are about to die, salute thee!"

But Big Jim was not dramatic. Little Jim never knew what his father might have said. Instinct told the boy when the end had come, and his dry sobs changed to the abandoned tears of childhood as he ran down the street of elms and besotted mansions to tell his mother.

CHAPTER II

THE OLD SWIMMING-HOLE

The same sand that gave birth to the coyote and the eagle gave birth to the Indian and to me. I wonder why! *Musings of the Elephant.*

Little Jim and his mother were left very much alone by Big Jim's death. Little Jim was literally the last of the Mannings. Mrs. Manning's only relative, her sister, had died when Jim was a baby. There was no one to whom Mrs. Manning felt she could turn for help.

Jim pleaded to be allowed to quit school and go to work.

"I'm fourteen, mama, and as big as lots of men. I can take care of you."

Mrs. Manning had not cried much. Her heart-break would not give in to tears easily. But at Jim's words she broke into hysterical sobs. "Jimmy! Jimmy! I don't see how you can ever think of such a thing after all papa said to you. Almost his last advice to you was about getting an education. He was so proud of your school work. Why, all I've got to live for now is to carry out papa's plans for you."

Jim stood beside his mother. He was taller than she. It was always hard for him to speak when deeply moved. He was always a silent boy. His mates called him "Still." But now he found words. Suddenly, with boyish awkwardness, he pulled the sobbing little woman to him and leaned his young cheek on her graying hair.

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"Mama, I'll make myself into a darned college professor, if you just won't cry," he whispered.

For several days after the funeral, Jim wandered about the house and yard, fighting to control his tears when he came upon some sudden reminder of his father: the broken rake his father had mended the week before; a pair of old shoes in the wood-shed; one of his father's old pipes on the kitchen window-ledge. The nights were the worst, when the picture of his father's last moments would not let the boy sleep. It seemed to Jim if he could learn to forget this picture a part of his grief would be lifted. It was the uselessness of Big Jim's death that made the boy unboyishly bitter. He could not believe that any other death ever had been so needless. It was only in the years to come that Jim was to learn how needlessly, how unremittingly, industry takes its toll of lives.

Somehow, Jim had a boyish feeling that his father had had many things to say to him that never had been said; that these things were very wise and would have guided him. Jim felt rudderless. Yet vaguely and childishly he determined that he must make good for the Mannings and for Exham. Poor old Exham, with its lost ideals!

It was in thinking this over that Jim conceived an idea that became a great comfort to him. He decided to write down all the advice that he could recall his father's giving him, and when his mother became less broken up to ask her to tell him all the plans his father might have had for him.

So it was that a week or so after her husband's death Mrs. Manning found one of Jim's scratch-pads on the table in his room, with a carefully printed title on the cover:

MY FATHER'S ADVICE TO ME

After she had wiped the quick tears from her eyes, she read the few pages Jim had completed in his sprawling hand:

"My father said to me, 'Jimmy, never make excuses. It's always too late for excuses.'

"He said, 'A liar is a first cousin to a skunk. There isn't a worse coward than a liar.'

"He said to me, 'Don't belly-ache; stand up to your troubles like a man.'

"My father said, 'Hang to what you undertake like a hound to a warm scent.'

"He said to me, 'Life is made up of obeying. What you don't learn from me about that, the world will kick into you. The stars themselves obey a law. God must hate a lawbreaker.'

"My father said, 'Somehow we Americans are quitters.'

"My mother said my father said, 'I want Jimmy to go through college. I want him to marry young and have a big family.'

"The thing my father said to me oftenest lately was, 'Jimmy, be clean about women. Some day you will know what I mean when I say that sex is energy. Keep yourself clean for your lifework and your wife and children.' "

Mrs. Manning read the pages over several times. Then she laid the book down and stood staring out of the window.

"Oh, he was a good man!" she whispered. "He was a good man! If Jimmy could have had him just two years more! I don't know how to teach him the things a man ought to know. A boy needs his father. Oh, my love! My love!——"

Down below, Jim was leaning on the front gate. His chum, Phil Chadwick, was coming slowly up the street. The boys had not been near Jim since the funeral. Jim had become a person set apart from their boy world. No one appreciates the dignity of grief better than a boy, or underneath his awkwardness has a finer way of showing it. Phil's mother, to his unspeakable discomfort, had insisted that he call on Jim.

Phil, his round face red with embarrassment, approached the gate a little sidewise. "Hello, Still!" he said casually.

"Hello, Pilly!" replied Jim, blushing in sympathy.

There was a pause, then Phil said, leaning on the gate: "Diana's got her pups. One's going to be a bulldog and two of 'em are setters. You—you—you want to come over and see 'em and choose yours?"

Jim's face was quivering. It was his father who had persuaded his mother that Jim ought to have one of Diana's pups. Mrs. Manning felt toward dogs much as she might toward hyenas.

"I—I—guess not to-day, Pilly."

Another long pause, during which the lads swung the gate to and fro and looked in opposite directions. A locust shrilled from the elm-tree. Finally Phil said:

"Still, you got to come up to the swimming-hole. It'll do you good. He—he'd 'a'

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JIM SUDDENLY FOUND HIS TONGUE. "I'M GLAD YOU'VE COME," HE SAID

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ABRUPTLY. "I'M GOING TO THINK A LOT OF YOU, I CAN SEE THAT."

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wanted you to—to—to do what you could to cheer up. Come on, old skinny. Tell your mother. We'll keep away from the other kids. Come on! You gotta do something or you'll go nutty in your head."

Jim turned and went into the house. His mother forestalled his request.

"If Phil wants you to go swimming, dear, go on. It will do you good. Don't stay in too long."

Jim and Phil walked up the road to a pine-grove at the far edge of a field. In the center of the grove was the pond that for centuries had been the swimming-pool for boys, Indian and white. Ground-pine and checkerberry grew abundantly in the grove. Both boys breathed deep of the piney fragrance and filled their mouths with pungent checkerberry leaves. The path, deep worn by many bare feet, circled round the great pines to the clearing where the pond lay. It was black with the shadows of the grove where it was not blue and white in mirroring the September sky. Lily-pads fringed the brim. Moss and a tender, long grass grew clear to the water's edge.

Several boys were undressing near the ancient spring-board. They looked embarrassed and stopped their laughter when they saw Jim. He and Phil got into their swimming-trunks quickly and followed each other in a clean dive into the pool. They swam about in silence for a time and then landed on the far side and lay in the sun on moss and pine-needles.

The beauty and sweetness of the place was subtle balm to Jim. After a while he looked with interest at his legs. "I've got six. How many have you, Pilly?"

Phil counted the brown bloodsuckers that clung to his fat calves. "Seven! Mean cusses, ain't they?"

Jim worked with a sharp-edged stone, scraping his thin shanks. "You got fat to spare. They've had enough off me to-day."

"I remember how crazy I was first time they got on me. Felt as if I had snakes." Phil rooted six of the suckers off his legs and paused at the seventh. "He's as skinny as you are, Still. I'll give him two minutes more to finish a square meal."

The two boys lay staring out at the pond.

"Have you gotta go to work, Still?" asked Phil.

"Yes," replied Jim. "Mother says I can't, though."

Phil waited more or less patiently. His mates had long since learned that Jim's silences were hard to break.

"But I'm going to get a job in the quarry as soon as I can keep from getting sick at my stomach every time I see a derrick."

"My dad says your—he—he always planned to send you through college," said Phil.

Jim nodded. "I'll get through college. See if I don't. But I won't let my mother support me. I've got a lot of things to finish up for him."

"What things?" asked Phil.

"Well," Jim hesitated for words, "he worried a lot because all the real Americans are dying off or going somehow, and he always said it was us kids' business to find out why. That's the chief job."

"I don't see what you can do about it," said Phil. "That's a foolish thing to worry about. Why——"

A boy screamed on the opposite side of the pond. It was so different from the shouts and laughter of the moment before that Jim and Phil jumped to their feet. Across the swimming-hole a naked boy was dancing up and down, screaming hysterically:

"Take 'em off! Take 'em off! Take 'em off!"

"It's the new minister's kid, Charlie," laughed Phil. "The fellows have got the bloodsuckers on him. Ain't he the booby? Told me he was fifteen and he's bigger'n you are an' he screams like a girl."

Jim stood staring, his hand shielding his gray eyes from the sun. Across the pond the boys were doubled up with laughter, watching the minister's son writhe and tear at his naked body. Suddenly Jim shot around the edge of the pond, followed by Phil. A dozen naked boys hopped joyfully around the twisting Charlie. They were of all ages, from eight to sixteen.

When Jim ran up to the new boy, his mates shouted: "Don't butt in now, Jim! Don't butt in! He's a darned sissy!"

Jim did not reply. Charlie was considerably larger than he. He had a finely muscled pink and white body, liberally dotted now with wriggly brown suckers. This was a familiar form of hazing with the Exham boys. There was a horror in the first experience with the little brown pests that usually resulted in a mild form of hysteria very pleasing to the young spectators. But Charlie was in an agony of

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loathing, far ahead of anything the boys had seen.

As Jim ran up, Charlie struck at him madly and the boys yelled in delight. Jim turned on them.

"Shut up!" he shouted. "Shut up *now!*"

Thin and tall, his boyish ribs showing, his damp hair tossed back from his beautiful gray eyes that were now black with anger, Jim dominated the crowd. There was immediate silence, broken only by Charlie's wild sobs:

"Take 'em off! Take 'em off!"

"He's going to have a fit!" exclaimed Phil.

Charlie's lips were blue and foam-flecked. Again as Jim approached him, the minister's boy planted a blow on his ribs that made Jim spin.

"Charlie!" cried Jim. "*Shut up!*"

The same peculiarly commanding note that had silenced his mates pierced through Charlie's hysteria. He paused for a moment, and in that moment Jim said: "Hold your breath and they can't draw blood. I'll have 'em off you in a second."

"C-c-can't they?" sobbed Charlie.

"Hold your breath and I'll show you," said Jim. "Here, Phil, take hold."

As they stripped off the squirming suckers, Jim kept a hand on Charlie's arm. "Can you fight, kid?" he asked. "You've got muscle. You'd better lick the fellow that started this on you or you'll never hear the end of it."

The blue receded from the older boy's lips. He had a fine, sensitive face. "I can fight," he replied. "But I fight fellows and not snakes or worms."

Jim nodded as he pulled off the last sucker. Then he turned to the boys, his hand still on Charlie's arm. He spoke in his usual drawl.

"They's a difference between hazing a fellow and torturing him. Some mighty gritty people can't stand snakes or suckers. You kids ought to use sense. Who started this?"

The biggest boy in the crowd, Fatty Allen, answered: "I did. And if your father hadn't just died, I'd lick the stuffing out of you, Still, for butting in."

A shout of derision went up from the boys. Jim's lips tightened. "You lick the new kid first," he answered, "then tackle me. Get after him, Charlie!"

Charlie, quite himself again, leaped toward Fatty, and the battle was on.

There had been, unknown to the boys, an interested spectator of this entire scene. Just as Charlie's screams had begun, a heavy-set man, ruddy and well-dressed, with iron-gray hair and black-lashed blue eyes, had paused beside a pine-tree. It was a vividly beautiful picture that he saw: the pine-set pool, reed and pad fringed, with the naked boys now gathered about the struggling two near the ancient spring-board. One of the smaller boys, moving about to get a better view of the battle, came within arm-reach of the stranger, who clutched him.

"Who's this boy they call Still?" he asked. "Stand up here on this stump. I'll brace you."

The small boy heaved a sigh of ecstasy at his unobstructed view. "It's Still Jim Manning. His father just got killed. He's boss of our gang."

"But he's not the biggest," said the stranger.

"Naw, he ain't the biggest, but he can make the fellows mind. He don't talk much, but what he says goes."

"Can he lick the big fellow?"

"Who? Fatty Allen? Bet your life! Still's built like steel wire."

"What did he start this fight for?" asked the man.

"Aw, can't you see they'd never let up on this new kid after he bellered so, unless he licked Fatty? Gee! What a wallop! That Charlie kid is going to lick whey out of Fatty."

"So Still is boss?" mused the stranger. "Could he stop that fight, now?"

"Sure," answered the child, "but he wouldn't."

"We'll see," said the stranger. He crossed over to the ring of boys and touched Jim on the shoulder. "I want to speak to you, Manning."

Jim looked at the stranger in astonishment, then answered awkwardly: "Can you wait? I've got to referee this fight."

"You will have to come now," said the man. "Your mother said to come back at once, with me."

Jim walked into the ring, between the two combatants. "Drop it, fellows! I've got to go home. We'll finish this fight to-morrow. Fatty can tackle me then, too."

There were several protests, but Fatty

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"THAT'S MY SIGN AND SEAL," HE SAID SLOWLY; "THAT KISS. THAT'S TO HOLD YOU UNTIL I'M A MAN."

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had had enough. He was glad of the opportunity to dive into the pond. One after the other the boys ran up the spring-board until only Jim and the stranger were left. The man walked back into the grove and in a moment Jim, in his knickerbockers and blouse, joined him.

"I'm glad to see you can obey, as well as boss, me boy," said the man. "Your mother says you don't know that a few days ago she advertised in a New York paper for a position as housekeeper. I liked the ad and came up to see her. I'm a lawyer in New York—a widower. I like your mother. She's a lady to the center of her. But when she told me she had a boy your age, I felt dubious. She wanted to send for you, but I insisted on coming myself. I wanted to see you among boys. My name is Michael Dennis."

Jim flushed painfully. "I don't want my mother to work like that. I can support her."

"I'm glad you feel that way, me boy. She's a fine mother. But, on the other hand, you're not old enough to support her as well as she can support herself and you too."

"I'll never let my mother support me!" cried Jim.

"What can you do to prevent it?" asked Mr. Dennis. "And wouldn't you like to live in New York?"

Jim hesitated.

Dennis put his hand on the boy's shoulder. "I like you, me boy. And I never thought to want another child about me house. Come! We'll talk it over with your mother."

Jim followed into the cottage sitting-room, where his mother eyed the two anxiously.

"I thought something must have happened," she said. "Did you have trouble finding the pond?"

Mr. Dennis smiled genially. "Not a bit. I was just getting acquainted with the boy here. He's quite a lad, Mrs. Manning, and I'm going to tell you I'll be glad to have him in me house. Now, I'll just tell you what me house is like and what we'll have to expect of each other."

After a half-hour's talk the lawyer said casually: "I will give you fifty dollars a month, with board and lodging for the lad."

Mrs. Manning flushed with relief. Jim, who had said nothing all this time, spoke suddenly in his father's own drawl.

"I don't want any one, either mama or you, to give me my keep. I'll take care of the furnace and do the work round the house that you have to pay a man to do. And if that isn't enough to pay for keeping me, I'll work in your office Saturdays."

Mr. Dennis looked at the tall boy keenly. There was a kind of dignity about Jim that the Irishman liked, but he answered whimsically: "So you haven't lost your tongue! The house takes lots of care. Your mother will have a maid to help her and I'll let the man go who has been doing janitor service for me. With this arrangement, I'll make your mother's salary sixty-five dollars a month."

And so the decision was made.

It was the last week in September when Jim and his mother left Exham. The day before they left the old town, Jim tramped doggedly up the street toward the old Manning mansion. He had not been there since his father's death.

When he reached the dooryard, he stopped, pulled off his cap, and stood looking at the doorway that had welcomed so many Mannings and sped so many more. The boy stood, erect and slender, the wind ruffling his thick dark hair across his dreamer's forehead, his energetic jaw set firmly. Now and again tears blinded his gray eyes, but he blinked them back resolutely.

Jim must have stood before the door of his old home for half an hour, a silent, lonely young figure at whom the quarry-men glanced curiously. When the whistle blew five, Jim made a heroic effort and turned and looked at the derrick, again spliced into place. He shuddered, but forced himself to look long and clearly.

It was after sunset when Jim finally turned away, and it was many years before he came to this place again. Yet Exham had made its indelible imprint on the boy. The convictions that had molded his first fourteen years were to mold his whole life. Somehow he felt that his father had been a futile sacrifice to the thing that was destroying New England and that old New England spirit which he had been taught to revere. What the thing was, he did not know. And yet, with his boyish lips trembling, he promised the old mansion to make good, for his father and for Exham—poor old Exham, with its lost ideals!

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CHAPTER III

THE BROWNSTONE FRONT

Coyote, eagle, Indian, I have seen countless generations of them fulfil their destinies and disappear. I wonder when my turn will come.
Musings of the Elephant.

Mr. Dennis's brownstone front in New York was one of the fine old houses on West Twenty-third Street that are fast making way for stores. It was full of red Brussels carpets and walnut furniture of crinkly design. It had crayon enlargements of Mrs. Dennis and the two small Dennises in the parlor and in the guest-room and in Mr. Dennis's room. Jim wondered how Mr. Dennis could be so genial when he had lost so much.

Jim guessed from his own feelings how her position as a servant hurt his mother. She herself never said anything, but Jim noticed that she made no friends. Mr. Dennis treated her with a very real courtesy and basked in her perfect housekeeping.

Jim entered school at once. He was a good student, but his duties as janitor of the brownstone front deprived him of his play, and he needed play even more than most boys. On the first day of his summer vacation he applied for a job. A vast steel skyscraper was being erected on Forty-second Street, and Jim asked the superintendent of construction for work. The superintendent looked at the lank lad, who would have appeared eighteen were it not for his smooth, almost childish face.

"What kind of work, young fella?" asked the boss.

"Anything to start with," replied Jim, "until we see what I can do."

"You're as thin as a lath. Ye can get down there with Derrick No. 2 and get some muscle laid on you. A dollar-fifty a day is the best I can do for you. Get along now."

The structure was a big one, so big that the exigencies of New York traffic were forcing the company to build in sections. A steel frame eighteen stories high was nearly finished at one edge, while blasting for another portion of the foundation, five stories deep, was going on at the other edge.

Derrick No. 2 was in the new foundation. Jim's foreman was a Greek. His companion, with whom he guided rock that the derrick lifted, was a Sicilian. The steam-drill man whom Jim had to help was a negro. There were ten nationalities on the pay-roll of the company. Jim had grown accustomed to feeling in school that New York was not in America but in a foreign country. Down in the five-story hole in the ground, with the ear-shattering clatter of the steam-riveters above him, the groaning of the donkey-engines, the tear and screech of the steam-drills beside him, with the never-ending chatter of tongues that he could not understand about him, Jim often got the sense of suffocation of which his father had complained. He detested foreigners, anyhow. There was in Jim the race vanity of the Anglo-Saxon which is as profound as it is unconscious.

Now, with his sweat mingling with that of these alien workers on the great new structure, Jim wondered how he was going to stand this, summer after summer, until he had his education. They seemed to him so dirty, so stupid, like so many chattering monkeys. To get to know them, to try to understand them, never occurred to him.

The days sped on uneventfully until one hot afternoon Jim saw three men swept from the eighteenth floor by a falling girder. The three crushed bodies sickened him. He stayed at work the rest of the day only by tremendous effort of will.

That evening he went on an errand to the tobacco shop for Mr. Dennis. On his return to the library with the cigars, Dennis looked at the boy affectionately. Jim interested him. His faithfulness to his mother, his quiet ways, his unboyish life, touched the Irishman.

"You look a little peaked round the gills, Still Jim. Better cut this work you are doing and come to my office. I can't pay you so much, but I'll make a lawyer of you."

Jim shook his head. "The work is good for me. The gym teacher said I was growing too fast, and to stay outdoors all summer."

"What's the matter with you, then?" insisted Dennis.

"I saw three men killed just before quitting time," said the boy. Then suddenly his face flushed. "Sometimes I hate it here in New York. Seems as if I can't stand it. They don't care anything about human beings. I can't think of New York as anything but a can full of angle-worms, all of them crawling over each other to get to the top."

"Sit down, me boy," said Dennis. "If

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little Mike had lived, he'd have been just your age. I don't like to think of you as having so little of a boy's life. Jim, take the summer off and I'll take you to the seashore."

Jim smiled a little uncertainly. "I can't leave mama, and the money I'll get this summer will buy my clothes for a year and something for me to put in the bank. I'm all right. It's just that, since—since, you know, I saw dad—" and to his utter shame Jim began to sob. He dropped his head on his arm and Dennis's florid face became more deeply red as he looked at the long, thin body and the beautiful brown head shaken by sobs.

"Good God, Jimmy, don't!" he exclaimed. "Why, you're all shot to pieces, lad! Hold on now, I'll tell you a funny story. No, I won't either. I'll tell you something to take up your mind. Still, do you think your mother would marry me?"

This had the desired effect. Jim jumped to his feet, forgetting even to wipe the tears from his cheeks. "She certainly would not!" he cried. "I wouldn't let her. Has she said she would?"

"I haven't asked her," replied Mr. Dennis meekly. "I wanted to talk to you about it first. Much as I think of her, Jim, I wouldn't marry her if you objected. You've been through too much for a kid."

Jim eyed Mr. Dennis intently. The Irishman was a pleasant, intelligent-looking man.

"I like you now," said the boy, his voice catching from his heavy sobbing, "but I'd hate you if you tried to take my father's place. Anyway, I don't think mama would even listen to you. What makes you want to get married again, Mr. Dennis, after—after that?" Jim looked toward the crayon enlargement above the mantel.

Dennis answered quickly. "Don't think for a minute I'd try to put any one in her place." He nodded toward the sweet-faced woman who was looking down at them. "And I wouldn't expect to take your father's place. I guess your mother and I both know we gave and got the best in life, once, and it only comes once. But it's this way, Still Jim, me boy. When people pass middle age and look forward to old age, they see it lonely, desperately lonely, and they want company to help them go through it. I admire and respect your mother and I think as much of you as if you were me own. But you'll be going off soon to make your own way. Then your mother and I could look out for each other. I leave the decision to you, me boy."

"I can't stand thinking of anybody in my father's place," repeated Jim huskily. "I'm—I'm going out for a walk." And he rushed out of the house and started north toward Forty-second Street, his mind a blur of protest.

The same instinct that sends the workman back to look at the shop on his Sunday afternoon stroll, urged Jim up to the new sky-scraper. The night watchman was for driving the lank boy away, until Jim explained that he worked in the foundation and was just back to see how it looked at night.

"If you want to see a grand sight," said the old man, "get you up to the top floor and look out at the city. Take the tile elevator at the back. Tell the man Morrissy sent ye."

The work in the foundation was going on, but not on the steel structure. No one heeded Jim. He reached the eighteenth floor, where there was a narrow temporary flooring. He sat down on a coil of rope. The boy was badly shaken.

No one—unless to-night, for the first time, Mr. Dennis—realized how hard a nerve-shock Jim had had in seeing his father killed. He had kept from his mother the horror of the nights that followed the tragedy. She did not know that periodically even now he dreamed the August fields and the dying men and the bloody derrick over again. She did not know what utter courage it had taken to join the derrick gang, not for fear for his own safety but because of the dread association in his own mind. At first, the sense of height made Jim quiver. To master this he fixed his thought on the details of structure underneath.

Line on line the delicate tracery of steel waiting for its concrete sheathing was silhouetted below him. The night wind rushed past and he braced himself automatically, noting at the same time how the vibration of the steel cobweb was like a wonderful faint tune. The marvel of conception and workmanship caught the boy's imagination.

"That's what I'll do!" he said aloud. "I'll build steel buildings like this. In college, that's what I'll study—reinforced concrete building. I've got to find a profession

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that'll give me a bigger chance than poor dad had, so I can marry young and have lots and lots of kids."

The wind increased, and Jim slid off the coil of rope and lay flat on his back, looking up at the sky. It was full of stars and scudding clouds. Jim missed the sky in New York. He lay staring, sailing with the clouds while his boyish heart glowed with the stars.

"I'm not in New York," he thought. "I'm—I'm out in the desert country. There isn't any noise. There aren't any people. I'm an engineer and I'm building a bridge across a cañon where no one but the birds have ever crossed before. I'm making a place for people to come after me. I'm discovering new land for them and fixing it so they can come."

For half an hour Jim lay and dreamed. He often had wondered what he was going to be as a man. He had planned to be many things, from a milkman to an Indian fighter. But since his father's death, and indeed for some time before, his mind had taken a bent suggested by Mr. Manning's melancholy. What was the matter with Exham and the Mannings? Why had his father failed? What could he do to make up for the failure? These thoughts had absorbed the boy's air castles. No one can measure the importance to a child of taking his air castles away from him. Tragedy scars a child permanently. Grown people often forget a heavy loss.

But to-night, inspired by the wonder of the building and the heavens, Jim's mind slipped its leashings and took its racial bent. Suddenly, he was a maker of trails, a builder in the wilderness. He completed the bridge and then sat up with an articulate: "Gee whiz! I know what I'm going to be!"

It seemed a matter of tremendous importance to the boy. He sat with clenched fists and burning cheeks, sensing for the first time one of the highest types of joy that come to human beings, that of finding one's predilection in the work by which one earns one's daily bread. The sense of clean-cut aim to his life was like balm and tonic to the boy's nerves. Something deeper than a New York or a New England influence was speaking in Jim now. For the first time, his Anglo-Saxon race, his race of empire builders, was finding its voice in him.

Jim rode gaily down on the tile elevator, his flashing smile getting a vivid response from the Armenian elevator boy. He ran a good part of the way home and burst into the house with a slam, utterly unlike his usual quiet, unboyish steadiness.

CHAPTER IV

JIM FINDS SARA AND PEN

Since time began Indians have climbed my back and have cried their joys and sorrows to the sky. I wonder who has heard!

Musings of the Elephant.

Jim's mother and Dennis were in the library in the midst of a serious discussion.

"Mama!" cried Jim, "I'm going out west and build bridges. I've just decided to be an engineer."

Mrs. Manning looked dazed, but Dennis understood at once, and said neatly:

"I'll look out for your mother. You'll see the need of it, now. All the evening she's said No."

Jim reddened and nodded. "This changes it, of course. I'll send money, but mama must have a man to watch out for her."

"It's only a year since Jim died. No one can take his place," said the little widow sadly.

"Nor Mrs. Dennis'!" cried Dennis. "But this is for Jim. Let's give his father's son a chance. Look at his hands, knocked up with work. Let me send him to college. Don't you think his father would wish it?"

Mrs. Manning looked at Jim and her lips quivered. Dennis quickly followed his advantage by painting a glowing picture of Jim with summers at the seashore and with time in school for athletics and dancing.

Finally she said, with a long, keen look at the Irishman: "You are a good man, Michael Dennis. I'll marry you next week, as you wish. I'm not going to pretend I'd do it if it wasn't for Jim. But you really love my boy, and that's enough for me."

And so Jim was given his chance. . . .

When Jim was a freshman in Columbia, he acquired a chum. He was not a chum who took the place of Phil Chadwick. Nothing in after life ever fills the hollow left by the loss of the first friendship of childhood, and Phil was hallowed in Jim's memory along with all the beauties of the old swimming-hole and the quiet elms around the old Exham mansions.

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"TAKE ME WITH YOU NOW, JIMMY!"

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But Jim's new chum gave him his first opportunity at hero-worship, which is an essential step in a boy's growth. The young man's name was George Saradokis. His mates called him Sara. His mother was a Franco-American, his father was a Greek, a real-estate man in the Greek section of New York. Sara confided to Jim, early in the acquaintance, that his father was the disinherited son of a nobleman and that he, the grandson, would be his grandfather's heir. The glamour of this possible inheritance did not detract at all from the romance of the new friendship in Jim's credulous young eyes.

Sara was half-back on the freshman football team, while Jim played quarter-back. The two were of a height—six feet; but Jim was slender. Sara was broad and heavy. He was very Greek, that is, modern Greek, which has little racially or temperamentally in common with the ancient Greek. He was a brilliant student, yet of a commerciality of mind that equaled that of any Jewish student in the class.

It was when Jim was a freshman, too, that Penelope came from Colorado to live with her Uncle Denny. Her father, Uncle Denny's brother, had married a little Scotch girl, and they had made a bare living from a small mine up in the mountains, until an attack of pneumonia claimed them both in a single month. Penelope stayed on at a girls' school in Denver for a year. Then, Jim's mother urging it, Mr. Dennis sent for her.

Jim, absorbed in the intricate business of being a freshman, did not give much heed to the preparations for her coming.

One spring evening he sauntered into the library to wait for the dinner-bell. As he strolled over to the fireplace, he saw a slender young girl sitting in the Morris chair.

"Oh! Hello!" said Jim.

"Hello!" said the young girl, rising.

The two calmly eyed each other. Jim saw a graceful girl, three or four years younger than himself, with a great braid of chestnut hair hanging over one shoulder. She had a round face that ended in a pointed chin, a generous mouth, a straight little nose, and a rich glow of color in her cheeks. These details Jim noted only casually, for his attention was focused almost immediately on her eyes. For years after, whenever Jim thought of Penelope, he thought of a halo of chestnut hair about eyes of a deep hazel; eyes that were large, almost too large for the little round face; eyes that were steady and clear, and black sometimes, with feeling or with a fleeting shadow of melancholy that did not belong to her happy heart.

Penelope saw a tall lad in a carefully pressed Norfolk suit. He had a long, thin, tanned face with a thick mop of soft hair falling across his forehead, a clear gaze, and a flashing, wistful, fascinatingly sweet smile as he repeated:

"Hello, Penelope!"

"Hello, Still Jim!" replied the girl, while her round cheeks showed dimples that for a moment made Jim forget her eyes.

"Uncle Denny's been busy, I see!" said Jim.

Then he was speechless. He had not reached the "girl stage" as yet. Penelope was not disturbed. She continued to look Jim over, almost unblinkingly. Then Jim, to his own astonishment, suddenly found his tongue.

"I'm glad you've come," he said abruptly. "I'm going to think a lot of you, I can see that."

He held out his hand and Penelope slipped her slender fingers in his hard young fist. Jim did not let the little hand go for a minute. The two looked at each other clearly.

"I'm glad I'm here," said Penelope. Then she dimpled. "And I'm glad you're nice, because Uncle Denny told me that if I didn't like you I'd show myself no judge of boys. When I giggled, I know he wanted to slap me."

Jim's smile flashed, and Penelope wondered what she liked best about it—his white teeth, his merriness, or his wistfulness.

"There's the dinner-bell!" exclaimed Jim. "As Uncle Denny says, I'm so hungry me soul is hanging by a string! Come on, Penelope!"

Penelope entered Jim's life as simply and as easily as Saradokis had done.

Sara charmed both Jim and Penelope. His physical beauty alone was a thing to fascinate far harsher critics than these two who grew to be his special friends. His hair was tawny and thick and wavy. His eyes were black and bright. His mouth was small and perfectly cut. His cleft chin was square and so was his powerful jaw. He

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carried himself like an Indian, and his strength was like that of the lover in Solomon's Song.

Added to this was the romance of his grandfather. This story enthralled little Pen, who at fourteen was almost bowled over by the thought that some day Sara might be a duke!

Sara's keen mind, his commercial cleverness had a strong hold on Jim, who lacked the money-making instinct. Jim quoted Sara frequently to his Uncle Denny. The keen Irishman did not like the young Greek, and usually replied to the quotations with a grunt. The two boys chummed with Penelope, treating her at first as if she were a young boy.

But after she began to attain the dignity of "going on seventeen," their attitude changed. In fact, it was on the night of Pen's sixteenth birthday that Jim gave Penelope his "sign and seal."

They had been celebrating the day at Coney Island. Sara left them at the Battery, and as Jim and Pen climbed the steps of the old brownstone front in the spring twilight, Jim made a sudden resolve.

In the dimly lighted vestibule he took both Pen's hands.

"Look up at me, Pen," he said.

The girl looked up into the tall boy's face. Jim looked down into her sweet eyes. His own grew wistful.

"I wish I were ten years older," he said. Then very firmly: "Penelope, you belong to *me*. Remember that always. We belong to each other. When I have made a name for myself, I'm coming back and marry you."

"But," protested Pen, "I'd much rather be a duchess."

Jim held her hands firmly. "You belong to me. You shall never marry Saradokis."

Pen's soft gaze deepened as she looked into Jim's eyes. She saw a light there that stirred something within her which never before had been touched. And Jim, his face white, drew Penelope to him and laid his soft young lips to hers, holding her close with boyish arms that trembled at his own audacity even while they were strong with a man's desire to hold.

Penelope gave a little sobbing breath as Jim released her.

"That's my sign and seal," he said, slowly, "that kiss. That's to hold you until I'm a man."

The little look of tragedy that often lurked in Pen's eyes was very plain as she said: "It will be a long time before you have made a name for yourself, Still Jim. Lots of things will happen before then."

"I won't change," said Jim. "The Mannings don't!" Then, with a great sigh as of having definitely settled his life, he added: "Gee, I'm hungry! Me stomach is touching me backbone. Let's see if there isn't something in the pantry. Come on, Pen."

And Pen, with a sudden flash of dimples, followed him.

It was not long after Pen's birthday that the college year ended and Jim and Sara went to work. Jim had spent his previous vacations with the family at the shore. Saradokis was planning to become a construction engineer with New York as his field. He wanted Jim to go into partnership with him when they were through college. So he persuaded Jim that it would be a good experience for them to put in their junior vacation at work on one of the mighty steel sky-scrapers always in process of construction.

It was during this summer that a restraint appeared between the two boys. Sara as well as Jim began to realize that Pen was more to them than a playmate. Jim believed that the kiss in the vestibule bound Pen to him forever. But this belief did not keep him from feeling uneasy and resentful over Sara's devotion to her.

Nothing could have been more charming to a girl of Penelope's age than Sara's way of paying court. Flowers and candy and books he showered on her, to Mrs. Manning's great disapproval. But Uncle Denny shrugged his shoulders.

"Let it cure itself, me dear! And Jim must learn to speak for himself, poor boy!"

So the pretty game went on. Something in Sara's heritage made him a finished man of the world while Jim was still an awkward boy. While Jim's affection manifested itself in silent watchfulness, in unobtrusive little acts of care, Sara was calling her openly his "duchess," and loudly singing his praises of her beauty and cleverness.

For even at sixteen Pen showed at times the clear-minded thoughtfulness that later in life was to be one of her chief characteristics. This in spite of the fact that Uncle Denny insisted on her going to a fashionable private school! She read enormously, anything and everything that came to

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hand. Uncle Denny's books on social and political economy were devoured quite as readily as Jim's novels of adventure or her own Christina Rossetti! And Sara was to her all the heroes of all the tales she read, although after the episode of the Sign and Seal some of the heroes showed a surprising and uncontrollable likeness to Jim. Penelope never forgot the kiss in the vestibule. She never recalled it without a sense of loss that she was too young to understand. The look then in Pen's eyes did not belong to her youth, but to her Celtic temperament.

She looked Jim over keenly when the family came up from the shore and Jim was ready for his senior year. "You never were cut out for city work, Jimmy," she said.

"I'm as fit as I ever was in my life," protested Jim.

"Physically, of course," answered Pen. "But you hate New York, and so it's bad for you. Get out into the big country, Still! I was brought up in Colorado, remember. I know the kind of men that belong there. I love that color of necktie on you."

"Have you heard about the Reclamation Service?" asked Jim eagerly. "You know that the Government is building big dams to reclaim the arid West. It puts up the money and does the work, and then the farmers on the Project—that's what they call the system and the land it's watering—have ten years or so to pay back what it cost, and then the water system belongs to them. They are going to put up some of the biggest dams in the world. I'd like to try to get into that work. Somehow I like the idea of working for Uncle Sam. James Manning, U. S. R. S. How does that sound?"

"Too lovely for anything! I'm crazy about it. Sounds like Kipling and the pyramids and the Sahara, somehow."

"Will you come out there after I get a start, Pen?" asked Jim.

"Gee! I should say not! About the time you're beginning your second dam, I'll be overwhelming the courts of Europe with Sara," Pen giggled. Then she added, serenely: "You don't realize, Still, that I'm going to be a duchess."

"Aw, Pen, cut out that silly talk! You belong to me, and don't you ever think your flirtation with Sara is serious for a minute. If I thought you really did, I'd give up the Reclamation idea and go into partnership with Sara so as to watch him and keep him from getting you."

"You and Sara would never get along in business together," said Pen with one of her far-seeing looks. "Sara would tie you in a bow-knot in business, and the older you two grow the more you are going to develop each other's worst side."

"Nevertheless, Sara shall never get you," said Jim, grimly.

Penelope gave Jim an odd glance. "Sara is my fate, Still Jim," she said, soberly.

"Oh, pickles!" exclaimed Jim.

Pen tossed her head and left him.

It was in the spring of their senior year that Jim and Sara ran the Marathon. It was a great event in the world of college athletics. Men from every important college in the country competed in the try-out. For the final Marathon there were left twenty men, Sara and Jim among them.

The course was laid along Broadway from a point near Van Cortlandt Park to Columbus Circle—ten long, clean miles of asphalt. Early on the bright May morning of the race, crowds began to gather along the course. At first, a thin line of enthusiasts planted themselves on camp-stools along the curb. Then at the beginning and end of the course the fringe thickened to two or three deep, until at last the police began to establish lines. Mounted police appeared at intervals to turn traffic. The crowd as it thickened grew more noisy. Strange college yells exploded intermittently. Street fakirs traveled diligently up and down the lines selling college banners. At last Broadway lay, a shining black ribbon bordered with every hue of the rainbow, awaiting the runners.

Uncle Denny had an elaborate plan for seeing the race. He and Jim's mother and Penelope established themselves at One Hundred and Fifty-ninth Street, with a waiting automobile around the corner. After the runners had passed this point, the machine was to rush them to the grand stand at Columbus Circle for the finish.

The three stood on the curb at One Hundred and Fifty-ninth Street, waiting. It was mid-afternoon when to the north, above the noise of the city, an increasing roar told of the coming of the runners. Pen, standing between Uncle Denny and Jim's mother, seized a hand of each. Far up the shining black asphalt ribbon

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appeared a group of white dots. The roar grew with their approach.

Suddenly Penelope leaned forward. "Sara! Sara! Jim! Jim!" she screamed.

Four men were leading the Marathon. A Californian, a Wisconsin man, Jim, and Sara. Sara lead, then Jim and the Californian, then the Wisconsin man, with not a foot between any two of them.

Jim was running easier than Sara. He had the advantage of less weight with the same height. Sara's running pants and jersey were drenched with sweat. He was running with his mouth dropped open, head back, every superb line of his body showing under his wet clothes. His tawny hair gleamed in the sun. No sculptured marble of a Greek runner was ever more beautiful than Sara as he ran the Marathon.

Jim was running "with his nerves," head forward, teeth clenched, fists tight to his sides, long, lean, and lithe. His magnificent head outlined itself for an instant against the skyline of the Hudson, fine, tense, like the painting of a Saxon warrior. Pen carried this picture of him in her heart for years.

The moment the boys had passed, Uncle Denny made a run for the machine. The three entered the grand stand just as the white dots appeared under the elevated tracks at Sixty-sixth Street. There was a roar, a fluttering of banners, a crash of music from a band, and a single runner broke from the group and staggered against the line. Saradokis had won the race.

Jim was not to be seen. Uncle Denny was frantic.

"Where's me boy?" he shouted. "He was fit to finish at the Battery when he passed us! Give me deck room here! I'm going to find him!"

CHAPTER V

AFTER THE MARATHON

"I have seen a thing that humans call friendship. It is clearer, higher, less frequent than the thing they call love." *Musings of the Elephant.*

At Sixty-sixth Street, Jim had passed the Californian and caught up with Sara. He held Sara's pace for the next block. Try as he would, the young Greek could not throw Jim off, and instinct told him that Jim had enough reserve in him to forge ahead in the final spurt at Columbus Circle, six blocks away.

But at Sixty-third Street something happened. A fire-alarm was turned in from a store in the middle of the block. The police tried to move the crowd away without interfering with the race, but just as the runners reached the point of the fire, the crowd broke into the street. A boy darted in front of Sara and Jim, and Sara struck at the lad. It was a back-handed blow, and Sara brought his elbow back into Jim's stomach with a force that doubled Jim up like a closing book. Sara did not look round. A policeman jerked Jim to his feet.

"After 'em, boy! Ye still can beat the next bunch!" cried the policeman.

But Jim was all in. The blow had been a vicious one, and he swayed limply against the burly bluecoat.

"Dirty luck!" grunted the Irishman, and with his arm under Jim's shoulders he walked slowly with him to the rooms at Columbus Circle where the runners were to dress. There Uncle Denny found Jim, still white and shaken, dressing slowly.

"What happened to you, me boy?" asked Uncle Denny, looking at him keenly.

Jim sat limply on the edge of a cot and told Dennis what had happened.

"The low scoundrel!" roared Uncle Denny. "Leave me get at him!"

Jim caught the purple-faced Irishman by the arm. "You are to say nothing to any one, Uncle Denny. How could I prove that he meant to do it? And do you want me to be a loser that bellyaches?"

Uncle Denny looked Jim over and breathed hard for a moment before he replied: "Very well, me boy. But I always suspected he had a yellow streak in him, and this proves it. Have you seen him do dirty tricks before?"

"I never had any proof," answered Jim carefully. "And it was always some money matter, and I'm no financier, so I laid it to my own ignorance."

"A man who will do dirt in money matters can't be a clean sport," said Uncle Denny. "This ends any chance of your going into business with him, Jim, I hope."

"I gave that idea up long ago, Uncle Denny. Pen is not to hear a word of all this; remember, won't you?"

At this moment, Saradokis burst in the door. He was dressed and his face was vivid despite his exhaustion. "Hey, Still! What happened to you? Everybody's looking for you. Congratulate me, old scout!"

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Jim looked from Sara's outstretched hand to his beaming face. Then he put his own hand in his pocket. "That was a rotten deal you handed me, Sara," he said, in a drawl that bit.

"What!" cried Sara.

"What's done's done!" replied Jim. "I'm no snitcher, so you know you're safe. But I'm through with you."

Sara turned to Uncle Denny, injured innocence in his face. "What is the matter with him, Mr. Dennis?" he exclaimed.

"Still Jim, me boy, go down to the machine while I talk with Sara," said Uncle Dennis.

"No, there is no use talking," insisted Jim.

"Jim," said Dennis, sternly, "I ask you to obey me but seldom."

Without a word Jim picked up the suitcase containing his running togs and went down to the automobile where his mother and Penelope were waiting.

It was fifteen minutes before Dennis and Sara appeared. Sara's face was red with excitement and drawn with weariness. He walked directly to the machine and, looking up into Pen's face, he exclaimed:

"If Jim has told you that I gave him a knock-out to win the race, it's a lie, Pen!"

Penelope looked from Jim to Uncle Denny, then back to Sara, in utter bewilderment. "Why, Sara! He never said anything of the kind! He said he had a bad fall when the crowd closed in and that it put him out of the race."

"I told you to keep quiet, Sara; that Jim would never say anything," cried Uncle Denny.

"Get in, both of you," said Jim's mother, quietly. "Don't make a scene on the street."

"If Saradokis gets in, I'll take the elevated home," said Jim, slowly.

"Don't worry!" snapped Sara. "I'm meeting my father in a moment. Pen, you believe in me, don't you?"

Pen seized his outstretched hand and gave the others an indignant look. "Of course I do, though I don't know what it's all about."

Sara lifted his hat and turned away, and the machine started homeward.

"Now what on earth happened?" Pen cried.

Uncle Denny looked at Jim and Jim shook his head. "I'm not going to talk about it," he said. "I've a right to keep silence."

Pen bounced up and down on the seat impatiently. "You haven't any such right, Jim Manning. You've got to tell me what you said about Sara."

"Aw, let's forget it!" answered Jim wearily. "I'm sorry I ever even told Uncle Denny."

He leaned back and closed his eyes, and his tired face touched Pen's heart. "You poor dear!" she exclaimed. "It was awfully hard on you to lose the race."

Jim's mother patted her boy's hand. "You are a very blind girl, Penelope," she said. "And I'm afraid it will take long years of trouble to open your eyes. We all must just stand back and wait."

The little look of pre-knowledge that occasionally made Pen's eyes old came to them now as she turned toward Jim's mother. "Did you learn easily, Aunt Mary?"

The older woman shook her head. "Heaven knows," she answered, "I paid a price for what little I know—the price of experience. I guess we women are all alike."

When they reached the brownstone front, Jim went to bed at once and the matter of the race was not mentioned among the other three at supper. Pen was offended at what she considered the lack of confidence in her and withdrew haughtily to her room, and Uncle Denny went out and did not return until late. Jim's mother was waiting for him in their big, comfortable bedroom.

Dennis peeled off his coat and vest and wiped his forehead. "Mary," he said, "I've been talking to the policeman who helped Jim. He says it was a deliberate knock-out Sara gave Jim. He was standing right beside them at the time."

Jim's mother threw up her hands. "That Greek shall never come inside this house again, Michael!"

Dennis nodded as he walked the floor. "I don't know what to do about the matter. As a lawyer, I'd say drop it. As Jim's best friend, I feel like making trouble for Saradokis, though I know Jim will refuse to have anything to do with it. He wants to win Pen on his own merits, not by tattling."

Jim's mother looked thoughtfully at the sock she was darning. "Jim has the right to say what shall be done. It means a lot to him in regard to its effect on Pen. But I think Pen must be told the whole story."

Uncle Denny continued to pace the floor

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for some time, then he sighed: "You're right, as usual, Mary. I'll tell Pen myself, and forbid Sara the house, then we'll drop it. I'm glad for one thing. This gives the last blow to any hope Sara may have had of getting Jim into business with him. Jim will take that job with the United States Reclamation Service. Though how I'm to live without me boy, Mary, it's hard for me to say!"

Uncle Denny's Irish voice broke, and Jim's mother's lips quivered.

Uncle Denny told the story of the boys' trouble to Penelope the next morning. Pen flatly refused to believe it.

"I don't doubt that Jim thinks Sara meant it," she said. "But I am surprised at Jim! And I shall have to tell you, Uncle Denny, that if you forbid Sara the house I shall meet him clandestinely. I, for one, won't turn down an old friend."

Pen was so firm and so unreasonable that she alarmed Dennis, but in view of Jim's coming departure for the West he decided not to worry her further. Pen resolved to have it out with Jim. But he, coming upon her in the library that same morning, gave the conversation a turn that left her no opportunity for the scolding she had planned for him.

"I'm going away, Pen, to make some kind of a name to bring back to you, and then, when I've made it, I'm coming for you," Jim said, putting his strong young hands on Pen's shoulders and looking clearly into her eyes. "You belong to me, Penelope. You never can belong to Sara. You know that."

Pen looked up into Jim's face a little pitifully. "Still Jim, 'way back in my heart is a feeling for you that belongs to no one else. You—you are fine, Jim, and yet—oh, Jim, if you want me, you'd better take me now, because—" this with a sudden gust of girlish confidence—"because, honestly, I'm just crazy about Sara, and I know you are better for me than he is!"

Jim gave a joyful laugh. "I'd be a mucker to try to make you marry me now, Penny! You are just a kid. And just a dear! There is an awful lot to you that Sara can never touch. You show it only to me. And it's mine!"

"You'd better stay on the job, Still," said Pen warningly.

Again Jim laughed. "Why, you sent me out West yourself!"

Pen nodded. "And it will make a man of you. It will wake you up. And when you wake up, you'll be a big man, Jimmy."

Pen's old look was on her face. "What do you mean, Pen?" asked Jim.

The girl shook her head. "I don't quite know. Some day, when I've learned some of the lessons Aunt Mary says are coming to me, I'll tell you." Then a look almost of fright came to Pen's face. "I'm afraid to learn the lessons, Still! Take me with you now, Jimmy!"

The tall boy looked at her longingly, then he said: "Dear, I mustn't! It wouldn't be treating you right." And there was a sudden depth of passion in his young voice as he added: "I'm going to give you my sign and seal again, beloved."

And Jim lifted Penelope in his strong arms and laid his lips to hers in a hot young kiss that seemed to leave its impress on her very heart. As he set her to her feet, Penelope gave a little sob and ran from the room.

Jim went about his preparations for graduating and for leaving home with a complete sense of security. He had arranged his future.

The next two weeks were busy and hurried. Pen, a little wistful-eyed whenever she looked at Jim, avoided being alone with him. Saradokis did not come to the house again. He took two weeks in the mountains after graduation before beginning the contracting business which his father had built up for him.

Jim's mother, Uncle Denny, and Pen went to the station with him. He kissed his mother, wrung Pen's and Dennis's hands, then climbed aboard the train and reappeared on the observation platform. His face was rigid. His hat was clenched in his fist. None of the watching group was to forget the picture of him as the train pulled out—the tall, boyish figure in the blue Norfolk suit, the thick brown hair tossed across his dreamer's forehead, and the half sweet, half wistful smile set on his young lips.

There were tears on Jim's mother's cheeks and in Pen's eyes, but it was Uncle Denny who broke down and cried.

"He's me own heart, Still Jim is!" he sobbed.

*The second instalment of "**Still Jim**" will appear in the January number.*

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Milady's Incognito

Ned Thacker of Kansas serves as King Pro Tem

by

Eugene P. Lyle, Jr.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HENRY RALEIGH

WELL past candle-lighting time the Honorable Patricia came upon the king in his palace.

"Terry," she began, with a sly touch of the brogue—which was unfair; the king knew already that he'd have to give in. "Is it much you'd mind, Terry dear," she said, heaping her Cavalier hat and Spanish cloak on a carved chair, "if I—if I—mislaid my bridegroom this evening?"

"'Tis this evening," the king reminded her, "that you are to marry him."

"I know," said Patricia, "and that's why I asked you—about mislaying him."

"'Twould be possibly noticed—his not being around."

"Honest, Terry, I'm sorry, but—well, that's what I've done. I've—mislaid him!"

"Patricia," the king asked quietly, "where is he, your Cousin Renaldo? You went out with him an hour ago."

"But you'd send and rescue him, if I told. Then we should have to have the wedding after all."

"Rescue him, Sis? What——"

"Oh," said Patricia, "he was mislaid adequately, all right. I rather think he's locked up by this time."

One could believe that there was a twinkling in the king's calm gray eyes. The king was Irish, after all, despite his former incarnation as the ultra-serious Athos of "The Three Musketeers;" and the O'Hara that was in him now could not forego a smile over the exquisite Duke Renaldo de Valdepena comfortably locked up for his wedding-day, and the bride-apparent not tremendously grieved over it, either. But something else made the king suddenly grave.

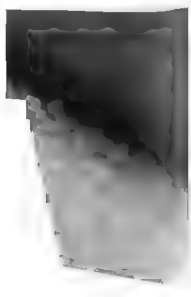
"I believed, Patricia," he said gently, "that you wished to marry Renaldo."

"Indeed, Terry, I did truly want to. That is," she corrected herself desperately, "I wanted to want to, *so* much, on your account; but—but I——"

"Yes, Sis?"

"But I just couldn't want to want to—enough, no matter how hard I tried. Yes, that's it. I——"

He put up his hand, interrupting her, and



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summoned an attendant; whereupon her heart and the mischievous black eyes melted before his serene, matter-of-fact sacrifice where his sister was concerned. She heard him dispatch word by the attendant to the patriarch of Illyria, to the court chamberlain, to the cook in the kitchen, that there would be no wedding that evening. The princess had changed her mind.

"Now," said the king, when they were alone again, "where is Renaldo? I may need him at any moment. This is no time when I can spare a true, and brave, and resourceful friend, Patricia."

The girl went behind her brother's chair, where he sat at his work desk in the great, bare apartment, and put a hand almost timidly on his shoulder. "Terry, dear, you really forgive me?" The brogue was gone. She was utterly repentant. "Oh, dear," she cried, "why did I ever come? Or why can't I marry Renaldo and let him take me back, out of your way? As if you hadn't enough on your hands already, with this buzzing kingdom! And you are afraid they might cut my throat too, your horrid brigands. Yes, they are, Terry, every last Illyrian—just brigands. And they think, simply because they made you their king, they can stroll in any time and kill you. That's their gratitude for leading them to independence against Turkey. Why *couldn't* you let the Turks keep them? You weren't under any obligations to the Turks, were you? Dear, dear, why *didn't* I stay in Paris?"

The king's calm, white face softened. He knew that she had come with some wilful notion of saving him from a palace massacre.

"Don't you smile!" she cried, but glorying in him because he could. "It's a fact, though," she protested earnestly, "that your being in danger was why I came. I couldn't sleep for thinking of that hateful Austrian envoy down here, turning your own subjects against you, making them believe you meant to betray Illyria over to Austria, when that was just the thing you wouldn't do. I *had* to come, that's all, and I—I've only made everything worse. And I can't —can't—marry Renaldo!"

Remorse left her lip quivering, but it was not remorse that rose-tinted the cream of her cheeks. The abrupt and mysterious discovery that she could not marry Renaldo was—oh, surely!—but a coincidence with the unexpected appearance of Mr. Ned Thacker of Kansas. She *knew* it could be nothing else. Only a coincidence. Surely, although Ned had followed her across Europe and had promptly fretted the prospective bridegroom into a fight!

"Where," persisted the king, "is Renaldo?"

Patricia approached the answer warily, the rose tint coming and going. "Well," she said, "to begin with, Renaldo wanted me to take a walk with him, and see him give that young American, Mr.—Mr.——"

"Thacker," supplied the king innocently.

"Yes—see him give Mr. Thacker a little lesson in fencing."

"How!" exclaimed the king. "A duel?"

She nodded.

"Oh, well," said the king, "Renaldo would not hurt him."

"N-o," agreed Patricia reflectively, "Renaldo would not hurt him. You see, Mr. Thacker took his sword away from him."

The king sat back incredulously.

"'Tis the truth, Terry," she declared, her eyes sparkling. "Just wrenched it away on his own blade—*phist!*—like that. Something you would have enjoyed, Terry. Poor Renaldo——"

"What—what was the quarrel?"

The rose tint deepened deliciously. "Why, how should I know? Indeed!"

"They should have been arrested."

"They were. Your big, flaxen-pompadoured captain of the Guard in the Illyrian skirts——"

"Young von der Blitzen—yes?"

"Well, he arrested them, he and about twenty of his men."

The king turned in his chair, reaching for the old-fashioned bell-cord.

"Wait," Patricia begged. "You are going to send for Renaldo. But I was thinking, since you need a brave and resourceful friend, you might as well have two of them. Mr. — uh, Mr. Thacker——"

"Of course," said the king, "I shall have to have them both released; but as for calling upon a stranger for aid——"

"Mr. Thacker was a stranger," she reminded him, "when he fought Coligny in Paris and helped you to your crown. He was a stranger when he helped Renaldo save me from Coligny——"

"And when," suggested her brother, "he helped you save yourself from Renaldo this afternoon?"

But she was too deeply in earnest to heed

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the thrust. "Oh, keep him near you, Terry," she pleaded. "He is the kind of man I want near you."

"I grant," conceded the king indulgently, "that our Mr. Thacker is a redoubtable lad, Renaldo's master with the foils, and all that; but when it comes to parrying conspiracy, Austrian conspiracy, and Aunt Jemima doubtless at the bottom of it, why then, give me Renaldo."

"Then why isn't he here, your Renaldo?"

"But he is under arrest, you say——"

"No matter, if he is so clever. He knows your peril. Why isn't he here? His wedding-day, too!" She had to add that.

"You make me wonder, Sis, that Mr. Thacker is not here."

"Ah, that," she cried, "faith, and I wonder too!"

A soft tapping fell on the oaken doors that gave upon the corridor. "Enter," called the king; and the doors were pushed open, revealing two wild-looking Illyrian guardsmen on duty at either side and a somber lackey between, who announced Milady of Valdepena.

"Aunt Jemima!" exclaimed Patricia, glancing dolefully at her brother.

The king was more gracious. "But you are keeping her waiting," he said in Illyrian to the footman. "And here, take one of these candles for light. The poor old lady," he added to Patricia, "can not find her way yet about these gloomy corridors."

"Can't she?" sniffed Patricia. "She is most at home in dark windings, Terry. You should know."

The king did know as a matter of fact, through experience, of his great-aunt's inveterate propensity for scheming. But he couldn't cure himself of believing that presently she would give up her treacherous dislike of him. He did not know how deep it went—with what jealousy the Spanish Valdepena had watched the success of their Irish kinsman. More than that, he only suspected her high interests in Austria and the ties that bound her tightly to the Austrian cause. All he really knew was her spiteful predilection for tricking him.

The flunky had but stepped back into the corridor, and at once came forward again, standing to one side, and bowing stiffly as Aunt Jemima, with her ridiculously gaudy little bonnet, and befurred to the eyes, passed him into the king's apartment. But there was some one close behind her, politely propelling her by an elbow, in fact; and at sight of this man the king and his sister stared, though she turned her head quickly, that the man might not see the exultant glow in her eyes.

"Thacker!" exclaimed the king, frankly bewildered.

Ned Thacker, whom Patricia had seen hardly an hour before in the hands of von der Blitzen's guardsmen, was still in the same cleared-for-action deshabille as when he fought his duel with Renaldo. He was stripped of hat, coat, vest, collar, and suspenders; and even the cuff was still rolled back from his sword wrist.

But there were signs of exertion not of the duel, and certainly more recent. A hand, evidently, had fastened in his collar-band, tearing the fabric downward, and baring the column of his neck and a gleam of white chest. Also the knuckles of his right hand were smeared, although the skin was not broken. In the soft glare of the king's candelabra, his sandy eyelashes batted in appreciation of his late activities, and perhaps in anticipation of those to come.

Catching Patricia's eye on the rebound, he tendered that astounded young lady a sober military salute by way of recognition.

"How, young sir," spoke the king, "you are not in the custody of my Guard?"

Still holding Aunt Jemima deferentially by the elbow, Ned waited until the flunky pulled the doors to. Then he released the little old woman, sprang to the doors, and dropped into place across them the heavy beam that made them a fortified barrier.

"You are not in the custody of my Guard, sir," repeated the king, unmoved, suspending judgment.

"Hardly," admitted Ned, glancing down at his free arms.

"You escaped?" cried Patricia. "Oh, but how?"

"Easily. The snow was icy, and it was dark; and they tripped and slipped, and—but 'twould be a tame cat that did not streak it; for, you see," he explained to her with careful consideration of manner, "when a man breaks up a girl's wedding, he really ought to hurry and be on hand to help her out of any consequences. That seemed to me only the polite thing to do," he added wistfully.

She lifted her chin in disdain. But he went on; and out of his whimsical phrases, spoken with a mock-appealing diffidence,

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AUNT JEMIMA, BEFURRED TO THE EYES, PASSED INTO THE KING'S APARTMENT. BUT THERE WAS SOME ONE CLOSE BEHIND HER, POLITELY PROPELLING HER BY AN ELBOW.

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slowly crept a tragic significance. "I should not think," he said, "that a girl would wish to see her brother kidnapped off his throne, and all because he could not get her married off and out of his way."

The king made a slight gesture of impatience. "Milady," he interrupted, addressing his great-aunt, "you know I am at your disposition. Pray be good enough to tell me how I can serve you and Mr. Thacker here, whom you have brought with you."

The little old woman had uttered no word, although she made many odd noises; and she did not reply now, save by a raging spasm of the tense, withered frame which left the feathers in her bonnet quivering as with an ague.

"Oh," said young Thacker, "it was I who brought *her*. You will pardon her for not speaking." Whereupon he gently unwrapped the furs from her throat, and they saw that she was gagged—gagged with her own coroneted handkerchief!

Her eyes, as they met theirs, became a deeper, glittering green.

The king straightened in his chair. Even Patricia was shocked, for all that she knew of Milady's wickedness.

"It was my quickest way to get to you," Ned told the king without hint of apology. "If I hadn't brought her along, she might have told your flunkies and guards things to keep me from getting to you at all. So I gagged her and escorted her into the palace, and told the first footman we met who knew French that her ladyship wanted to see you."

"But why," demanded the king, "this urgent need?"

"Or," asked Patricia excitedly, "why bar those doors? And what has Aunt Jemima——"

"Aunt Jemima," Ned stated grimly, "has been cooking up something."

"Busy little Aunt Jemima," murmured Patricia, but with growing terror in her heart. "Yet what—what has she——"

Ned put up a hand. He wanted but the opportunity to tell it all, quickly. "You remember this evening, Miss Patricia," he said, "when you left for the palace with Captain von der Blitzen, leaving poor Cousin Renaldo and me overpowered by the Captain's wild guardsmen? That was one reason why I broke loose. The Captain was to have arrested only Renaldo. He agreed with me as to that, so that you would not have to marry Renaldo. But he arrested me too, and you laughed when you tripped off with him, and the Captain laughed. I heard him."

"What—" began the king, almost losing patience.

"Had that to do with it?" queried Ned. "Only this. I escaped to settle my score against this big, false captain who had seemed so simple. And when I escaped, I hurried after him and Miss Patricia to the palace here. That must have been a half-hour after, and I came upon him in the palace yard. But he was not alone. A woman was with him, talking low, and—I decided to let my score against the Captain wait, for what I overheard her say caused me to tiptoe behind a tree and listen. She was more than gumming up the Captain's wits. Her tones were like rancid honey."

"What did you overhear?"

"I heard her say: 'Yet it will take a hero, a *beau sabreur*, a very paladin,' when the Captain stamped his foot and told her to tell *him* what to do. Then she did tell him, getting hold of his jacket and pulling herself up on her toes and mouthing it into his ear. It wasn't much," said Ned; "he was only to break in here with those wild Illyrian guardsmen and kidnap your Royal Majesty."

Involuntarily the king and his sister turned eyes of hurt reproach on the gagged old woman, who glared back at them in scorn.

"I see," said the king sorrowfully. "She doubtless persuaded the Captain, who after all is a simple, honest fellow, that if he loves me, as he does, he must keep me by force from betraying Illyria into the Austrian policy."

"Something like that," Ned replied. "She told him that your Cousin Renaldo has come here to exert his influence over you, and that he and I both are in the employ of Austria, and that you are about to officer every garrison, arsenal, and fortress with traitors already named by the Austrian envoy."

"Rubbish!" cried Patricia. "And the Captain believed it?"

"He left her," said Ned, "to bring his Guard here right away! Which is why," he added, "I have barred the doors."

"And brought the woman to me?"

"Exactly, even your sacred great-aunt, sir."

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The natural pallor of the young king was ghost-like. In the austere calm of his gaze, as he turned to his shriveled, raging kinswoman, one felt the man's cold deadliness to all things base. "To this, then, which you know will be assassination, does your hatred carry you at last? Even, Milady, to murder?"

Ned Thacker shrank from the baleful hatred in her eyes. Patricia could not look at all; but with the word "assassination" a shuddering little cry of protest escaped her.

"Assassination," repeated the king, "for she knows that there will be one among the guardsmen who in the confusion will shoot—oh, accidentally, of course! But afterward, he will go to the Austrian envoy, and receive his pay—Ah, listen. You hear?"

It was the silvery note of a whistle, trilling on the frosty air; and the king knew it for the Captain's, when he wished to call his men from park and wineshops. A word that the king received Austria's secret emissaries would bring them raging to the palace, which they knew so well as the citadel of their old Turkish governors.

"Mr. Thacker," said the king, pointing to a tapestried arch in the bare stones, "that way you pass through my apartments and into the gardens at the rear. There you will find a locked grille, which gives upon the drive overlooking the bay. The fifth residence, as you turn down toward the city, is that of the French minister. It is the nearest refuge, and here are the keys that you will need. Patricia, Milady, you will go with him."

"Terry! And you stay here?"

THE PRINCESS PATRICIA.

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Without replying, the king held the keys out to Ned; and Ned shook his head for the second time, with a certain sandy-pated finality. "I am sorry," he said, "but *you* will have to go and *I* will stay. I wouldn't miss what's going to happen here for anything."

"Do you not understand, sir," said the king, "that I am asking you to save my sister from——"

The whistle trilled nearer under the palace windows.

"And so I would," said Ned earnestly, "only you are here, and you—must!" Patricia, at this, caught his drift and nodded with vigor, putting more obstinacy, if possible, into his stubborn head. "Now please hurry," he went on, "and let me have one of your overcoats, with a high collar, and a visored cap that those brigands have seen you wear; and I think it would be a good idea to lay a saber and scabbard, casual-like, across your desk here." He paused, a russet-thatched American young man exacting compliance from a king. "Please hurry," he repeated.

The king's gaze was like a rapier laid on an adversary's blade, the weight of will bearing its full might. But there was no giving. With the least of smiles, Athos turned to do the bidding of d'Artagnan.

"But," faltered Patricia, while her brother was gone, "but you?"

"Oh, I?" said Ned. "I will entertain them. You shall have plenty of time to get him safely to the French minister's."

"But—*please* let me finish—but they will kill you?"

"No, because they will think I am the king."

"But when they learn that you are not? Or—Heaven's mercy, I forgot! There will be one who will shoot."

"Shooting and hitting are different words, Miss Patsy."

In the yard below men were running. A rifle dropped on the flagging. The first vicious yelps of insurrection rose to their ears. The deep, thunderous tones of Captain von der Blitzen were heard booming. The little old woman with the gag listened thirstily.

Then the king entered, bearing the articles of disguise. He gravely valeted the young Kansan, slipping over his shoulders the worn, gray army coat that had been familiar to Illyrians on many a battlefield. "Any further instructions, sire?" asked the king.

"Yes," said Ned, with equal gravity. "I want to borrow Aunt Jemima."

The ancient creature started. The wicked eyes strained on him uneasily.

"They might miss the king's sister, and some of them go hunting for her," he explained. "Let them think she, too, is in their hands. Miss Patricia, that Spanish cape and plumed hat you wore this afternoon—the Captain already knows you in them. Good, here they are on this chair. Put them on Aunt Jemima, and you put on her furs and so forth. Not a fair exchange, but—quick, I hear them down the corridor!"

Patricia, working swiftly as directed, her expression very thoughtful, stopped with an abrupt little exclamation of despair. "Oh," she cried, "Auntie's slippers!" and swept a gesture downward at the old woman's surviving vanity, her feet, which were pertly encased in salmon-beaded satin. Patricia thrust forward one of her own stout little fur-topped boots, and shook her head at it. "'Tis no use," she said, "unless we change them, too." Whereupon she hustled her muffled great-aunt through the tapestried arch for this more intimate detail of their disguise.

As soon as they were gone, the king put out his hand to Ned. "Mr. Thacker," he said, "I understand. You use my sister's peril to force me to save myself, as I must in order to save her. But before you seriously risk yourself, reveal who you are, and tell them I shall return. Once I have her safely at the French minister's——"

"Of course," said Ned. But to himself he said: "And she'll keep you there, too, my suicidal liege lord." Then he blew out the candles, leaving only three or four alight in the cavernous hall that the king called his closet.

Patricia and her aunt reappeared, one smothered to the bridge of her nose in Milady's furs, the other in the folds of Patricia's Spanish cloak.

"Come, Sis, if that is you," said the king to the one in furs, and she hastened to his side, and the tapestry fell into place behind them as the padded footfalls of the moccasined guardsmen reached the barred oaken doors. Ned was alone with the one in the cloak. At first he approved. She was Patricia so far as Patricia had been able to

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contrive it, from the brim of the Cavalier hat, shading the eyes in mysterious conspirator fashion, even to the compact little boots. He resented those boots, however. They were almost too eloquent of his witching Irish princess. They almost made him long to take the cloaked figure in his arms, until he recalled what noxious and withered form was hidden there.

Out in the corridor they were knocking for admission.

"Look here, Milady," he warned her, "you're not as bent and aged as that, you know. Yes, yes, I know it's some job for you to imitate the loveliest girl ever, but still—Now what?"

A quick gasp, sounding indignation, and she crooked her back the more. Infuriated, he caught her by the shoulder. "You'll let them see you're not Patricia, will you? You'll spoil this plot, will you? . . . Stop that clawing. . . . Ugh!"

She was struggling against him, but it was not that which brought his exclamation of disgust. It was when she relaxed in his grasp, and lay for a moment inert in his arms, while she panted, catching her breath for further resistance. He shoved her from him, very ridiculous in his anger.

The mutineers were using rifle-butts and yataghans upon the oak. The woman shrank back, stopping her ears against the howls and the crash of splintering wood; but always, from the deep shadow of her hat, her eyes were on the young American, as if fascinated by youth and the bubbling of crystal-pure courage. He had fastened the high collar of the king's coat by its chain-clasp, so that he was lost in it to the ears, and pulled the king's cap low over his eyes; and he stood beside the king's desk, watching the door.

Already there was a jagged rent in one lower panel, and here a huge fist twisted its way through, followed by a prodigious pink forearm. Fist and forearm worked upward, then the fist opened, the fingers groping until they closed on the oaken beam, which they lifted and hurled clear. The doors gave, and the Illyrians of the Guard swarmed in like hornets, like white-and-scarlet hornets in their red vests and flowing sleeves and white Albanian skirts. They seemed all fierce black eyes and brandished weapons; all except him of the pink forearm, who stood out from them with gleaming yataghan, a magnificent Viking of a man, a Porthian colossus—nay, Porthos himself!

There was a clamoring forward, and a crowding back, and there was that hesitation which halts the pack when the quarry is brought to bay. All craned to see the figure in the army coat so quietly waiting, and the tense figure of the woman near him. It seemed that they were only in time. The king and his sister were on the point of going out, perhaps of escaping. They began to murmur something of this as they stared, restless, yet hesitant.

"Well, homicides?" said Ned in greeting. But then he remembered. His voice was not the king's.

The Porthian colossus frowned terribly, yet the terribleness of him was mostly embarrassed simplicity. He tortured his seaking mustache into mousquetaire spirals. His blue eyes strained appealingly to the woman who must be Patricia, to the man who must be the king. The Illyrians behind him jostled and muttered. He saluted, very like a gorgeous automaton.

"Your Majesty——"

Ned stiffened. An American may not often answer to that address.

"In the name of—of—Illyrian liberty, I arrest y—y—your Majesty."

The kingly figure remained silent. Ned might not parley, but he would precipitate nothing. He would gain all the time he could for Patricia's flight. The Captain sighed and reluctantly advanced to lay a hand on his prisoner's shoulder, his yataghan flashing like silver in the yellow gloom. He had come half-way when the supposed king flung back the cape of his coat, freeing his right arm, and drew the saber on the desk from its scabbard.

Instantly rifles were leveled, and pistols were jerked from red sashes, and a murderous grumbling filled the room. The woman uttered a sharp cry, and Ned had to brush her off, using his left arm. He wanted none of Milady's knife-thrusts from behind.

The Captain turned on his men. "Draw on the king, would you?" he roared at them in their own tongue. "Now shoulder arms! Put up those pistols! And I'll kill the first of you that pulls a trigger."

He was obeyed, sullenly, yet promptly.

"Good old fat-headed sport!" murmured Ned, waiting, saber in hand.

"Disarm him, then! Disarm him!" cried the mutineers.

The Captain faltered. He would have to

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cross swords, not so much with his king, as with that young general and friend at whose side he had fought the Turks. The rough old campaign coat reminded him of it poignantly. But to his simple understanding it was a case of his friend's honor, and his straightforward heroism was equal even to this.

"At least take off your coat," he urged.

Ned declined with a slight bow, and brought the saber-hilt to his lips in salute. The Captain groaned, and presented his yataghan point. Instantly the enraptured tribesmen heard the chafing of steel, while the cloaked woman gripped the edge of the desk, watching eagerly.

Now Ned, being ignorant of Illyrian, did not understand that he was to be disarmed, and he received for a thrust a slashing blow down the length of his blade, which numbed his arm and sent his weapon flying. But he had it again as it clattered to the floor, and was darting low, with the swift stealth of a mouse. So he slipped under the Captain's guard and ran the blade through between ribs and scarlet vest.

The Captain gave way and seemed to stagger, whereupon an Illyrian drew and fired on the supposed king.

At that infamy the Captain hurled round, singled out the man by his smoking pistol, and knocked him down. Then, sobbing for shame, he turned again to Ned.

"Not hit?" he cried.

Ned once more brushed aside the troublesome cloaked woman. At the report she had shrieked and darted at him as if to make assassination sure. But he was unhurt.

"God bless such bad aim!" fervently mumbled the Captain.

"But you—" Ned checked himself, and with his saber pointed inquiringly at his adversary's crimsoned blouse.

"That?" scoffed the giant. "Pouah, vest ripped, that's all! Do better next time. Come on!"

Ned came. And his whole practical, catlike mind he gave to fending cyclopean blows at a glancing angle. All the while he was aware of the cloaked figure behind him, hovering always near; and grisly legends of the harpies got into his brain. He remembered the old woman's eyes, and felt them on a certain spot between his shoulder blades where an icy hand seemed laid. He swept his left arm behind him while by leaps and parrying he kept off the terrific giant in front.

"Another one! Look, he will shoot!"

She had slipped her gag, he thought; the voice was piercing. She meant to distract his attention for an instant. An instant, and then the Captain would have him. Therefore he did not look. But the Captain did. Of course the Austrian envoy would have more than one assassin among the mutineers. This second one was trusting to no pistol. In cold deliberation he steadied his rifle to empty a throne.

The Captain rushed at him with uplifted blade, scattering the other guardsmen. Ned looked then, and stooped in the flash of thought. But a soft, impetuous weight crowded him off his balance, and he went to his knees. The woman's arms were about his neck, as if to throttle him or hold him for the rifle's aim, although for the instant she was between him and the assassin. He felt the chain at his collar torn away by those awful fingers, and the king's cap snatched from his head.

"See," she cried to the assassin, "he is not the king! He is not the king!"

The murderous rifle sank to the man's side. In common with his fellows he stared at the sandy-pated American. Captain von der Blitzen, stopped midway by the woman's cry, stared hardest.

"Mr.— Buh-Buttons!" he ejaculated. "But see here, you are locked up. I mean, you were locked up. Or—how—what—" His voice drifted vaguely off on a flood of bewilderment.

Nor could Ned have answered. He was having an astounding surprise of his own. The voice that had saved him—it was a very clear voice, and honest and brave. He sprang to his feet, and caught the cloaked woman's two hands—the hands with the awful fingers!—in one of his own. With the other he tilted back the Cavalier hat from her brow, and looked.

The face under the brim, the chin, mouth, nose, eyes—still wide in their terror for him—they were all Patricia's.

The boy's heart sang. He remembered how the supposed old woman had relaxed inert in his arms. He wanted to make sure why she had thus doubled rôles, playing the king's sister for part of her audience, and the king's great-aunt for himself. Had she done it to save him? She had saved him, too!

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"SEE,' SHE CRIED TO THE ASSASSIN, "HE IS NOT THE KING!"

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"Patricia—" he began.

She slipped from his hold and made herself very disdainful—princess-like all at once, though perhaps it was a shade too hastily done for a proper deterrent.

"Why," she said, forestalling his question, "I had seen you fight twice, and it was so interesting that—well, you see, I didn't want to miss any, you know."

He decided that he had better take that as it came. "But the old woman——"

"Aunt Jemima? Oh, she was more than willing. She hoped they'd kill you and kidnap me; and she went right along with Terry. But—oh," she cried in a sudden new terror, "I see why now! She will reveal herself to Terry——"

"And he will hurry back here to save you!"

"Yes, yes, and I must stop him! Oh, keep those brigands from following me. Can you?"

"Go!" he said. "Go!"

He hurried her to the tapestried arch, and there he found that her hand was in his, and that her fingers gave his a quick clasp; and he saw that the black eyes of his little Irish princess were large with wonder of him, and moist—yes, moist.

Then the tapestry fell behind her, and he stood with his back to it, ready to hold the arch against the whole Illyrian pack. It had all been the work of less than a minute, and the mutineers had stood dazed with surprise and bewilderment. Ned had his saber again, and he was coatless now, and altogether he was quite ready. He remembered that her eyelashes were wet.

The mutineers roused as they saw her vanish, and the predatory instinct to pursue whatever runs stirred in them.

"The king! She is going to the king! Follow her!" they cried to one another.

They had no thought of stopping for a lone champion at the arched doorway. He would be much better done in bronze, as to that: lithe, alert figure, naked saber in hand, gray eyes resolute. "Shoot him!" they howled. There was no reason now why they should not use firearms. This was no king in their path. He was only a meddling foreigner, an agent for Austria. "Shoot him!"

But there was their captain. Rifles at aim wavered. Captain von der Blitzen had advanced ahead of them, and had turned and faced them. He stood beside the young American. The two spanned the doorway. They would hold it for Patricia, the two of them—Porthos, d'Artagnan!

However, just because it was Patricia to be saved, the more artful d'Artagnan sheered off from the obvious and heroic thing.

"'Twon't do," he said. "They'll kill us both, then— Quick, arrest me! Snatch away my saber! Dear old Blunder Blitzen, quick, quick!"

The Illyrians saw that their captain was not defying them after all. It was but a ruse to overpower the stranger. They saw him turn on the stranger unawares and wrench away his sword.

"Now," muttered Ned, as he struggled in that python enfoldment, "to jail with me. I hate this like sixty, but——"

"Gentlemen of the Guard," cried the Captain, "to the barracks with him, all of you. Once to-day he escaped from a dozen of your comrades. Now see if the rest of you will be enough."

"But the king?" they clamored.

The Captain stammered. He was at the end of his line. "Tell them," urged Ned, "that I am their bait to catch the king. They know the man he is. They know he will come himself to set me free. Tell them that."

"And he will, he will," declared the Captain. "After what you have done this night, he will not let that obligation stand against him. And they will believe it, too. Watch me."

The Captain had but to tell them. They did know the king, and knew that he would come. But to bring him, they made very sure of their prisoner. So it was that Ned Thacker went to his bed that night attended by the resplendent hornet swarm of the King's Guard, led by the incomparably resplendent big king-hornet himself.

But he was by no means an unhappy d'Artagnan.

Another story about d'Artagnan of Kansas will appear in the January number.

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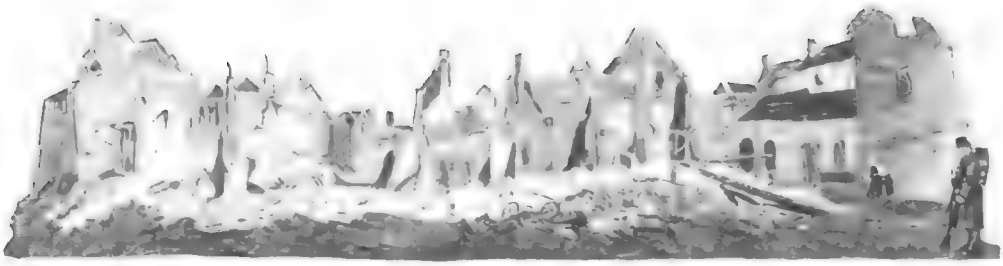

Decorations by James Preston.

THE GRIM BUSINESS of WAR

by

FREDERICK PALMER

Editor's Note—**As this article is going to press, we have word from Mr. Palmer that he is starting for Germany, in the attempt not only to report war news from behind the German lines, but to discover at first hand conditions resulting from the war, in Berlin and elsewhere. His January article will therefore present German aspects of the war.**

The article printed herewith pictures at close range the grim work of the trenches, and sums up the strategy and the results of the first three months of fighting.

WE HAVE come into the second era of the war. At the start the generals knew their machine only by its work in theoretical experiments of drill and maneuvers, imitating actual warfare. For forty years armies had trained for the cataclysm, but only the old generals had ever been in battle, except in colonial wars. Officers had yet to prove their leading; privates to prove their courage. An auto-intoxication of eagerness possessed them. They were as boxers springing from their corners at the sound of the gong, in the intrepidity of a deadly enmity. So there was a fierce, terrific first round.

"Why," said a British officer, "when we had our first glimpse of anything that looked like Germans, everybody let go. Since we've seen plenty of Germans the novelty has worn off. We shoot now only when it's worth while."

In the morning of the war every officer and soldier was fresh with energy, as the runner is fresh from the rubber's hands at the start of a race. The officers of all the armies unnecessarily exposed themselves. Each nation rejoiced in those early exploits of abandoned courage which proved that the old spirit still survived. Troops going

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into their first charges swept on in formations whose fearful exposure was all very well for maneuvers, but not against modern artillery, rifle, and machine-gun fire.

Old heads expected this. Temerity was better than timidity at the start. Germany had her exhibit of the folly of heedless bravery before Liège and in the daring of the Crown Prince's army before French trenches; France had hers in the first rush against German trenches in Alsace; Russia hers in East Prussia; England hers in the charge of the Ninth Lancers, which, unlike that of the Light Brigade, was not because some one had blundered, but because they "wanted to do it." Each nation gave its press only the story of the charges that succeeded. It left untold those of the decimation of battalions, regiments, and brigades to no purpose.

With the Aisne, the mental ecstasy and physical ardor of the troops were spent. Discomfort and hardship became the commonplaces of existence. German officers who started out with dress-suit cases following them on motor trucks were glad to have a toothbrush and comb in their pockets. English officers who had rubber baths and pajamas and mattresses in their kits found it a luxury to sleep in a haymow and get off their boots. Soldiers who had looked so neat as they left their mobilization depots were grimy and bearded.

There was an end to the sport of war. It had become a business, an occupation. The courage of impulse had passed. In its place had come the courage of wisdom, of grim, tactical cunning and determination. All commanders had passed the word for officers to take care not to expose themselves unnecessarily. An officer is a piece of property, costly to train, not readily replaced.

FROM BUSH TO MAJOR LEAGUE

In two months the armies had learned more about real war than in all their maneuvers. They had started in in the mood of a bush-leaguer pitching his heart out in his first major-league game; they became Mathewsons, who saved their arms and tightened in the pinches. The wise regimental commander was not he who rushed on with the charge in face of overpowering fire, but he who took cover and reported the estimated losses it would cost to gain the position and awaited the answer of the staff as to whether or not it was worth while. Each army had learned the extent and the limitation of its power. Batteries that poured out ammunition prodigally in the beginning, learned to bide their time till a maximum amount of punishment could be inflicted. Killing became cold-blooded.

The aeroplanes had found out their uses; exactly how low they might descend, whether their position warranted pursuit of or flight from another plane. Reserves in close order seeing a smoke-ball overhead from a passing enemy's plane scattered instantly, knowing that the smoke-ball was a signal to the enemy's guns which would send a flight of shells to the spot. The man with his finger on the trigger of a machine-gun did not get "buck fever" and fire too soon. He knew the psychological moment for opening the nozzle of his bullet-stream, confident, however ominous the charge appeared, that it could be stopped before it reached the trenches. Infantry learned where to look for rapid-fire guns and instinctively to concentrate its fire on them when located. Team play was developed among all the armies. Enemies knew enemies, and all enemies "knew how."

WAR WITH SPADES

If one could sail low in a plane over the French and the German front in France, one might say this was not a war at all; that it was a competition in excavation; that these armies were not composed of men, but of rodents. He would see little ganglia of troops and transports on the roads back of human warrens, and groups of guns behind the cover of hills and woods, now silent, now firing leisurely, now rapidly, at a point hidden in the smoke of bursting shells and the dust of trenches rising heavenward; which would mean that one or the other was attacking to-day and trying to gain a little advantage. The vista would seem hardly more warlike to the eye than blasting and digging a railroad cut. It might suggest rival villages of beavers and prairie-dogs.

It is amazing what a company of soldiers with picks and spades and axes can accomplish on hurry orders. They are not limited by trade-union hours. In a few hours they will give you a deep trench; in a day, if there are trees near by, a fine, covered timber redoubt, with separated chambers to

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localize a shell-explosion and apertures just broad enough to permit a rifle to be aimed or a rapid-fire gun to be swung.

Do not think that these trenches are simple ditches as for a pipe-line. They are ingeniously constructed to deceive and entrap the enemy.

If a body of attacking infantry takes one trench, that is not the only one. Zigzag ditches run back to another trench where the reserves are; and they loose rifle-fire and machine-gun fire and shell-fire on the invaders.

Day and night some force must be in the frontal trenches eyeing the enemy venomously. The army becomes divided into watches, like the navy. Those off duty are away from the murk and stench of the trench, yet near at hand, ready to rush back at the first alarm. They have such shelter as they can make; or if they have luck and the frontal trench is on the outskirts of a village, the chance of war gives them a house and its comforts.

There is everywhere the comradeship of danger and of patriotism. The men play cards; they break into song. Sometimes they get letters from home, censored; sometimes they get newspapers, censored. They know almost nothing of the progress of the war as a whole; only of what is going on in their little world, as isolated as that of an arctic exploring party snowbound. And they write letters in which all that the censor will let them say is that they are alive and well and at an unnamed place as units of the vast battle-line.

Such is life along the center, varied by the enemy's artillery dropping occasionally a six-inch shell on a motor-truck, knocking the steeple off a church, or killing the fellow who held a winning hand at cards.

THE KRUPP MONSTER

Every known weapon, from rifle to aeroplane, has played about the part that European army staffs had foreseen. With a single exception no nation had up its sleeve any revolutionary secret instrument of destruction. The exception was the German traction siege-howitzer, which is to the European War what the monitor was to naval warfare in our Civil War.

As you know, a ship armed with twelve-inch guns, thanks to the distance that its projectiles will carry, stands off safely out of range as it sinks a ship with six-inch guns.

While the world let its imagination play on the fearful destruction by bombs from airships, the house of Krupp was at work on the principle which makes the six-inch gun helpless against the twelve or the twelve against the sixteen. While Count Zeppelin was flying, the practical, dividend-paying Krupps kept to earth as usual. They made no pretensions to genius. They relied on the industry, energy, and merciless application to detail of their experts and grimy mechanics, without hesitating at any proposition, provided the German government could meet the expense.

There seems no limit to the size of gun that may be built. The Krupps set out simply to bring up a howitzer before the enemy's forts that would be of far heavier caliber than any he manned. If it had to be fired from a cement foundation, then they would build a cement foundation on the spot. Most of the world's artillery officers would have been amazed at the suggestion of a movable sixteen-inch howitzer. To transport it within any reasonable length of time seemed impossible. But the Krupps, being makers of guns, did not put their monster into a single load. They constructed it in parts, to be drawn over the solid, graded roads of Europe by traction-engines, which, peculiarly enough, were of English manufacture, because the English make the best heavy traction-engines.

While armies trained to secrecy seem to have been able to keep none of their important secrets from one another, this commercial concern, with its workmen knowing only the part of the gun which they helped to make, kept the secret of the big guns. Not only that, but in some places, through their own secret service, there is good reason to believe that they had cement platforms already built under German factories or villas in Belgium.

And the Krupps wanted no assistance in manning the guns after they were built. If the German army had set out to drill artillerists for them, the French might have

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found out about it. These guns were purely a Krupp affair; when they were taken to war it would be by a Krupp family party.

The army tried to take Liège without waiting on the Krupps' help, and its method gratified the foresight of the defenders. It threw masses of infantry across an open space against rifle and machine-gun fire. The Germans admitted a loss of sixteen thousand as the cost of their failure, and the infantry did not make another attempt. They waited for the Krupp party to come up with their slow, cumbrous caravan of steel and shells and engineers and mechanics. Nothing glorious or warlike about that Krupp party. They might have been a construction gang off to build a bridge; mere workers, without any pretension to the honor of the aristocratic Prussian military caste.

When the huge howitzers were set up, they began coughing their enormous shells at the forts. The shells penetrated like the armor-piercing shells of the navy and exploded after they were well imbedded. Cement work erupted under volcanic pressure, while out of range of the guns of the forts the Krupp party had only to load and fire in as safe and prosaic a manner as if they were placing dynamite charges in excavating a subway. After they had finished with Liège, they moved on to Namur.

If the Japanese had had the Krupp party along, they would have taken Port Arthur in two weeks instead of two months and at a loss of ten or fifteen thousand men instead of a hundred thousand; such is the value of human life beside the power of modern industry when it turns to destruction. From Namur, the Krupp caravan, with its strong traction-engines, moved to Maubeuge and then to Antwerp.

The German infantry gained confidence from the superiority of their artillery. Iron crosses were given to the Krupps more prodigally than to the aristocratic officers of the German cavalry. Some satire in that! It shows that war is grim work, with an emphasis on work.

The Krupp party had never appeared at an imperial review; it had no military etiquette or discipline except of an industrial organization. It had been fulfilling a business contract in destruction. Another nation may know how to make those guns; it may have inexhaustible funds in its treasury and great steel works of its own, but the element of time is against it. The German siege-guns are made; the Allies' are to be made. There would be a hundred million dollars waiting for anybody who could produce a score of these guns in time for spring delivery. The Allies will need the guns in going against German fortifications in the spring campaign. But no works on earth can produce such guns inside of a year.

THE PSYCHOLOGICAL WEAPONS

You hear a lot about the morale in war. It is a French word that may be translated into the temper, the spirit, the mood of an army and of a people behind an army. Anything to keep up the morale of your army and to depress that of the enemy is a foremost purpose of a good army staff, which studies psychology no less carefully than railroad transport. This accounts for each combatant publishing all the good news on its side and all the bad on the enemy's. It is as much responsible for the censorship as is the need of military secrecy.

The Germans were thinking of French morale in dropping bombs from an aeroplane on Paris. A raid by a single aeroplane required a score of French aeroplanes to guard against further attacks, while, according to the German idea, it made the French people think and feel on the defensive, fostering belief in the irresistible power of the German legions.

The German army reflects the spirit of the whole German policy—the policy of force and expansion. Germany is the young fighter fighting to gain new ground; France the old fighter seeking self-preservation; England the old fighter striving to keep her mighty empire intact.

Berlin fully lighted at night and London and Paris darkened for fear of Zeppelins only carries out the principle as old as human conflict. News of British apprehension in the German press strengthens the German soldier's conviction that if he keeps on hitting hard the enemy will yield, partly because in the enemy's heart is the fear that he may have to yield. And to have

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the hardest-hitting gun, therefore, might seem hardly less important psychologically than physically.

THE GERMAN RAIN OF SHELLS

After the fall of Antwerp the Allies were asking where the Krupp party would strike next. While the mighty howitzers—there are said to be only eight of them—would probably strike only at one point, the Allies must be ready at all points. Aside from these sixteen-inch siege-pieces, the German army had kept the offensive in mind with its own artillery. Counting, perhaps, on the superior handling of the French light artillery and the superior intelligence and mobility of French infantry, the German Staff was ready as an offset with superior numbers of guns—impossible of movement except by modern motor transport—which outranged the French field-guns. In rapid field fighting their advantage was relatively small. But where the Allies "dug in" the Germans could get the range exactly and settle down to pouring their six-inch shells into the trenches. British and French infantry had to bear this fire without any fire from their own guns to silence the enemy, which is the hardest test for infantry. Bear it the Allies did, in a way that amazed the Germans.

However, those wonderful guns were not used against Paris as planned, but on the Aisne, where their presence, perhaps, saved the German defense, and they were fired so freely that some are already worn out. The French and British soldiers have come to know by the cough of their discharge when the rifling is getting bad.

VALUE OF INTIMIDATION

Taught by von Moltke never to do things by halves, the German staff checked Belgian reprisals by widespread and purposeful destruction, imprisonment, and executions. They would burn a block for a house where a rifle had been found and leave the next block standing.

Talk all you will about humanity, you will not convince German generals that the fall of Antwerp was not easier because she had terrorized the Belgians. Since Germany has taken Antwerp, I should say that her policy might change, because she has the Belgian people who have not left their country beaten to humility; she has them where Cæsar had the Gallic and the Teutonic tribes, ready to bend to the yoke to save their property and lives.

Every German military writer knows the importance to Germany's own blessed military morale of defending German provinces from invasion. In the name of the Brandenburg gods, Prussian soil is sacred. For the foot of the Russian alien to remain in East Prussia was to suggest that the machine of the War Lord, which asked blind trust in war from the people, could not protect them. A staff that did nothing by halves would not send merely sufficient force to stem the tide of invasion. In a week's time it threw across Germany a larger force than Napoleon's army which ended its career at Moscow, and struck Rennenkampf with catapultic force and trained German confidence.

Rennenkampf was thrown back on his clumsy transport in confusion. Instead of refugees, East Prussia sent to Berlin many captured guns and standards.

ENGLAND'S FAITH IN FRANCE

Such was the end of the advance of the Russian "steam-roller," which was carrying the flags on the maps in English shop windows straight to Berlin in the latter part of August, until British editorials teemed with praise of Russia. The British were affectionate toward their Russian ally, but toward the French secretly bitter, because of the inexplicable disaster to the British army at Mons, when the French failed in their support. On all sides you heard talk of how the French were not "standing up to it."

The British feared that a French army that had fallen back under the first German attack could never recover its spirit. Kitchener hurried to France fearfully; he returned content. His experienced soldier's eye told him that the French army was all right; and, better still, that dogged British army was cheerful and in good order. So the third month of the war found the hope of the Allies not in the Russian, but in Frenchmen turned cautious and dogged, tenaciously facing the Germans in their breastworks along the Aisne. After all, the Russian was primitive and clumsy. The French had always been a great martial people, etc., etc. Whoever is winning in war has all the virtues and whoever is losing has none.

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Meanwhile, the Germans could not afford to see the Austrian army overwhelmed and Vienna in danger. Pressure must be taken off Germany's ally. Germany sent some divisions to Austria's assistance in Galicia. But even in this crisis, with her network of railways at command, Germany was not going to change her policy of offensive blows as the best means of the defensive. She called the Russian bluff of a great army in Russian Poland, while she fell back on her frontier in East Prussia after her advance into Russia in that direction. And she struck into Poland with another force pouring out from her railroad heads.

A WAR OF RAILROADS

In one sense this is a railroad war; a war of communications, of ready resources, of populations not only trained to war but to the complex work of modern industry. Germany has a fine system of railroads, all government owned and government organized with such an end as this war in view. We forget that having her enemies on both sides was, in one sense, an advantage. The distance from her French to her Russian frontier may be compared with that from Buffalo to Chicago, or Denver to Omaha. In Belgium and France and West Germany, highways are as level as one of our own town speedways. Germany could supplement her railways with her immense resources in motor-trucks and omnibuses.

These things Russia lacked. Her transport was mostly wagons. If she got into Germany the incubus of impedimenta must make advance slow. With her abundant rolling-stock, Germany had only to clear main lines of traffic and run trains on short headway to transfer half a dozen army corps from the French to the Russian frontier in a week's time. And the autumn rains which sank cartwheels in the mud of Galicia, Russia, and East Prussia had been relied on by the German staff to delay Russia with the same accuracy of foresight that characterized all its work. Though Russia knew where Germany was going to strike, she had such miserable communications that it was hopeless to meet mass with mass by prompt concentration. Germany could move five corps from France to Warsaw while Russia was moving one from Lemberg to Warsaw. It is not any absence of courage in Russia's troops, understand, or lack of ability in her councils that makes me think of Russia as being in the bush-league class; but partly her clumsy transportation. She could not get supplies up to her army through the mud if she should move forward. Therefore, she let Germany come through the mud to her at the approach of winter. She had the fate of Napoleon's invasion in mind; though that was not a modern instance, which the Germanic invasion is.

Thus, the middle of October found Germany free of invasion and carrying an invasion into France and Russia, with Belgium finally conquered. Her generals had taken charge of the Austrian army. She had made Austria feel her dependence, which was a step toward the Germanic ambition of making all German-speaking Europe into a single empire. But was she really winning? That would depend on the lives and resources which her vigorous, unrelenting efforts had cost.

Her military policy had been purely the offensive; Russia's, a peculiar mixture of offensive and defensive; France's, the defensive supported by the offensive, which hugs local advantages and her enemy close. But most ridiculous of all assumptions is that the Germans had a set program of reaching certain points at certain dates. The German staff, like the French, is composed of practical men; all theorists are disqualified.

A staff is a sublimated brain trust, most to be likened to that which controls a great corporation. Joffre is more like a business man than the general of tradition. A staff is an instrument of foresight plus day-by-day opportunism. While the press of each country is urged to propagate the absolute superiority of its soldiers in all particulars and minimizes defeats and exaggerates victories, the army staffs must fall into none of these errors. They must go on evidence; they must be led into no illusions by the prejudice of patriotism; they must recognize the actual morale and racial characteristics of their troops and the enemy's with professional perspicacity and breadth of mind, in order to make the most of their material.

The Germans publish their casualties and the French do not. This does not prove that the Germans are more honest. On the contrary, they are practising the deception

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of candor, I should say, a favorite method of diplomacy which has taken in a number of our American correspondents.

Up to October 1st, the published Prussian lists amounted to two hundred and eleven thousand, exclusive of Bavaria, Wurtemburg, and Saxony. But the lists represent a date earlier than that of issue. No slightly wounded men are included, while every man hit is included in the British lists, which always mention the period covered.

BIG OUTLINES OF STRATEGY

The bold outlines of German strategy are clear. The German staff planned a smashing blow into France, to go as far and as fast as it could, but not farther than wise. It expected to take Paris, but when it found that impracticable it fell back on the Aisne line of defenses. Each day's results were the criterion for the next day's action in directing the mighty machine.

More than any other feature, the German siege-guns enabled the Germans to carry out their general plan. Germany had not failed to profit by the lessons of the Russo-Japanese War. She did not close her eyes to the fact of how modern arms favored the defensive. She was prepared for a quick offensive, in order that the German defensive might be made in the vineyards of France. Not German homesteads, but Belgian and French should suffer.

Joffre, or rather the French staff—for Joffre is but the head of a machine—when the house of Krupp brought the unexpected element into play, had to alter his plans. The best French forts, those on the Franco-German frontier, might be in danger. So the Krupp engineers and mechanics had a lot to do with the French retreat to the Marne. However, fighting the little Belgian, whether with Krupp siege-guns or with troops against troops, is one thing, and fighting the French army is another.

The French line to the east has hung on the great fortress of Verdun and the other fortresses along the Alsatian frontier. A strip of twenty or thirty miles has been taken and retaken; fortunes varied with each round in that narrow space. The French were on the defensive, as a whole, but played the offensive in detail for the sake of a sure defense. Battered villages were occupied by French to-day and Germans to-morrow. The people looked out of their windows in the morning to see which army was in town. They became as used to the sound of firing as residents in the neighborhood of Niagara to the roar of the falls. But they were slow to become refugees. This is one of the characteristics of the French. They go into cellars or take to the suburbs when there is a battle, but return to their villages at the first opportunity. They stick to their homes and pray for France.

Trying here and there for a weak spot, the Germans, with all the machine force of valor of which they are capable, drove a wedge between the fortresses of Verdun and Toul, where the River Meuse forms a natural barrier. They reached the river bank at St. Mihiel. This looked pretty serious. But the point of that German wedge was enclosed on both sides. French infantry hemmed it in and French guns from the heights across the river belched steel thunderbolts overhead. Yet the Germans stuck. They would not give up what they had fought so hard to gain. They burrowed defiantly in mud under October rains. Thus, along the eastern frontier and on the line from Verdun through Soissons, where the Germans and the Anglo-French forces had "dug in," there was a practical stalemate.

But now, with their army completely mobilized and in hand, the French began bringing up their reserves from the south to extend the wing in the air to flank out the Germans. The German staff could not fail to foresee the obvious next step. It sprang to meet it with the offensive, as usual, striking at the head of the French extension whenever it came dangerously near its communications; and the French lost ground and gained ground in give-and-take action till the combatants found themselves settled in an ever-lengthening line of trenches; till the extension of the Allies and the Germans had literally reached the North Sea. After three months of war in '70 the Germans had practically all France at their mercy; in 1914 they occupied one-thirtieth of all France.

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Meanwhile, with the Austrian, German, and Russian front developed practically continuous from the Baltic to the Carpathians, the war in the East had become a siege of even greater distances than in the West.

Just as the Russians by their invasion of East Prussia had relieved the French situation in August, so in late September the French offensive had relieved the Russian situation.

Nobody can now better afford to wait than the Russian; and he waits in Poland facing the Germans, who are beyond their railroad heads. The two sides have played against the middle in a consistent policy, while the middle have rushed troops back and forth, from East to West, to meet the demands of the moment.

The operations in north France which began in mid-September have been referred to as the longest battle in history and as marking a new era in warfare. They formed not a battle, but many battles; and in duration were anything but unprecedented. Their counterpart on a shorter line with weapons long ago obsolete was Grant's final campaign against Richmond, which lasted ten months.

Then Grant wrestled his way step by step on the flank, as Joffre has; then both the Federals and the Confederates were digging as the Germans and the French have been digging. Grant had room for flanking. But the Allies' and German lines in France extend from the borders of Switzerland to the English Channel. Grant could screen movements; the Germans can not except at night. If they set a corps in motion by day, French aeroplanes give the word. All surprise movements must be made under cover of darkness, and at dawn scores of planes are abroad looking for any change. For aeroplanes are playing as unexpectedly large a part on land as submarines in naval warfare.

The staff of each army, it seems, had minimized the value of planes in observation. Probably each thought that its aviators were a lot better than the enemy's and that they had a surprise up their sleeves; with the result that when war came each side had a surprise for the other. Planes need not descend as low as we had thought in order that the eye of a trained observer may tell the numbers and nature of a force and its intentions. Usually the aviator keeps to a height of six thousand feet; at five thousand he will be fired on; at four thousand he will be in serious danger.

Details of transport and position which would mean nothing but soldiers and motor-trucks to the civilian, reveal a purpose to his eye. An army's formations are bound by certain conventions of organization that are telltale of its strength to him. He need not actually see guns in order to identify a regiment of artillery. A column of troops may be only a ribbon, but he knows by the space they occupy as he looks at his map how many there are. In a short time he is back at headquarters with the news; an hour later another aviator brings another bulletin.

THE WINTER'S DRAW

Wisely, the Allies have taken no risk of a decisive defeat. Joffre, with the aid of the present British force, will crowd the Germans out of France if he can, without risking any vital blow to his army before the new British army of a million men takes the field in the spring.

It is in the spring that the third and decisive era of the war will begin.

In my first article I wrote on September first that a Germany which had advanced only to Amiens on that date was a losing Germany; and a Germany that had not taken Paris and demoralized the French army by October first was a beaten Germany. I have no reason to change my views.

Mr. Palmer's January article will come from Germany.

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MACKENZIE KING,

Capital-and-Labor Specialist

HOPEFULLY to undertake a final investigation of so vast and incohesive a subject as the relations between capital and labor in the world, one must place more trust in statistics than they yet deserve—and fail; or else believe beyond his time in the width and reasonableness of human nature.

In the second case, he will be a young man, say, below forty, with a large reserve stock of nervous vitality, the power to think constructively, and the sympathy to know wherein the subtle facts of human feeling transcend the coarser facts of record. Therefore, he will have special breadth across the head on a line above the eyes, sensitive middle features, an aggressive lower face, and the doing hand. His reactions to life will not be purely scientific. Many of them will be mystical or religious.

And all of these things are verified in the Honorable W. L. Mackenzie King, who, having risen faster and higher in Canadian public life than any other man of his years, now turns his back upon what seemed to him a brilliant political career to conduct at the instance of the Rockefeller Foundation the most comprehensive inquiry into Industrial Relations so far ever attempted.

On my arrival in Ottawa, Canada, he came to find me at the Château Laurier, which is believed by the Grand Trunk Railway that built it to be the finest hotel on the American continent.

"Here is a vivid contrast," I said. "Your Canadian villages are even uglier than ours—frame and sheet-iron houses, badly built and ill maintained. The farm houses are almost pathetic in their cheapness and disrepair. Everywhere is the need of capital to build better or to build at all. And now, after having ridden through miles and miles of that, I am plumped suddenly into this gorgeous hotel which, although it has cost a great deal of money, has yet a very limited social utility."

"It is because great sums of capital are concentrated in the hands of a few corporations," he said. "I regard it as the expression of our age. When the feudal lords ruled the earth, commanding labor and capital without stint, they built castles. Then when the church had its way with capital it built cathedrals. Their monuments survive. Now it is the corporation, and it does this sort of thing. Our problem is how to bring about a greater diffusion of wealth."

AT HOME

Then he carried me off to lunch with him in his bachelor apartment, saying: "It will be nothing like this. It will be modest. But you won't mind?"

A man's chattel possessions speak of his inner character, especially if he is unmarried; and the larger the personality of your man the more unexpected some of his chattels are likely to be. One would quite expect to find Mr. King's book-shelves sagging with theories of political economy on wealth and capital and labor and money and profit and marginal utility; to find the table in his living-room littered with the latest English, American, German, and French economic reviews, and to notice on the wall a great chart in several colors showing graphically the fluctuations of wages, prices, and per capita consumption of goods through a sequence of years.

It is with somewhat of a start, in fact, that one sees on the wall, in place of that chart, a beautiful old painting of a supremely religious character—"The Crown of Thorns." As he speaks of it one learns, though not directly from his words, that he

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finds it an unfailing source of emotional inspiration. A less important painting, almost as large, also religious in feeling, occupies another wall. The large square mahogany table is not littered with anything, and one looks hard to find any political economy on the book-shelves. History and biography are plentiful.

I desired him to talk about himself, and he rough-sketched his career from the time at which it might be supposed to interest anybody, reddening and stopping frequently to remind me that I wished it. He had taken post-graduate courses at the University of Chicago and at Harvard, and he had been appointed instructor in Political Economy on the Harvard staff and was pursuing some special study abroad when, much to his surprise, he was asked to establish a Department of Labor for the Canadian government.

AT HEART

He thereupon abandoned academic life, became the non-political head of the Canadian Department of Labour, founded the *Dominion Labour Gazette*, got into Liberal politics because the fighting was good, won an election to Parliament, entered the cabinet of Sir Wilfred Laurier as Minister of Labour, and then all of them got dumped in one great Liberal heap on the issue of American reciprocity, which, of course, was of the uncertainty of politics. He had no thought but to continue his political career, liking it tremendously, when he was asked to take up—"this new work."

"It was a wrench to give up politics," he said. "I had seen the inside of government. I knew my way around in it and what a man might hope to win; but the other work was bigger. I'm only beginning to feel how big it is. The mind can not foresee all the possibilities of good to flow from such an investigation as this, to be conducted without let or hindrance, free of the slightest political bias, unembarrassed even by a civil-service list from which you have to take the next in line, though the third or fifth were better, and with no aim but to find the truth. Nothing like it was ever imagined. There is a foundation incorporated under the laws of New York State with an endowment of $100,000,000 to be employed with no restriction other than the stipulation that it shall be devoted to the general welfare of man in the world. That is another expression of our age. And yet"—he paused for quite a minute—"I doubt if I should have thought of undertaking it but for my experience in politics. That taught me what human nature is really like and to love it—to love its weaknesses even, and not to mind its being so often dirty." The last words were entwisted with an indulgent smile.

That feeling of intense human sympathy had been showing through the conversation from the very first, and I asked him bluntly where he had got it. He had probably not got it as Lloyd-George did, from a childhood acquaintance with poverty, for he had enjoyed what we call "advantages;" but how and where had he acquired it, outside books of political economy, which are mostly ignorant of it?

The answer was direct. He had got it as a blood portion. His maternal grandfather was William Lyon Mackenzie, one of the great radicals in Canadian history, who led the rebellion of Upper Canada against British oppression in 1837, went about for a time with a reward on his head, and lived to become a member of the Canadian Government. That stormy old ancestor loved the people out of his heart because he knew what poverty was. He had lived his childhood with a widowed mother through misery and famine in Scotland, and he had seen her take from the kist the precious plaid of her own hands' weaving and go and sell it for a cupful of barley.

The Honorable W. L. Mackenzie King read me this from his maternal grandsire's autobiography; also some eloquent passages denouncing special privilege before human nature in 1837 had been goaded to the point of revolt.

From that side of the house he had inherited those ideals which go into the making of a reformer who puts his faith in the multitude, and for the poise which may come of some Tory leaven he is indebted to the line represented historically by the paternal grandfather who came to Canada in 1837 at the head of a British regiment to put down the rebellion led by his maternal grandfather. It is not a common mixture.

He had so far been able only to feel some of the big outlines of his work. In announcing the project on October 1, the trustees of the Rockefeller Foundation said:

"In facing the problem of Industrial

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Relations the Rockefeller Foundation is deliberately attempting to grapple with what it believes to be the most complicated and at the same time the most urgent question of modern times, and it is precisely for this reason that the investigation has been instituted. The foundation is not baffled at the outset by the knowledge that the task hitherto has seemed well-nigh hopeless, and that the literature on the subject, and the tried experience of the world, is so vast as to be overwhelming."

AT WORK

The literature of the subject is vast, indeed. Mr. King had just had made a card-index of such of it as existed in the Harvard and Boston libraries, and merely to read that index would require a week's time. He showed it to me, wondering himself at its physical cubic content, and then he unrolled his first attempt to sketch the subject diagrammatically. It covered a sheet of paper three feet by four. Here was a circle representing capital and here another representing the people available for employment in production, and connecting these two and flowing from them were lines and symbols to represent the increasingly complex nature of industrial relations.

Running through the whole of this composition, and recurring like a wistful theme, was the thought of good and evil in human affairs. Everything else had somehow to accord with the concept that in so far as industrial relations fail to promote happiness they are wrong.

In this country the Honorable W. L. Mackenzie King would be called a trust-buster. The highest achievement of his political life is the Combines Investigation Act, under which any six persons may apply to a judge of their own choosing for an order of investigation. If they make a prima-facie case, the judge orders an investigation, and the Minister of Labour appoints a board of three to conduct it. If the report of this board confirms the allegation that a combine exists to promote the advantage of manufacturers and dealers at the expense of consumers, the finding is published by the Government, which may lower or abolish tariff protection to restore competition, or invalidate the patent under which the combine works, and a person found guilty of restraining trade or commerce is subject to indictment and a penalty of one thousand dollars a day for continuing to offend.

His second most notable achievement in the Canadian Parliament was the Industrial Disputes Investigation Act, under which either a strike or a lockout is unlawful in any mine or industry connected with public utilities before the matters in dispute have been investigated by a board of three appointed by the Minister of Labour, whose findings are published broadly. Thus is the force of public opinion invoked beforehand. Since the enactment of this law strikes in the Dominion of Canada have been reduced eighty or ninety per cent.

Mr. King has personally intervened in forty strikes, and has almost invariably found the root of the trouble to be not so much in the terms as in the failure of human understanding. He says to the employer: "You make a mistake in thinking that these men are ruled by self-interest alone. They have also self-respect. One of their leaders writes you a letter, and you do not answer it, and you expect to meet them afterward on a plane of sweet reasonableness."

And that is the man who hopes to solve the distressing problems that have arisen between modern capital and massed labor, and to do it by means of an investigation regally financed with money arising from the most efficient practise of the very industrialism that has created the problems.

In that paradox, perhaps, abides the germ of all this human confusion.

Why was James Manning, U. S. R. S., called "Still Jim"? Begin Mrs. Willsie's new serial story, on Page 721, and find out.

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Here's Your
"NEW FREEDOM"

THE ANTI-TRUST LEGISLATION

YOU have seen a great deal of *comment* on the Clayton Bill and Federal Trade Commission Bill—the most important effort to legislate with regard to the bread-and-butter part of daily life since the Sherman Law of 1890. But have you seen the *facts?* Here they are—a complete but very compact schedule of the new Rules and Regulations of the New Freedom—for everybody: Working Man, Farmer, Railway Man, Merchant, Manufacturer, Banker. Everybody is in it, *somewhere, somehow.*

THE WORKING MAN

The working man gets more new freedom than anybody else. He is the big winner.

He may now do the two things most necessary to him in conflicts with employers.

He may go as far as he likes, peacefully, in calling a strike and in persuading his fellow working men to join him in that strike and to *spread* it, even if the result may be a *general universal strike;* and, to accomplish this purpose, he may go to the corner of the hostile factory, whether there is a strike there or not, and he may stand there and proceed to "persuade" and to "picket," peacefully, as much as he pleases.

That's one. Two:

He may refuse to buy the "unfair" product of the hostile factory and may go as far as he likes in persuading his fellow working men to join him in that refusal and to *spread* it, even if the result may be a *general universal refusal* of the "unfair" product and the complete destruction of its market. The working man may "boycott," peacefully, as much as he pleases.

In *interstate* commerce, so far as *Federal* judges have power.

So says Section Twenty of the Clayton Bill. It doesn't say it with perfect clearness. But there are very few sections of the Clayton Bill that say *any*thing with perfect clearness. Mr. Wilson is reported to have had much influence on it. I think Napoleon had more.

When Napoleon was selling Louisiana to the United States, a secretary rushed into his room and *"Quelle horreur!"* said he, "there is a section in this treaty that is *ambiguous*, absolutely." "Splendid!" replied Napoleon. "If it were *not* ambiguous, it would be your duty to *make* it so."

In this Napoleonic mood Congress wrote both of the labor sections of the Clayton Bill—Section Six as well as Section Twenty. It is Section Six which contains that immortal generosity: trade unions shall not be prosecuted under the anti-trust laws for "lawfully" carrying out their "legitimate" objects. But see what comes next:

"Nor shall such organizations, or the members thereof, be held or construed to be illegal combinations or conspiracies in restraint of trade under the anti-trust laws."

Let the lawyers wrangle as they may; *that* provision is perfectly definite, *politically.* What Attorney-General will ever prosecute any union—or any *union of unions*—under the anti-trust law when the anti-trust laws themselves tell him that they are *not* in restraint of trade?

Mr. Wilson is again a convert. From the "referendum" all the way along a very extended and slippery mourners' bench down now to "trade unions," it is Mr. Wilson's capacity for conversion that distinguishes him among sinners.

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A few months back, in days of academic inexperience, he reproved Congress for taking trade unions out of the special appropriation for enforcing the anti-trust laws. In ripeness of judgment he signed the Clayton Bill without protest; and his secretary very appropriately took one of the pens with which he signed it and sent it to Samuel Gompers.

Politically, practically, the American Federation of Labor has won. It is out from under the Sherman Law, and, more importantly, *much* more importantly, its two principal methods of fighting its enemies have been legalized. So says the surface wording of the Clayton Bill, and so if the courts drive holes through that wording, Labor will be back at Congress with the plea that *never* fails: "You tried to give us a certain thing. You used the wrong words. Now use the *right* ones."

THE JUDGE

Every Federal judge must now be as *slow* to issue injunctions as the *wise* Federal judge has always been. The Clayton Bill so instructs him, in detail. *Stealthy* injunctions will be less frequent.

Besides, if a Federal judge now forbids you to do a thing which is a "criminal offense"—such as assaulting your enemy—he can not punish you for doing it until the *fact* that you *did* do it has been established by a jury of your peers or, pretty soon, peeresses.

THE FARMER

Farmers' cooperative organizations for selling their crops can not be "illegal combinations in restraint of trade under the anti-trust laws."

This is a *real* exemption. The working man does not deal in a *commodity*. It was always absurd to legislate about his *labor* in the same law with soft coal and oranges. But the orange *is* a commodity. And the soft-coal business in many mining districts to-day is just as demoralized and just as *wasteful* as the orange business used to be in California before the days of that highly beneficent organization, the California Fruit Growers' Exchange.

If cooperation has benefited both the producer and the consumer of oranges—and it *has*—why might it not benefit both the producer and the consumer of soft coal?

This exemption gives that question a point which will become sharper every year.

THE RAILWAY MAN

The railway man must retire still farther from the outside world and go still deeper into his nunnery. He must no longer have any interest in firms which sell locomotives or oil or anything else to his railway. And he must have no interest in firms which take the stocks and bonds of his railway and market them among investors. Except in certain circumstances. But these circumstances must be supervised by the Interstate Commerce Commission. The general rule is that when railways *buy* supplies or *sell* securities they shall not be handing private profits to their own officers.

THE BANKER

The banker, too, must be more single-hearted. If he becomes a director or officer or "other employee" of any bank organized under Federal law, his opportunity to become a director or officer or "other employee" of any other bank, national or state, is *very* limited. The general rule is that different fountains of credit shall not be piped through the same faucet.

The voice is the voice of Congress, but the hand is the hand of Louis Brandeis.

THE MANUFACTURER AND MERCHANT

The manufacturer and merchant, also, must keep himself more strictly to his one true love. But the rule for his guidance is an amazing one. He must not become a director in two corporations "if the elimination of competition between them would constitute a violation of *any* of the provisions of *any* of the anti-trust laws."

The word ambiguity does not do justice to this clause. Ambiguity may mean, literally, "*two* guesses." Merely two. I suggest the word "multiguity" as perhaps remotely adequate. This clause is superbly multiguous.

But wait for the Federal Trade Commission.

THE CORPORATION

The Corporation, likewise, must be content to stay at home more of the time. It must not go out and buy the stock of other

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corporations if the result would be to "substantially lessen competition" between them.

"Substantially." How much is that? More work for the Federal Trade Commission

The Federal Trade Commission wasn't in Mr. Wilson's campaign for President to any great extent. But it is all that saves the *business* sections of the Clayton Bill.

The five members of the Federal Trade Commission will become specialists in business—excluding banks and railway companies—in *general* business. Theirs the task of enforcing all these clauses against "interlocking directorates" and "holding companies" in the general business field. And theirs, also, certain other tasks even more momentous and even more characteristic of the coming age in which the lawyer must *decrease* and the economist *increase*.

As follows:

TRUSTS

Several hundred rules have already been laid down by judges for the daily conduct of a score of "dissolved" trusts.

The General Electric Company, for instance, must not buy its raw materials for electric lamps in such a way as to prevent its competitors from getting *their* raw materials from the *same* sources on *equally* favorable terms.

Such rules are *business* rules, designed to restore and maintain a state of full and free and fair competition.

Hereafter, when a judge is about to think them up, he may call in the Federal Trade Commission to help him. When he has settled the *law*, he may resort to special students of business for his *economics*.

And the Federal Trade Commission may follow up *any* anti-trust decree and find out if it *does* give us competitive conditions.

UNFAIR COMPETITORS

If you make a product and it costs you twenty cents and you sell it in Louisville at ten cents to kill a competitor, while in other cities you sell it at twenty-five, you are likely to be violating Section Two of the Clayton Bill.

If you are making a full line of products in a certain field and then a new man starts up to make *one* of those products, and you try to shut him out by telling your customers that they must give up your whole *full line* if they take in the new man's *one* ewe lamb, you are likely to be violating Section Three of the Clayton Bill.

These two things are "unfair." The Federal Trade Commission must stop them. But more! The Federal Trade Commission Bill says that *all* "unfair" methods of competition are hereafter "unlawful." And the Federal Trade Commission must stop them.

This is the first time the war has been really carried into the enemy's country. Because:

A thread company was recently accused by the Government of having "Fighting Brands." These brands were sold only by "Flying Squadrons" of salesmen, and they were sold only to the customers of competitors, and they were sold at a special price, which was below the cost of production. They were sold *only* to kill competitors.

The company is now forbidden by injunction to continue this method. But, first, the Government had to wait till there was a thread *trust*. It had to wait till competition had already been destroyed.

The Federal Trade Commission will *not have to wait*. If it finds a company using an "unfair" method, it can stop it *now*.

The company may appeal to the courts. The courts will decide whether or not the *facts* show that there was "unfairness." But the *facts* themselves will stand as found by the Commission—as found by special students of business.

We *may* get a code of economic law based on the findings of economists. To *start* in that direction is the biggest move that can be made to-day. The Federal Trade Commission will make it.

WOODROW WILSON

They say Woodrow Wilson isn't magnetic. On the contrary, no useful political iron-filing of an idea ever comes to rest till it strikes him. He bristles with them now. They may be repelled from the negative pole of his academic inexperience, but within a few months they flutter helplessly to the positive pole of his ripe judgment. In this legislation he has combined all of the ideas of Republican, Democratic, and Progressive origin which could be passed through a Democratic South-bound Congress. And if a "New Freedom" comes, it will be *his;* for he *manufactured* it, though he *originated* none of it.

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SUSY GILVARRY WAS NOT AT ALL SATISFIED WITH HER APPEARANCE.

A Vaulting Ambition

by Kate Jordan

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLOTTE HARDING BROWN

A NEW family had come to live opposite the Gilvarry house. Susy and Genevieve watched from the library window the hauling in of the furniture, but were only mildly excited. They were not concerned with tables, chairs, or pier glasses. Nor did it matter to them what sort of Big People were to be their neighbors. One question filled them:

"Any children?"

The early October darkness came before this could be answered to their satisfaction. But after hurrying through cereal and soft eggs at breakfast the next morning—which fortunately was Saturday and replete with leisure and engaging possibilities—they were ready for long and patient detective work.

"I wish," said Susy, pressing her nose to an African breadth against the library pane, "there was one, little, new girl for us to play with!"

"I wish," said Genevieve, as she followed Susy's example and flattened in the same way the tiny Grecian treasure she called a nose, "there was *two*. One for you, Susy, and one for me!"

They continued to gaze, while blowing steam on the glass and wishing life were one never-ending Saturday. Then——

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"Look!" came gaily from Susy.

"Oh, goody-goody!" from Genevieve, and she pattered on her tiptoes.

For there, sure enough, at a lower window was *a little girl!* And she looked up at them in the friendliest way. She was radiantly blonde and had on a pronounced black-and-white plaid dress, a ruffled apron going over her shoulders, a bright cherry bow on her hair.

"Oh, I like her!" said Genevieve.

"I'll bet she's got a peachy name, like Evangeline Westmoreland!" said Susy wistfully and enviously, as the little girl retreated from sight.

Then something astounding happened. There was scarcely time for their new neighbor to have stepped to the door of the room she was in before she appeared at the top of the house, at the attic window! Such locomotion was nothing short of supernatural. How *could* it be? Yet there she was—blonde; every feature identically the same; plaid dress; ruffled apron and cherry bow! They gasped—and gasped. But when she left the window, and almost before they could say "one—two—three," appeared again far below at the parlor window, they felt frightened, and stiffened at their post, while hand stole into hand.

Mrs. Gilvarry came into the library at that moment. Their stillness was so clamorous she became suspicious and looked over their shoulders.

"Oh, a very sweet child!" she said, both relieved and commending.

She was astonished when the children fiercely caught her by the skirt.

"But watch—mama—watch!" they said.

In a few moments the phenomena that had dazed them occurred again.

"There!" said Susy, a break in her voice. "How does she do it? She goes up quicker than a Roman candle!"

Mrs. Gilvarry laughed, and pinched Susy's cheek. "Why, dearie, she doesn't run up and down stairs that way, of course. She couldn't. There are twins over there."

Twins?

The children gave each other a long, unwinking stare.

Twins?

It was a new word. It had a mysterious, disturbing sound.

"I don't know what twins—*is!*" said Susy, her eyes rapacious.

"Me neither!" Genevieve chirped.

"It's just this — there are two little girls—" Mrs. Gilvarry began, as she turned to the desk.

"They couldn't be just alike!" Susy declared, her inquiring propensity, which led her to explore every new thing, beginning to rowel her. "Or—could they?"

"Twins are almost exactly alike," said Mrs. Gilvarry without impressiveness, as she started to make out the Sunday menu. "They are close—oh, very close to each other."

The words made Susy's chest heave resentfully. "More alike than — sisters? Closer than—*us?*" she demanded.

It seemed to Genevieve, also, that their mutual love and loyalty for each other was somehow by this new word and this undreamed-of condition belittled and threatened. She went to Susy and held her hard around the waist, much as she would have hugged a post.

"I like to be Susy's sister," she said valiantly, "and I am!"

"Certainly, darling, and it's very sweet—isn't it? But close as you two are to each other, twins are even closer," said Mrs. Gilvarry as she scribbled. "They look alike, talk alike, and mothers dress them alike. I've heard they even think alike — that sometimes they know each other's thoughts without the need of speech. You see, such children—twins—have the same birthday. Sometimes they are two little brothers, or little sisters as in this case, sometimes a little brother and a little sister. That's why they look alike."

Susy Gilvarry felt much as people must have done when, long ago, they were told that their nice, flat world was round.

"I thought everybody had a birthday *all to theirselves*," she said, and gulped. A queer, curdling misery was beginning to percolate through the exquisite Saturday joyousness.

"Oh, no! Twins are born the very same hour," said Mrs. Gilvarry. "They come into the world together. That's why they are one in spirit all through life, side by side to the journey's end." And feeling that she had started the day with a very tender thought for the children, she went away, satisfied, the menu fluttering in her fingers.

Not so Susy Gilvarry. She felt as if she had congealed into that hard, glazed jelly that came around the cold meats from the

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caterer's, while deep within her a sadness hardened into a little core. And just so—in a lesser degree—her sister Genevieve. They stood breast to breast, eyes looking into eyes, and yet in this new thought that it was possible for some sisters, from having been born on the same day, to be just alike and love each other better, more understandingly than they did, they seemed suddenly to be aware of a division in spirit as a narrow fissure may split a mountain that at first glance seemed whole and indivisible.

Susy spoke no more. After an hour Genevieve asked what was the matter, and received an answer with which she was familiar. "I am—thinking." She knew then that one of Susy's silent attacks had set in, during which, back of her set lips, her brain would be going as fast as an electric fan. These pondering hours of Susy's—a mental retreat that never failed to bring forth important results—were always respected by Genevieve. She played very quietly by herself, though constantly glancing at her sister—while she waited.

Susy, with drawn brows and somber, incensed eyes, never left the library window that day except when pulled from it for fittings of autumn dresses, for lunch, and the like. And at last, well on in the afternoon, when her legs had grown so tired that every moment she changed her weight from one to the other, she had her reward: She saw the twins—together.

SUSY GAVE HER FIRST ATTENTION TO WHAT WAS EASIEST—DRESSING ALIKE.

There came out of the house opposite and down the front steps—a Wonder that took away her breath! Set down in items as they were seized by Susy's clutching intelligence they were:

Two sailor hats	exactly alike
Two yellow plaits	" "
Four large eyes	" "
Two small noses	" "
Two mouths	" "
Two gray-striped dresses	" "
Four gray stockings	" "
Four patent leather shoes	" "
Two blue parasols (pinked)	" "

Why, as these twins looked at each other it must have been like standing before a mirror and seeing yourself. Shoulder to shoulder, they glanced, at one and the same time, up at the sky; gave a concerted skip as if worked by one set of wires; and vanished into the perspective of the long street as—*one*.

To understand how an unachievable ambition first simmered and then blazed in Susy Gilvarry it must be clearly understood that she was not at all satisfied with her appearance. She felt square; she had riotous hair that would not look combed, and it was of unnoticeable brown; she had yellowish hazel eyes that sometimes were even green. Never had she read of a little girl-heroine who looked like herself; nor in her own excursions into story-writing had she ever so described one. She adored chiseled perfection of an angelic blondeness.

Now Genevieve was all a shimmering radiance—gold and blue; pink and white. More than that, from her cloud of corn-silk hair to her dimpled pink toes she was as dainty and delicate as a Dresden shepherdess. In a flash, as the twins disappeared

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from the house opposite, Susy became in imagination Genevieve's twin. The thought of looking in a mirror and seeing her reflection as a facsimile of her sister dizzied her with a sharp ecstasy, but it was ecstasy mixed with the angry despair of the revolutionist who must abide by laws he is powerless to break.

She turned sharply to Genevieve. Fire was in her eyes; but tears, too.

"What is it, Susy?" Genevieve faltered, ready to weep sympathetically on signal.

THE MARVEL OF TWINSHIP.

"I am furious!" said Susy Gilvarry slowly, in a deep, cold, raging tone. "I am—*perfectly furious!* Oh—those twins!"

"Did they make a snoot at you, Susy, or swag their tails?" Genevieve asked, coming nearer.

"No! They looked—sweet. Oh," she whispered, breaking down, "I wish *we* were twins, Genevieve! Oh, I wish I looked just like you! You're the nicest. Everybody says so! Oh, why can't I be *just like you?*"

Genevieve grew very troubled. "I don't know, Susy," she said helplessly. "I guess we got to stay the way we're *put*."

But Susy's sorrow changed into rebellion. "Why weren't we borned together?" she demanded. "We could have been. It would have been just as easy."

"But I was found in a pink rose," Genevieve explained soothingly; "and you were found sitting on the door-mat writing on a little slate!"

"That makes no difference!" Susy said fiercely. "In pictures I saw roses that would be plenty big enough for us two. Babies, when they're *fresh*, are teeny. Or," she continued, more emphatically, "you could have sat on my door-mat with me! I'd have been glad of your company, Genevieve. And then we'd have been *just alike*. Now, it's too late!"

But—wait. Was it too late? A week and more went by during which Susy neglected her lessons, her story-books, and her play, and had little sleep, while she thought continuously of the marvel of twinship. During this time she made the acquaintance of the wonderful replicas across the street and found another fly in the honey-pot of her life on learning that they were named Cordelia and Cornelia, or Delia and Nelia. This syllabic unanimity made such a powerful appeal to her imagination that she felt that only to twins were the sweets of existence given.

She also discovered, from some chance reply to her continual questions on the subject, that Cook had been a twin. To Cook, one baking day, she forthwith descended, prepared with a list of corkscrewy questions regarding her origin, subsequent existence, habits, etc., that would have made Cook extremely uncomfortable had she been hiding any guilty secret in her past.

But she was as calm as she was red and fat. She let Susy loll in her big wooden

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rocker before her while she worked. She answered all the questions amiably. After astute piloting to the subject, she began to talk intimately of her twin.

"As like as two peas we were!" said Cook, patting a lump of dough.

"And your thoughts were *identical*!" Susy added in a confirming, assisting tone. She had lately learned the word "identical" in relation to twins, and used it whenever possible.

"They were indeed. And if *she* felt sick *I'd* get a pain *in the very same place!*"

"Oh, Cook, that's peachy! Both in bed the same time!" said Susy with a longing sigh. "Did you dress *identical*?"

"Why, what else?" demanded Cook, as she fluted the edges of a pie. "Except that they used to tie a blue bow on my wrist and a pink one on Lizzie's——"

"To tell which was which!" said Susy in solemn rapture, finding this labeling by ribbons a most delectable item. "Why doesn't your twin live with you now?"

"Ah, sure, she died, poor Lizzie did—when she was twelve!"

Cook was called to talk to the butcher's boy and Susy was left to think. By the time the woman returned she had decided to take her partially into her confidence.

"Can people sometimes get to be twins afterward, Cook, even if they didn't start out that way?"

"Angels!" said Cook, her mouth wide open in a way that Susy thought jarringly unattractive. "My, Miss Susy, but you're the queer one!"

A NEW FAMILY HAD COME TO LIVE OPPOSITE THE GILVARRY HOUSE.

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"I want to be Genevieve's twin," said Susy concisely.

"Well, you can't!" said Cook, in a tone that settled the matter as she clapped the oven doors shut.

"Did nobody ever get *turned into* a twin by trying?"

"The idea!" Cook gave a dazed chuckle. Then, looking at the troubled, desiring face of the child, she grew serious, and spoke with that majestic poetry, so like the ancient Hebrew, that is found always in the deeply felt utterances of the Irish. "You couldn't change yourself into any one's twin, Miss Susy, without it was a miracle. You *are* what you *are!* To try to be different would be like thinking you could move the high mountains with one of your little hands, or like trying to count the sands upon the shores of the sea!"

Susy soon slipped from the chair and from the room. Cook had somehow sounded like the Bible and made her feel awed and melancholy. But the effect was submerged by a critical recognition of her own superior intelligence as she recalled having once seen on Cook's memorandum-pad a never-forgotten line: "chopps frinched wit Spinwich tamatses hole wit limmon sorse."

Therefore from the dramatic, discouraging imagery anent the helplessness of mortals against Fate, only one phrase of Cook's endured: "*without it was a miracle.*" This might be worth attention. Susy spoke of the matter to Genevieve and found her agreeable to trying a concerted and constant *wishing* that a miracle would change them into twins. But when a week went by without anything happening, the demand on patience and faith became too trying, and they stopped.

It was then that Susy determined that they were confronting a situation where *personal effort* was absolutely necessary for success. In consequence she gave her first attention to what was easiest—the dressing alike. She and Genevieve both put in such burning, insistent pleas for this, that their mother began amiably to give way to them, with the result that after two months or so everything Susy had that in any way differed from Genevieve's—or vice versa—had been altered. They eventually had clothes exactly alike to a button, and the picture was presented of a largish, sturdy, dark-haired girl of nine and a small, fairy-like blonde girl of six being appareled in a manner to suit the tastes of the most exacting twins that ever came into existence, either in a flower or upon a door-mat.

While the wardrobe changes were under way the revolutionists were not idle in other directions. They did not dare to rename themselves publicly more "twinnily"—to coin a word. But on one long, rainy day, while playing in the attic, they somehow became known to each other as Dorine and Corine, and these were to be their cabalistic soul-names. They had also started two organizations that might have been called "The Bureau of Simultaneous Thinking," and "The Telepathic Communications of the Gilvarry Sisters."

If Susy thought of a white horse, Genevieve at one and the same moment thought of that identical quadruped. If one were up-stairs and the other wanted her it had only to be *thought* of to be *felt*. Susy, in particular, had a way of suddenly appearing before her sister, and saying in a hollow voice:

"Corine, I *felt* you wanted me. *Did* you?"

Although Genevieve might not look at all like a rapt psychist—might, in fact, even be surprised in the act of contentedly sucking a chocolate cream—she never failed in the response expected:

"Yes, Dorine, I wanted you."

They knew these amateur experiments into the occult were not always devoid of fraud, yet nevertheless came to believe that they now thought alike; and no doubt they sometimes did. But alas! though they were parallels to a dot in dress, and enveloped in spontaneous mental communion, pink and blue bows were not in the least required to tell them apart!

A crisis was reached when one afternoon Susy overheard a caller say to her mother:

"Why have you taken to dressing the children alike?"

"It's not my idea," she heard her mother answer. "It's Susy's. The twins opposite have got on her nerves."

"And does she suppose that any one with eyes would ever suppose that she and Genevieve were twins? Why their hair, alone——"

She had crept away, chilled by the soft, amiable laughter wrapping the words, and had sat for a long time in the window-seat of the empty store-room, discouraged, almost conquered. The grim, unyielding fact

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THEY MADE A NOISELESS ASCENT TO THE TOP FLOOR. THE DOOR OF THE BACK ROOM WAS LOCKED.

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of her own and Genevieve's striking physical dissimilarity had not given way an inch. You might alter clothes and train thought — yes — but what about such fixed facts as hair, legs, freckles, and size? It was at this time that she overflowed in the following stanza in the old copy-book that she kept for her lyric attempts:

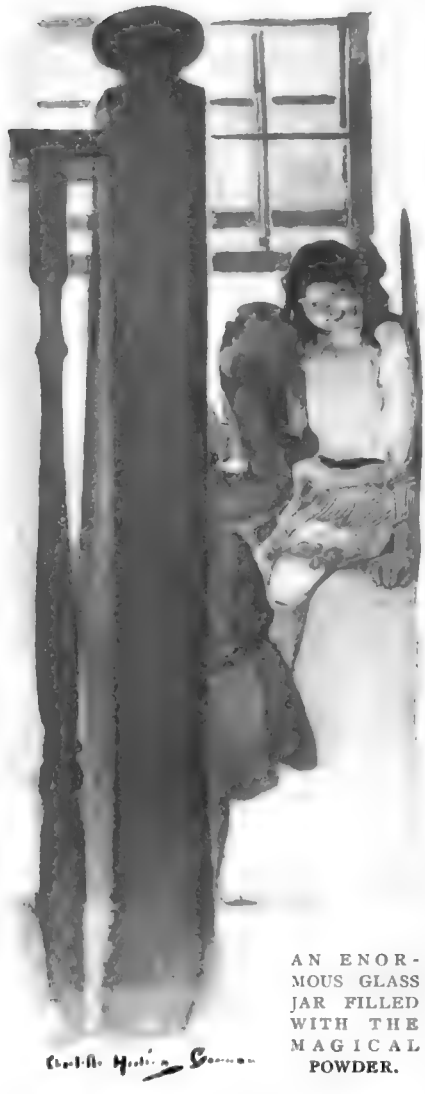
IN VAIN

Half a twin, half a twin, half a twin only
Oh but my heart it is saddened and lonely
Nobody knows of this but only Corine
Who would like if twer possible
To be twin of Dorine.
Theirs not to make reply
Theirs but to wonder why
Poor Dorine and Corine.

But courage came back to her. Perhaps something could be done, *little by little*, to alter what were her most salient points of contrast to her sister. With this purpose in mind she nursed two known facts—that if you ate little you *must* of necessity get thinner; that borax must lighten hair, since it was sparingly used in washing Genevieve's to help retain its fairness.

With these reflections to keep her hopeful, a patient watching and questioning began that she believed might help her to a belated victory. She asked her teacher if any one's eyes ever changed color? No, this was impossible. Did twins ever have eyes of different colors? Oh, yes; such small differences were sometimes found in twins. Ergo—the following note in Susy's brain: "*It don't matter a smitch if my eyes stay different.*"

She heard her mother tell Cook one day about some pears that were to be soaked in vinegar: "They will come out half the size, and a clear white with all the specks gone." Ergo — the following note in Susy's brain: "*Vinegar shrinks you and makes your specks go off.*" An older girl in her class gave her some valuable dermatological hints gleaned from the advertisements of beauty-parlors.



AN ENORMOUS GLASS JAR FILLED WITH THE MAGICAL POWDER.

To all but her sister she became during these days a puzzle, when she was not a downright pest. Genevieve knew why Susy, who had loved food, now dodged it; why she drank vulgarly from the vinegar-bottle when no one was looking; also carried vinegar in cups to secret corners and there soaked her nose in it. She knew that Susy started sleep with a clothespin tweaking that same tortured nose—though it always fell off before morning—in an attempt to keep it from growing. And that her new habit of noisily sucking in her cheeks was a struggle for dimples.

But the most important change was still looming in the offing — the blanching of Susy's hair. Just to think of this gave her accomplice the icy horrors of stage-fright. Unlike the other hoped-for changes, this could not be achieved without publicity, and the dread of what would happen when Susy suddenly appeared before her parents as a blonde would make Genevieve lie down on the floor, emitting chirps of terror.

She was stretched in this manner one afternoon, and Susy was close to her, on a footstool.

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"Oh, Dorine, I wouldn't do it," she gasped. "Oh, I'm glad it isn't me. *I* wouldn't —*I* wouldn't!"

"It must be done," said Susy in the voice of Fate.

"Oh, what with —what with?" Genevieve shivered.

"Borax," said Susy, and sighed. "Heaps of it!"

"Oh, when — *when?*" Genevieve asked, and rolled stiffly in suppressed hysteria like a log caught in a current.

"When are *They* going to New Haven?" Susy asked darkly.

"Next week," Genevieve whispered, and a foreshadowing pause trembled between them.

"Then—*wait*," said Susy, going slowly from the room by a revolving process which made it possible for her to keep her eyes almost continuously on Genevieve, who still, while staring at her, remained rigidly spread out on a mat.

The Saturday on which *They*—her father and mother — went away by an early train was one that Susy Gilvarry was not to forget to her life's close. She and Genevieve, while being dressed, shook with secret excitement and swallowed bubbles that continually formed in the throat and made the ears hum. At breakfast Susy broke a cup and Genevieve spilled

THEY MADE A SUCCESSFUL RETURN THROUGH THE SILENT HOUSE.

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egg over herself. Nothing mattered! Their thoughts were on what that day was to bring forth—a metamorphosed Susy Gilvarry so near the pinnacle of her ambition that any pure-food law on the subject of twins might easily be deceived as to her genuineness.

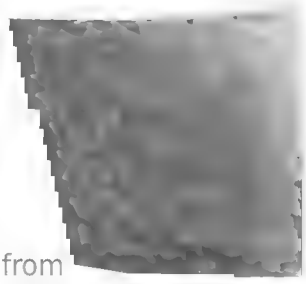
At three o'clock Margaret, who sewed for them, left them in their seeming quiet playing with paper dolls, and went to her room to read the latest instalment of a continued story. Susy knew what happened when Margaret got into a rocker with a magazine and a box of walnut creams. There was no hurry. She beckoned to Genevieve and they went about their covert task with a leisurely thoroughness.

First a basin was hustled into the bathroom and hidden; this would be easier for their unaided use than the tall corner wash-stand. Next they made an absolutely noiseless ascent to the top floor and to a back room there. This was used by their father as a sort of laboratory. It was a mysterious place to them, and their only reason for visiting it was that Susy knew the borax used every fortnight on Genevieve's hair came from a large glass bottle kept on a shelf in that room.

SHE CARRIED SUSY, SCREAMING, TO HER BEDROOM.

The door was locked. They had prepared for this. The window of the storeroom next to it gave on the same fire-escape. Susy crept out on this narrow bridge while Genevieve did sentry duty. If the window were not latched, all would be well. Genevieve listened and peered until the pushing moan of the casement came to her and Susy's skirts and legs vanished from the sill. Ice-cold and fluttering, Genevieve crept to the door and waited. Only quiet from Margaret's room in the front, and quiet all down the huge well made by the circular staircase. So far, so good! She returned to the window in time to receive from the breathless adventurer an enormous glass jar almost filled with the magical white powder.

But after a successful return through the silent house; even after the bathroom on the second floor had been reached and the door securely locked, failure seemed near, for Genevieve got what their brother Bob called "cold feet," and the panic was communicated even to Susy's pioneer spirit when she felt shivering lips hard



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against her ear and the following wabbly hiss:

"Oh, Dorine, what will They do when they see you—*different?*"

Do? Susy had no idea. Something terrible, no doubt. She felt sick into the marrow of that Something that was troublesome and talkative and *away down deep in one*. Her mother would probably cry. Her father would give her that pained, inquiring look that always made her sorry and uncomfortable. She hesitated. But just then the sun made such a straw-colored glory of Genevieve's curls that Susy grew hard in her sinning. To be a twin with hair like that was worth any price!

"Don't let us talk, Corine. Let me get—different!" she said wildly, and turned her back for Genevieve to unbutton her frock.

All the ambushed terrors coexistent with secret transgression began their attack upon them. They could hardly pull out the basin, which somehow had got wedged under the tub, and when it did come, with unexpected force, it flung Genevieve backward so that she upset the towel-rack. This necessitated listening guiltily at the door: *Not a sound.* But surely the hot water was acting as if it "had a spite" for them; never had it snorted as now, nor gurgled nor groaned. More listening: *Not a sound.* The stopper did not come out of the bottle until they were both clammy from the strain; afterward the borax, which they had always seen run as smoothly as powdered sugar, remained so hard they had to get down the little curtain rod and *punch* it, which broke the bottle. Again more listening: *Still, not a sound.*

Susy now had three cuts on her fingers, and a slight pain, that she had been resisting all the morning, was beginning to feel like swelling corks back of her ears. But she had decided that there would never be "another time" for this work — that she must go on. And this although Genevieve was really crying real tears and she was herself aware of them just back of her obsessing determination to *get finished.* She put the large, white lump into the hot water, where it sluggishly broke and floated, set her teeth, and stuck her head into the basin.

"Rub! Rub!" she hissed at Genevieve, as she filled the tooth-brush mug with the white, sticky mass and poured it over her head.

The flower-like hands obeyed as well as they could—but—*what was this?* The borax was acting in a most singular manner. It stuck to Genevieve's fists like mittens. It made a mat on Susy's head. In a twinkling all semblance of hair had disappeared under an opaque substance that thickened and thickened. Susy sprang up and looked in the glass.

SHE DRANK VULGARLY FROM THE VINEGAR-BOTTLE WHEN NO ONE WAS LOOKING.

"I put in too much!" she said, trying not to be afraid. "We'll wash it all out," and she stretched her neck, as a feeding hen does, to put her head actually under the faucet.

But the stuff was growing thicker and water had no effect on it.

"Is it coming off?" she gasped, not caring now that the steaming pipe was so hysterical in its groans and shrieks that Margaret *must* hear it.

"No, no! It—it—is acting funny," Genevieve sobbed in panic. "Susy—Susy—it's *hard!* Oh, Susy, it's going to hurt!"

Wet from head to foot, Susy swung desperately to the towel rack. She would wipe it off. But the feeling of the cloth was uncanny, sickening. It seemed to be applied to something far away, that was not her—to a cap that was turning to stone on her skull, while slowly, slowly she felt a fearsome crimping of her scalp, a pulling back of her face.

It was this last sensation that was her

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utter undoing. She climbed up on the chair and looked in the mirror at what she had hoped to transform into Genevieve's twin. Instead, a Horror faced her that reminded her of a picture she had seen of Bluebeard's wives, hanging by their hair—her forehead strained and glistening; eyebrows pulled up to Mephistophelian points; eyes oblique; mouth flattened like a toad's; and on her head a white chalk edifice rising into a stiff brush that ended in a point as small as a pencil's.

Genevieve had begun to cry aloud, and as the mass continued to solidify, and her face to stretch back with it farther and farther, Susy renounced hope and joined her. They were screaming hard as Margaret battered on the door. She was relieved at first at not finding them on fire, but as her eyes fell on Susy she went agape as if confronted by a specter.

"In the name of mercy——!"

"Borax!" Susy gasped. "I got it from father's room. Oh, get it off me, Margaret! I got a sore throat!"

"Borax? Nothing of the sort! Show me the bottle," Margaret called frantically, and then helplessly inspected the broken glass and what was left sticking to it. "I don't know what it is!"

She carried Susy, screaming, to her bedroom; Genevieve, effective as a Greek chorus, followed; while Cook yelled like a fog-horn through the well of the house:

"I niver heerd the like! Is it fire—or *what?*"

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"RUB! RUB!" SHE HISSED AT GENEVIEVE.

The doctor—who lived next door—was telephoned for and came at once. By this time Susy had made up her mind that whatever she had put on her head was going to *drag her face off*, and that rather than live without a face she would—die!

"Poor kid," said the doctor, "she's put enough plaster of Paris on her head to make several death-masks!"

It would be futile to follow in detail the humiliations that fell to Susy Gilvarry's lot during the next five hours. That night, with her anxious parents beside her, she lay in her bed. Her hair had literally been chopped off, and what tufts were left upon her raw and throbbing scalp were soaked in unguents and ointments and covered with cotton. Besides this, the suffocating feeling in her throat had been given a name—croup. She was painted under the ears with something that scorched, while she knew that ahead of her lay the horror of a scalding bath with mustard.

Not a word of reproof had she heard from father or mother, who had come to this unhappy home after a tiring day and train journeys, but their faces had the hurt, sad look that made her ache with remorse. How sorry she was—oh, how sorry! More sorry for them than for herself! And yet so choked was she, she could only wheeze this and hope they understood.

The croup took on variations, became mumps and bronchitis, and Susy was very ill for ten days. She was ill enough at Christmas to be kept in bed, still nursed and doctored and dosed, a mob-cap covering her shorn head. Her bitter lesson had so subdued her that when she discovered she could not take active part in the Christmas festivities, nor wear her new clothes, she only smiled like a little angel and said it was "all for the best." But she made one request of her brother Bob, who was home for the holidays. After she had whispered her wishes to him, he said:

"Yep, I'll do it for you, Susy! We won't say a thing till it's finished," and chuckling, as boys will at girls' fancies, Bob hurried off.

During the next half-hour he made several secret journeys between Susy's room and other parts of the house. There was a demand for pins, for a hammer and nails. Sounds as from a busy carpenter issued from the sick chamber. At last Susy's wish was carried out, and propped up on her pillows she made a gentle request that the Family be called in to see the result of his labors.

They all came—even the nurse, and the doctor, and Margaret—and saw a sort of effigy of Susy as she *might have* appeared in her Christmas best, nailed high on the wall before her. First her hat; under this her new dress was stretched out, with velvet coat and ermine furs over it, the coat sleeves stuffed to be as life-like as possible; pinned securely to the skirt were the dangling stockings; and to them, the new patent-leather boots, buttoned up in the neatest way. All of these were, of course, duplicates of what Genevieve was wearing. So

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let Genevieve tread the paths of Christmas joyousness forbidden to this poor sufferer, since *she* had this mute reminder of the glory awaiting her when pain was past!

"All it needs is a face," said her father, laughing gaily, "and I'll trust Susy to imagine that. How do you like staring the idea of yourself in the face?"

"I'd make it like Genevieve's, if I could," said Susy, with a little sigh for what she now feared might be unattainable.

"I PUT IN TOO MUCH!"

"Oh, that twin idea!" said her mother with a kind but distracted look. "Haven't you finished with that yet, Susy?"

"Nurse says my hair is coming in lighter," she whispered hopefully. "Maybe I'll grow like Genevieve without doing any more work."

She looked at her sister as she said this, but instead of the answering sympathy expected, she saw trouble in the wondering blue eyes and they looked away from her. This was a shock. Again Susy met Genevieve's glance. Again, sadly, it shifted. Genevieve was—strange. *Something had happened.*

Susy placed one closed fist on top of the other. This was a secret signal from the Dorine and Corine code and meant: "I must speak to you—*alone.*" Genevieve nodded a reply; but still with that troubled brow.

After all were gone—even the nurse, who was cooking arrowroot in a room across the hall—Susy scrooged under the clothes and rigidly waited. She felt that Genevieve would not keep her long in suspense. And she was right, for after a few moments the door was pushed gently back, and the small, lovely creature, radiant and sleek in her holiday garb, stole in.

Susy lunged around so that she fully faced her, and even a one-sided globular effect beneath the left ear could not lessen the tragedy of her long look. "What is it, Corine? Oh, what is it?" she breathed.

Genevieve knelt down and tearless sobs fluttered her baby mouth. "I don't want us to be twins any more," she confided.

"Because I got a shaved head, Genevieve Gilvarry!" was Susy's reproach.

"No, no!" This was a mournful hiss. "I found out to-day it ain't *healthy* to be twins, Susy."

"What's healthy!" said Susy saucily. "That's what they say about cucumbers, but I like them when I get the chance."

"Oh, this is worse than cucumbers." Genevieve clutched her. "I heard Mrs. Morgan say that twins ain't strong sometimes. Oh, Susy, I heard her say they ain't *raised*—sometimes!"

Susy grew serious. "What else? Tell me all." And Genevieve saw that she was—thinking.

"One twin," Genevieve gulped, "dies first, sometimes, when it's little. She said so. They were talking about it because across the street one is awful sick now, Susy! *They got the blinds down.*"

Here was a grisly thought. Susy's imagination swooped upon it. She lay suddenly flat, a controlled panic in her eyes. To this new statement of the delicacy of twins was added a remembrance of Cook's words—"she died, poor Lizzie did, when she was twelve." She also saw her own illness in a new light; perhaps in trying to be a twin she had *grown delicate*, and the croup that had accompanied her sartorial frenzy was really one of the penalties that belonged to the glory to which she aspired.

"Oh, Susy, I don't want you to be my twin, and die!" Genevieve whimpered. "I want you to stay *all different*, and then you'll get better."

This was now Susy's desire and decision to a nicety. She knew that dying was going away from this earth—and if you were good, to heaven. But much as she admired heaven, she wanted emphatically to stay upon the earth, *right where she was*,

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with father and mother and sister and brother. She had a child's usual unconcern for the idea of guarding health when menaced by such delights as pickles, pies, gorging on holidays, getting feet wet in a lovely shower, and the like; but oh—to be in a quiet room, with blinds down, and see sad faces, and know that what was familiar was soon to be lost in a wonderful yet terrifying *Change* of some sort—that made Susy Gilvarry shudder.

Her mind was made up on the instant. All the energy she had formerly given in the hope of biformity was now to be applied to reestablishing an undeniable bifurcation. She sprang to her knees and seized Genevieve's shoulders.

"*Am* I your twin?" she asked, adding between her teeth, "Say no—say no!"

"No—no," Genevieve declared, and began to look hopeful.

"And we *haven't* the same birthday—*have* we?" asked Susy, triumphantly.

"No!" said Genevieve, scrambling to her feet and bringing one down hard.

"And are we going to *dress alike* after this?" Susy shook her head wildly in the negative.

"No! No!" Genevieve cried.

This sort of question-and-answer game was continued until Susy felt that the subject had been thoroughly ventilated and the curse that had threatened her removed. But even this was not enough. Her brother Bob was summoned to nail up a blue dress instead of the green one like that Genevieve was wearing; also a maroon felt hat absolutely unlike the new black velvet one. Not until these changes were effected did Susy lie back on her pillow—exhausted, but *thankful for her escape.*

The Big People never understood why the twin partnership went into such sudden bankruptcy. They soon forgot about it. And so, in other interests, did Susy and Genevieve. The firm never resumed business, not even when the little invalid across the street was well again and playing with her sister as gaily as ever; not even when Susy read an account of twins celebrating a ninetieth birthday together. No, the experience had left its marks in a realization that some ambitions are beyond mortals' most untiring, fervid endeavor.

But from this little lesson in humility one pleasant thing endured—their secret names for each other. "Corine" and "Dorine" were to last through life, to be used only in moments of tenderest intimacy. And surely at such times they would mean all that the most soulful twinship could possibly supply!

"Still Jim"—a new serial story—by Honoré Willsie—page 721

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CATHEDRALS
UNDER THE WAR CLOUD

By

RALPH ADAMS CRAM

HEAD OF THE ARCHITECTURAL DEPARTMENT OF THE MASSACHUSETTS SCHOOL OF TECHNOLOGY. THE FIRM OF ARCHITECTS OF WHICH HE IS THE SENIOR MEMBER HAS RECENTLY BEEN CHOSEN TO COMPLETE THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. JOHN THE DIVINE.

FROM the standpoint of art and of history there is no quarter of the earth's surface, except north Italy alone, where the ravages of war, as it is waged under the conditions of "modern civilization," may be so devastating and irreparable as in the present European war-zone.

Between the coast and the Alps, the Seine and the Rhine, are crowded together almost unimaginable treasures of painting, sculpture, craftsmanship, and especially architecture. Antwerp, Brussels, Bruges, and Ghent are stored with the priceless and almost unique pictures of the wonderful Flemish school; almost every city and village has (or had a month ago) matchless old houses, town halls, guildhalls, while there is hardly one of the myriad cathedrals and churches that is without its treasures of woodwork and needlework and metalwork. The sculptures of Rheims and Amiens are (or, again, were) the finest products of medievalism, and counted in point of perfection with the best art of Greece.

As for architecture, there is no region in the world, of the same area, equally rich or equally diversified: four of the six noblest Gothic cathedrals in the world are here — Paris, Amiens, Rheims, and Cologne—while, each in its own sphere, Laon, Noyon, Antwerp, Strasburg, Aix-la-Chapelle, and Freiburg are almost equally beautiful and important in the history of art and civilization. Of the parish churches that are masterpieces of design there is an endless list, with St. Remi at Rheims and St. Rombold at Malines, with its matchless tower, at the head of the line.

Every period, from the time of Charlemagne until the end of art in the sixteenth century, is represented by the most perfect examples — Aix-la-Chapelle, Worms, Noyon, Laon, Paris, Rheims, Amiens, Cologne, Antwerp, Freiburg, Malines; the sequence is complete, and not one of these monuments can be destroyed or defaced without infinite loss to humanity.

Hitherto, whatever the war, however furious and insane the frenzy that drove commanders and soldiers alike, every great civic and ecclesiastical monument in this region has been spared, and for a thousand years and more neither sacrilege nor revenge nor wilful destruction has menaced the immortal records of great civilizations. The insanity of the Reformation and the Revolution took awful toll of the abbeys and convents, and castles and châteaux sometimes fell a prey to the streaming armies, but in every case the war was against men, not against God and humanity, and cathedrals, colleges, and civic halls were scrupulously protected.

Already Rheims, in a large sense the proudest and most glorious church in Christendom, has been wrecked beyond the possibility of restoration—wrecked while the Red Cross flag flew from its towers, and while wounded Prussians, with French nurses ministering to them, huddled in its glorious nave under bursting shells that crashed through its splendid windows and its perfect vault.

The soul of humanity shudders at the thought of the work that is still left to do if the battle-line is not soon removed to the further side of the Rhine.

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AMIENS

SOMETIMES CALLED THE MOST BEAUTIFUL CATHEDRAL IN THE WORLD. BUILT BETWEEN 1220 AND 1288, IT REPRESENTS GOTHIC ART AT THE PINNACLE OF ITS DEVELOPMENT. THE SCULPTURES OF THE WEST PORTALS ARE COMPARABLE IN THEIR PERFECTION ONLY WITH THOSE OF RHEIMS AND WITH THE BEST GREEK ART.

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MALINES

NOTABLE FOR ITS ENORMOUS TOWER DATING FROM THE XVTH CENTURY, WHICH IS OF AN ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE RICHNESS OF DESIGN. IT WAS INTENDED TO BE THE TALLEST SPIRE IN THE WORLD, WITH A FULL HEIGHT OF 550 FEET, BUT IT WAS NEVER COMPLETED, AND WORK CEASED AT A HEIGHT OF 320 FEET. THE CATHEDRAL CONTAINS VAN DYCK'S GREAT "CRUCIFIXION."

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WORMS

A NOBLE EXAMPLE OF NATIVE GERMAN ARCHITECTURE, DATING FROM THE XIITH CENTURY. IT IS RHENISH ROMANESQUE IN STYLE, AND IS TYPICAL OF THE RUDE BUT POWERFUL WORK THAT PRECEDED THE MATCHLESS GOTHIC DEVELOPED DURING THE FOLLOWING CENTURY IN FRANCE.

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COLOGNE

BEGUN IN THE MIDDLE OF THE XIIITH CENTURY, THIS CATHEDRAL, WHILE THE MOST AMBITIOUS OF MEDIEVAL WORKS, LACKS THE PERFECTION IN DESIGN AND DETAIL OF RHEIMS OR BOURGES. WORK CEASED WHEN THE CHOIR HAD BEEN COMPLETED, BUT THE ORIGINAL DESIGNS (SAID TO HAVE BEEN FURNISHED THE ARCHITECT BY THE DEVIL AT THE PRICE OF HIS SOUL) HAD BEEN PRESERVED, AND IN THE XIXTH CENTURY WORK WAS CONTINUED, FIRST UNDER AN INCOMPETENT ARCHITECT WHO DID MUCH DAMAGE, THEN UNDER AN ABLE MAN WHO BROUGHT ALL TO COMPLETION. THE WEST FRONT, WITH ITS 500-FOOT TOWERS, IS A MASTERPIECE OF LOGICAL DESIGN.

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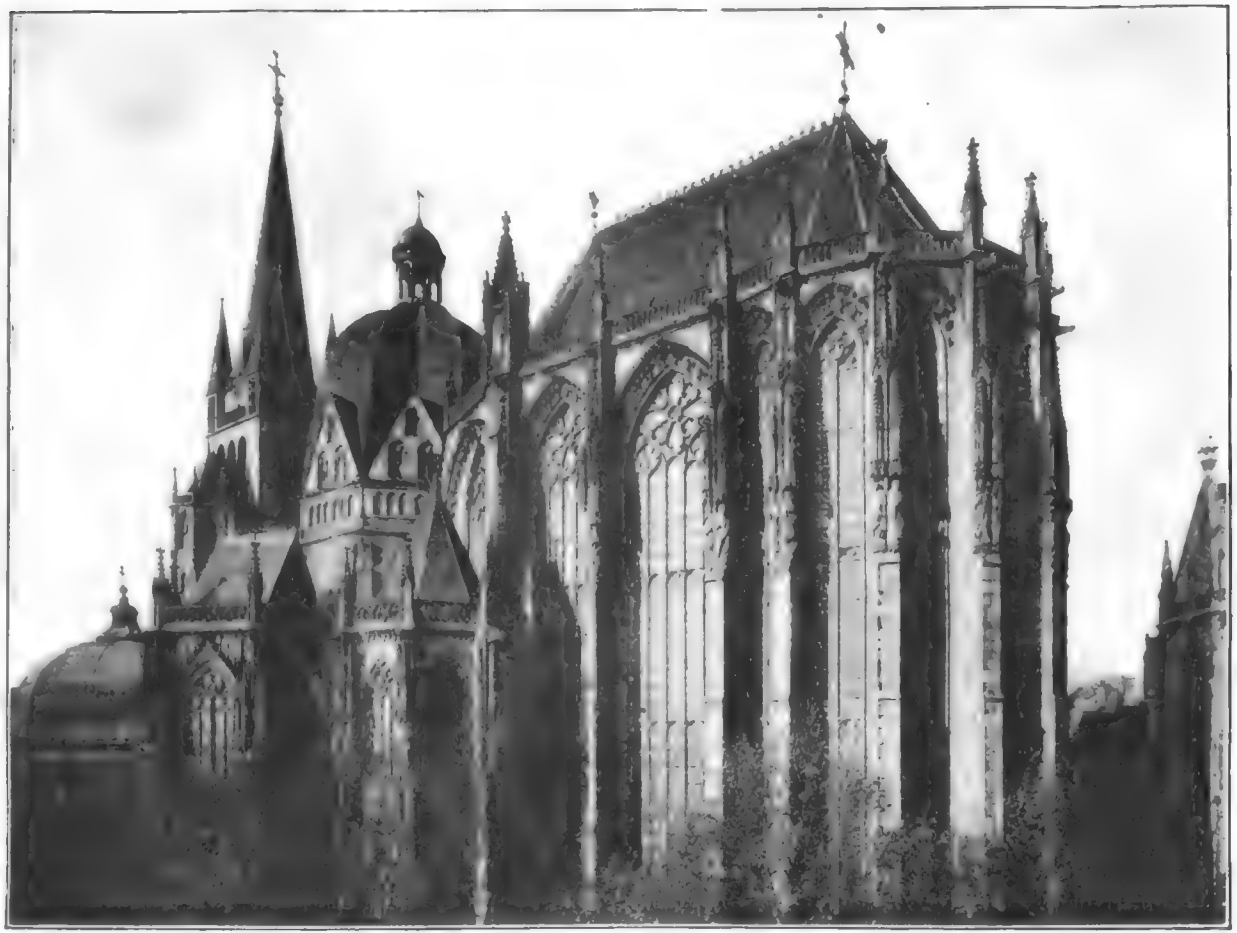

AIX-LA-CHAPELLE

A WONDERFUL, PICTURESQUE COMBINATION OF VARIED ARCHITECTURE, THE ORIGINAL CHURCH HAVING BEEN BUILT BY CHARLEMAGNE. A LOFTY CHOIR, TOWERS, CHAPELS HAVE BEEN ADDED AT VARIOUS TIMES FROM THE XIVTH TO THE XVITH CENTURIES.

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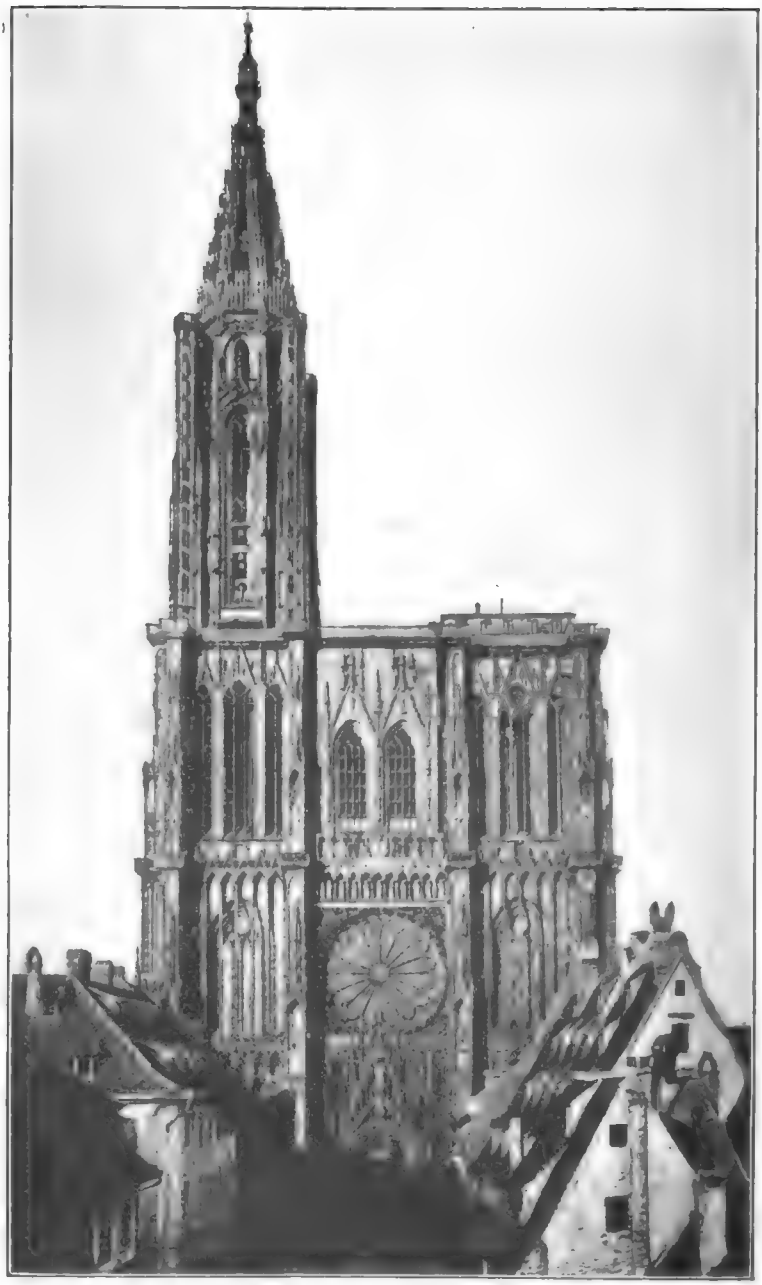

STRASBURG

A STRIKINGLY PICTURESQUE STRUCTURE, BEGUN IN THE XIITH CENTURY, THOUGH THE GORGEOUS FAÇADE AND THE SINGLE LACE-LIKE SPIRE ARE OF THE XVTH CENTURY.

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ANTWERP

ONE OF THE MOST IMPORTANT XIVTH CENTURY CATHEDRALS IN EUROPE. IT HAS SIX AISLES IN PLACE OF THE USUAL THREE, AND ITS INTERIOR IS THEREFORE UNUSUALLY RICH AND PICTURESQUE. THREE OF RUBENS'S GREATEST PICTURES ARE WITHIN ITS WALLS. THE NORTH TOWER IS A MIRACLE OF FLAMBOYANT DESIGN, AND DATES FROM THE XVITH CENTURY.

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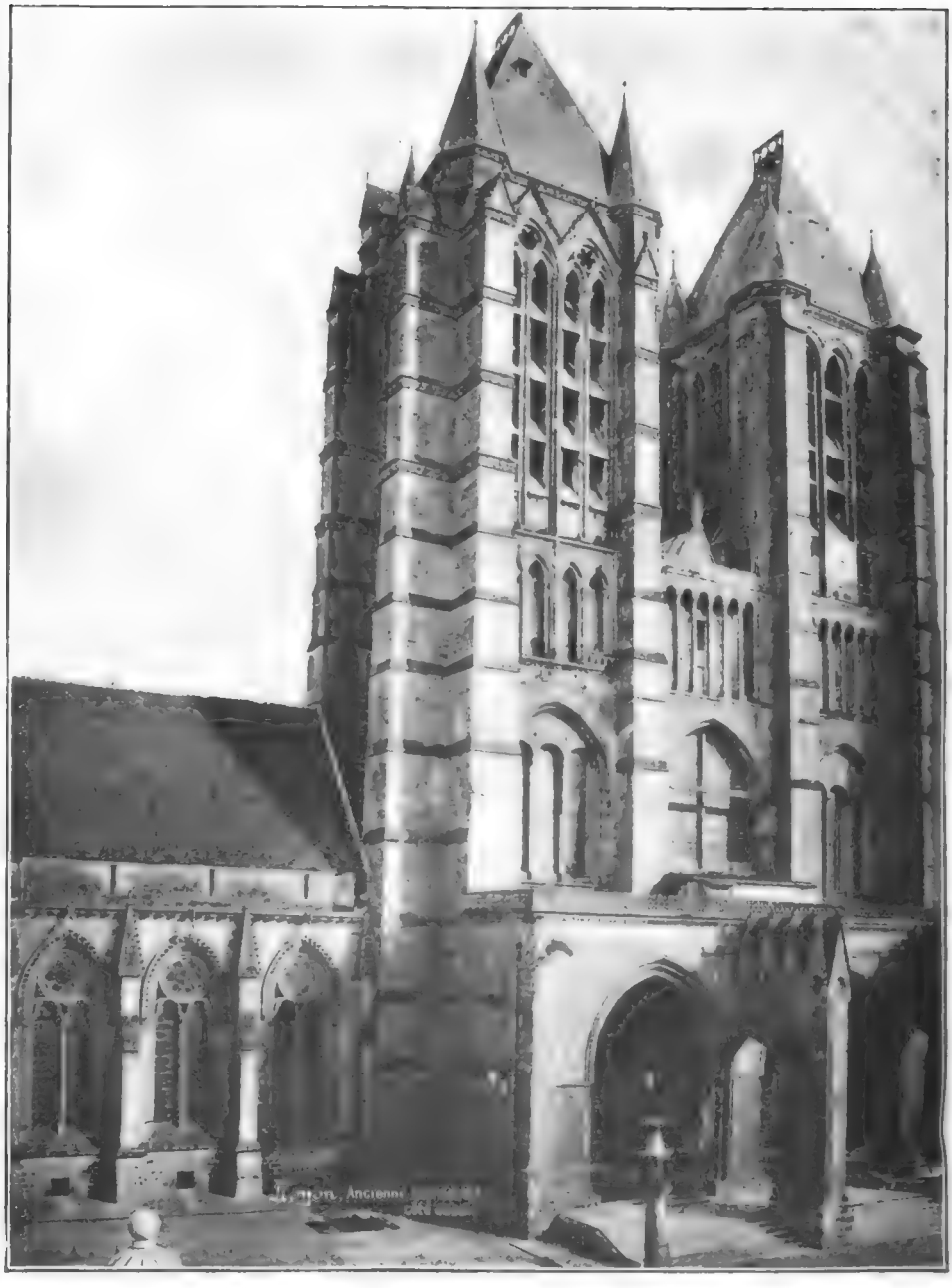

NOYON

A VERY IMPORTANT EXAMPLE OF TRANSITIONAL ARCHITECTURE, OF THE XITH AND XIITH CENTURIES; IMPRESSIVE IN ITS NOBLE SIMPLICITY. THE USE OF ROUND AND POINTED ARCHES INDISCRIMINATELY IS UNIQUE, WHILE ITS TRANSEPTS HAVE THE APSIDAL TERMINATION, FOUND NOWHERE ELSE EXCEPT AT TOURNAI.

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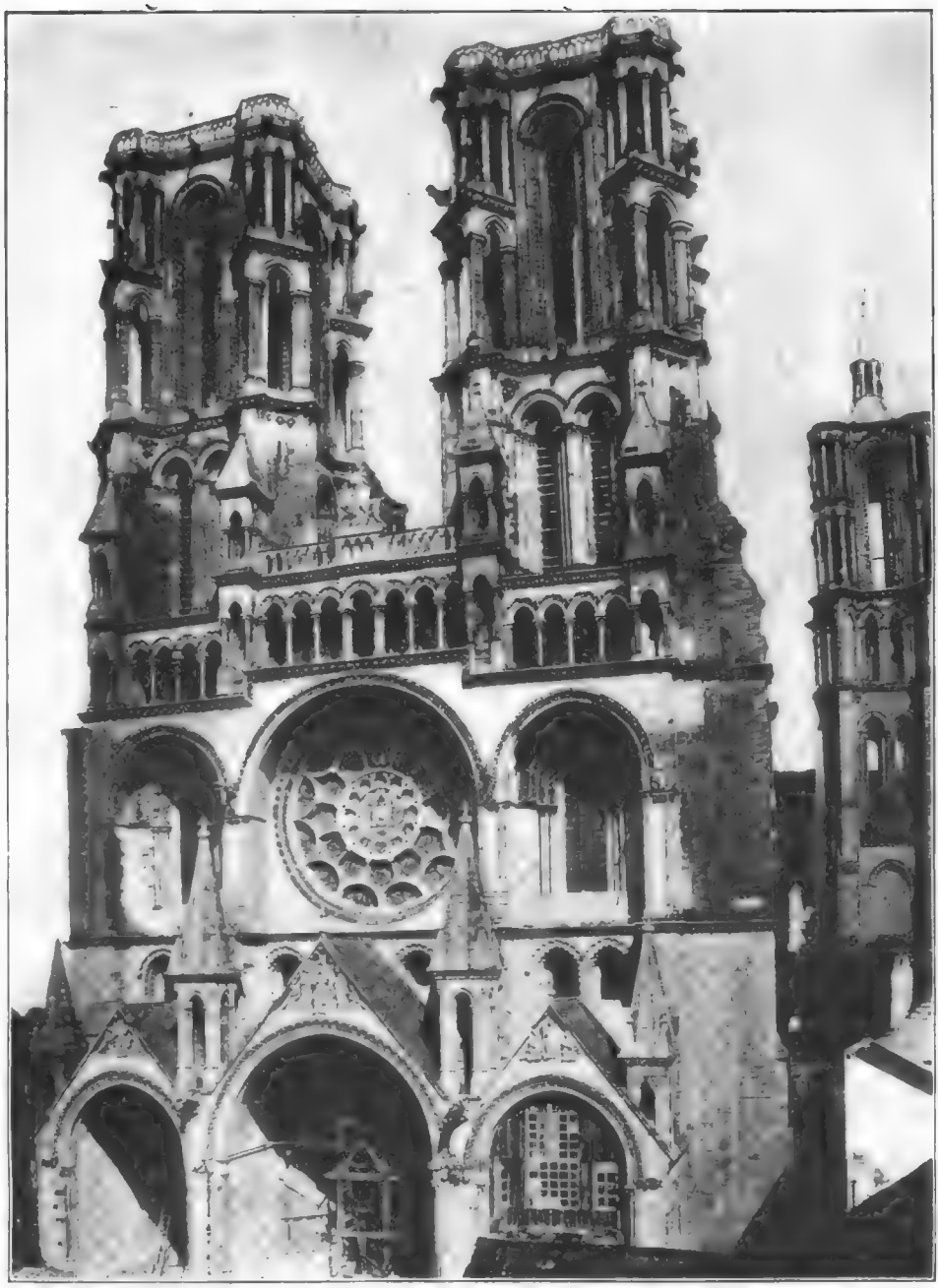

LAON

ONE OF THE MOST INTERESTING EXAMPLES OF THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE GOTHIC STYLE IN FRANCE. IT IS LARGELY OF THE XIITH AND EARLY XIIITH CENTURIES, AND ITS WEST FRONT HAS BEEN CONSIDERED A MASTERPIECE OF DESIGN EVEN FROM THE MIDDLE AGES. IT IS THE ONLY CATHEDRAL IN FRANCE WITH A SQUARE EAST END, AND ITS TOWERS CONTAIN EFFIGIES OF OXEN IN COMMEMORATION OF THOSE WHICH WERE SAID TO HAVE HARNESSED THEMSELVES TO DRAW THE STONES TO THE SITE.

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RHEIMS

THIS CATHEDRAL WAS FOR SEVEN HUNDRED YEARS THE MOST CONSISTENT AND COMPLETE EXAMPLE OF GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE IN THE WORLD. BEGUN IN 1212, IT HAD SEVEN TOWERS, ORIGINALLY SURMOUNTED BY SPIRES WHICH WERE BURNED IN 1480. ITS SCULPTURE AND STAINED GLASS WERE MATCHED ONLY AT AMIENS AND CHARTRES. HERE THE KINGS OF FRANCE WERE CROWNED FOR SIX CENTURIES, WHILE THE ARCHBISHOP OF RHEIMS WAS PRIMATE OF FRANCE. IT WAS SCRUPULOUSLY SPARED BY THE ARMIES OF SEVEN CENTURIES, BUT WAS PRACTICALLY RUINED BY THE GERMANS IN SEPTEMBER.

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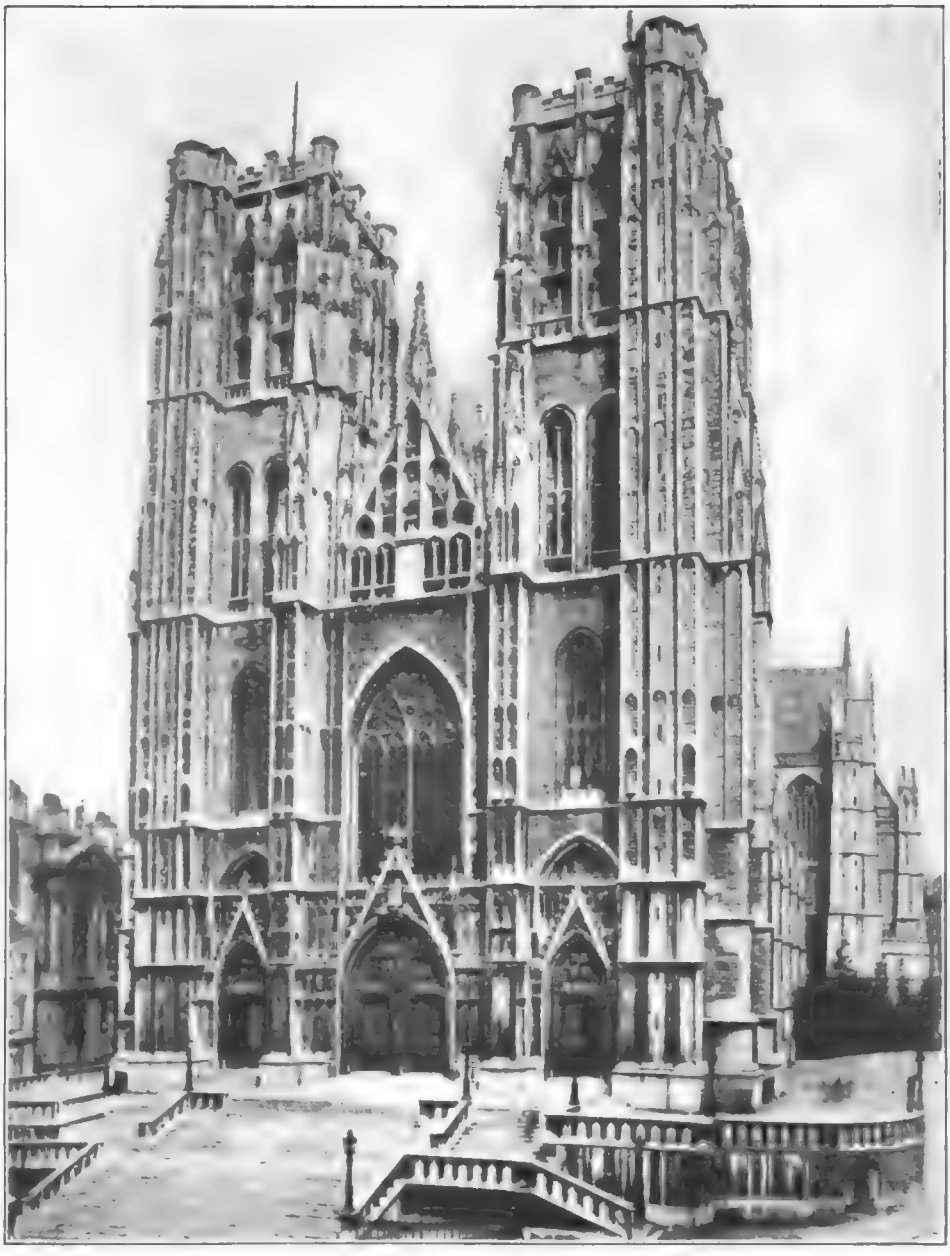

ST. GUDULE, BRUSSELS

A GREAT CHURCH, BUILT DURING THE XIIITH, XIVTH, AND XVTH CENTURIES, BUT HARMONIZED INTO A VERY BEAUTIFUL WHOLE. THE WONDERFUL STAINED GLASS IS ITS GREATEST GLORY, AND DATES MAINLY FROM THE XVITH CENTURY.

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The TIME HAS COME

by

ZONA GALE

AUTHOR OF "FRIENDSHIP VILLAGE," "WHEN I WAS A LITTLE GIRL," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HERMAN C. WALL

"'HOW ARE YOUR CONVICTIONS, MISS LAVVY?'"

WHEN the minister's wife sent for me that day," said Calliope Marsh, "it was a real bad time, because I'd been doing up my tomato preserves and I'd stood on my feet till they was ready to come off. But as soon as I got the last crock filled, I changed my dress and pugged my hair up under my hat, and thought I'd remember to keep my old shoes underneath my skirt.

"The minister's parlor is real cool and shady—she keeps it shut up all day, and it kind of smells of its rose-jar and its silk cushions and the dried grasses in the grate; and I sunk down in the horse-hair patent rocker and was glad to rest. But I kept wondering what on earth the minister's wife could want of me. It wasn't the season for missionary barrels nor lumberman's literature—the season for them is house-cleaning time when we don't know what all to do with the truck, and we take that way of

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getting rid of it and, same time, providing a nice little self-indulgence for our consciences.

"But this was the dead of summer, and everybody was sunk deep in preserves and vacations and getting their social indebtedness paid off, and there wasn't anything going around to be dutiful about for, say, a month or six weeks yet, when the fall woke up, and the town begun to get out the children's school-clothes and hunt 'em for moths.

" 'Well, Calliope,' says the minister's wife, 'I s'pose you wonder what I've got important to say to you.'

" 'True,' says I, 'I do. But my feet ache so,' I says, graceful, 'I'm perfectly contented to set and listen to it, no matter what it is.'

"She scraped her chair a little nearer—she was a dear, fat woman, that her breathing showed through her abundance. She had on a clean, starched wrapper, too short for anything but home wear, and long-sleeved cotton underwear that was always coming down over her hands—in July or August—and making you feel what a grand thing it is to be shed of them. I don't know of anything whatever that makes anybody seem older than to see long, cotton undersleeves on them and the thermometer ninety degrees at the City Bank corner.

" 'Well,' says she, 'Calliope, the Reverend and I—' she always called her husband the Reverend— 'have been visiting in the city, as you know. And while there we had the privilege of attending the Church of the Divine Life.'

" 'Yes,' says I, wondering what was coming.

" 'Never,' says she, impressive, 'never have I seen religion at so high an ebb. It was magnificent. From gallery to the back seat the pews were filled with attentive, intelligent people. Outside, the two sides of the street were lined with their automobiles. And this not one Sunday, but every Sunday. It was the most positive proof of the interest of the human heart in—in divine things. It was grand.'

" 'Well, well,' says I, following her.

" 'Now,' she says, 'the sermon wasn't much. Good, but not much. And the singing— Well, Lavvy Whitmore can do just as good when she sets about it. *Then what made folks go?* The Reverend and I talked it over. And we've decided it isn't because they're any better than the village folks. No, they've simply got in the habit of it: they see everybody else going, and they go. And it give us an idea.'

" 'What was that?' says I, encouraging, for I never see where she was driving on at.

" 'The same situation can be brought about in Friendship Village,' says she. 'If only everybody sees everybody going to church, everybody else will go!'

"I sat trying to figger that out. 'Do you think so?' says I, meantime.

" 'I am sure so,' she replies, firm. 'The question is, How shall we get everybody to go, till the example becomes fixed?'

" 'How, indeed?' says I, helpless, wondering which of the three everybodys she was thinking of starting in on.

" 'Now,' she continues, 'we have talked it over, the Reverend and I, and we have decided that you're the one to help us. We want you to help us think up ways to get this whole village into church for, say, four Sundays or so, hand-running.'

"I was trying to see which end to take hold of.

" 'Well-a,' I says, 'into which church?'

"The minister's wife stared at me. 'Why, ours!' says she.

" 'Why into ours?' I ask' her, thoughtful.

" 'My goodness,' says she, 'what do you s'pose we're in our church for, anyway?'

" 'I'm sure,' says I, 'I don't know. I often wonder. I'm in our particular one because my father was janitor of it when I was a little girl. Why are you in it?'

"She looked at me perfectly withering. 'I,' she says, cold, 'was brought up in it. There was never any question what one I should be in.'

" 'Exactly,' says I, nodding. 'And your husband—why is he in our special church?'

" 'My dear Calliope,' says she, regal, 'he was *born* in it. His father was minister of it——'

" 'Exactly,' I says again. 'Then there's Mame Holcomb—her mother sung in our choir, so she joined ours. And Mis' Toplady—they lived within half a mile of ours out in the country, and the other churches were on the other side of the hill. So they joined ours. And the Sykes's, they joined ours when they lived in Kingsford because there wasn't any other denomination there. But the rest of the congregation, I don't happen to know what their reasons was. I suppose they was equally spiritual.'

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"The minister's wife bent over toward me. 'Calliope Marsh,' says she, 'you talk like an atheist.'

" 'Never mind me,' I says. 'Go on about the plan. Everybody is to be got into our church for a few Sundays, as I understand it. What you going to give them when you get them there?'

"She looked at me kind of horror-struck. 'Calliope,' says she, 'what has come over you? The Reverend is going to preach, of course.'

" 'About what?' says I, grim. 'Describin' the temple, and telling how many courts it had? Or giving us a little something exegitical—whatever that means?'

"For a minute I thought she was going to cry, and I melted myself. If I hadn't been preserving all the morning, I wouldn't never have spoke so frank.

" 'Honest,' I says, 'I don't know what exegitical does mean, but I didn't intend it insulting. But tell me this—just as truthful as if you wasn't a minister's wife: Do you see any living, human thing in our church service here in the village that would make a living, human young folk really want to go to it?'

" 'They'd ought to want to go to it,' she says.

" 'Never mind what they'd ought to want,' says I, 'though I ain't so clear they'd ought to want it, myself. Just as truthful as if you wasn't a minister's wife—do you?'

" 'No,' says she, 'but——'

" 'Now,' I says, 'you've said it. And what is true for young is often true for old. If you want to meet that, I'm ready to help you. But if you just want to fill our church up full of folks, I don't care whether it's full or not. Not that way.'

" 'Well,' she says, 'I'm sure I only meant what was for the best in my husband's work——'

"I put out my hand to her. All of a sudden I saw her as she was, doing her level best inside the four walls of her—and I says to myself that I'd been a brute and, though I was glad of it, I'd make up for it by getting after the thing laying there underneath all the words.

"For Friendship Village, in this particular, wasn't any different from any other village or town or city of now. We had fifteen hundred folks, and we had three churches, three ministers at eight hundred dollars apiece annually, three cottage organs, three choirs, three Sunday-school picnics in summer, three Sunday-school concerts in winter, three sets of repairs, carpets, conventions, and delegates, and six stoves with the wood to buy to run them. And out of the fifteen hundred folks, from forty to sixty went to each church each Sunday. We were like that.

"In one respect, though, we differed from every other town. We had Lavvy Whitmore. Lavvy was the town soprano. She sung like a bird incarnate, and we all got her for Sunday-school entertainments and visiting ministers and special occasions in general. Lavvy didn't belong to any church. She sort of boarded round, and we couldn't pin her down to any one choir.

" 'For one reason,' she said, 'I haven't got enough clothes to belong to any one choir. I've been driven distracted too many times looking at the same plaid waist and the same red bird and the same cameo pin in choirs to do it for anybody else. By kind of boarding round the way I do, I can give them all a change.'

"The young minister over to the White Frame Church—young Elbert Kinsman—he took it harder than the rest. 'How are your convictions, Miss Lavvy?' he had once been heard to say.

" 'My convictions?' she answered him. 'They are that there isn't enough difference in the three to be so solemn and so expensive over. Especially the expensive,' she added. 'Is there now?'

" 'No,' young Elbert Kinsman had unexpectedly replied, 'I myself don't think there is. But——'

" 'The only thing is,' Lavvy had put in, irreverent, '*you* can't get rid of that "but," and I have!'

" 'You send for Lavvy,' I says now to our minister's wife. 'She'll think of something.'

"So there we were, with a kind of revival on our hands to plan before we knew it, because our minister's wife was like that, much more like that than he was. He had a great deal of emphasis, but she had a great deal of force.

"Going home that morning, I went a little out of my way and come round by Shepherd's Grove. Shepherd's Grove lays just on the edge of the village, not far from the little grassy triangle in the residence part—and it always rests me to go there. Walking through it that morning I remember I thought:

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" 'Yes, I s'pose this kind of extry effort must be all right—even Nature enters into it real extensive. Every summer is an extry effort—a real revival, I guess. But oh,' I says to myself, wishful, 'that's so spontaneous and so unanimous! I wish't folks was more like that!'

"I was filling in for organist while ours was away on a vacation to her husband's relatives, and so they left it to me to kind of plan the order of services for them four Sundays in September that they decided on. That was nice to do—I'd been hankering to get my hands on the services many a time. And a night or two afterwards our minister come down to talk this over with me. I'd been ironing all that blessed day, and just before supper my half-bushel of cherries had come down on me, unexpected. I was sitting on the front porch in the cool of the day, pitting them. The sun wasn't down yet, and folks was watering lawns and tinkering with blinds and screens and fences, or walking round pinching off dead leaves; and being out there sort of rested me.

"Our minister sat down on the top stoop-step. It had been an awful hot day, and he looked completely tuckered out.

" 'Hot, ain't it?' says I, sympathetic—you can sympathize with folks for the weather without seeming to reproach 'em, same as sympathy for being tired out does to 'em.

" 'VERY WARM', SAYS HE. 'I'VE MADE,' HE ADDS, 'ELEVEN CALLS THIS AFTERNOON.' "

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" 'Very warm,' says he. 'I've made,' he adds, 'eleven calls this afternoon.'

" 'Oh, did you?' I says. 'What was the occasion of them?'

"He looked surprised. 'Pastoral calls,' he says, explaining.

" 'Oh,' I says, 'sick folks?'

" 'Why, no, no,' says he. 'My regular rounds. I've made,' he adds, 'one hundred and fourteen calls this month.'

"I went on pitting cherries. When I look back on it now, I know that it wasn't natural courage at all that made me say what I did. It was merely the cherries coming on top of the ironing.

" 'Ain't life odd?' says I. 'When you go to see folks, it's duty. And when I go to see folks, I do it for a nice, innocent indulgence.'

"He looked kind of bewildered and sat there fanning himself with the last foreign missionary report and not saying anything for a minute.

" 'What did you find to talk about with 'em?' I says, casual.

" 'Well,' he said, 'I hardly know. The range of interests, I must say, is not very wide. There has been a good deal of sickness this summer——'

" 'Yes,' I says, 'I know. Mis' Emmons's limb has been troubling her again. Mis' Temple's headaches have come back. Old Mr. Blackwell has got hold of a new dyspepsia remedy. At the Holmans' the two twins fell into an empty cistern and got scraped. And Grandma Oxner don't see any change in the old complaint. I'm familiar with 'em.'

"He smiled at that. 'They have a good many burdens to bear,' he says, patient. 'But——'

" 'But,' I says, 'don't it seem wicked to ask a man of God to set and listen to everybody's troubles for one hundred and fourteen calls a month, and expect him to feel he's doing the Lord's work?'

" 'The office of comforter——' he began.

" 'When,' says I, 'was complaints ever lessened by dwelling on 'em—tell me that? Oh,' I says, 'it ain't you I'm blaming, nor the other ministers either. I'm blaming us, that call a minister to come and help us reveal the word of God to ourselves, and then expect a social call a month, or more, from him, once around the congregation—or else be uppish and mebbe leave the church.'

" 'The office of spiritual adviser demands——' he started in, and concluded it as might have been expected.

" 'How much religion really, *really*, do they let you talk on these calls?' I ask' him. 'Don't it seem kind of bad taste if you say much about it? And as a matter of fact, don't ministers pride themselves now'days on being all-around men who can talk about everything, from concerts to motion-pictures, and this here city gollif? Of course they do. That is, if folks keep off their complaints long enough to leave you prove how really broad your interests are.'

" 'Yes, I know—well,' he says, patient, 'they expect the calls. What,' he adds, 'had you thought of for the order of the four Sunday services?'

" 'I thought,' I says, 'for the first fifteen minutes or so we might sing together.'

" 'A short praise service,' says he, comprehending. 'Well—that's a little out of the order for the Sunday morning service, but it might be indulged.'

" 'Yes,' I says, dry. 'Praise ought not to offend most people. And then I thought of it for what it does to people to sing together for a while. It makes real things seem sort of possible, I always think. After the Doxology, we might start in with "America," and——'

" 'America?' says he.

"I waited. I thought the next observation belonged to him.

" 'We've sung "America" at Sunday evening mass meetings,' he says, 'but for the opening hymn of the regular morning worship—still, of course it's in the hymnal. I suppose there is really no objection.'

" 'That,' says I, 'was how I looked at it. There's no objection. Then the Lord's Prayer—all of us together. And the reading—something read from one heart right to another, wouldn't it be? And then we might sing again—"Love For Every Unloved Creature," or something of that sort. I think,' I says, 'we'd ought to be very careful what hymns we pick out for these Sundays. Take just the religious ones, why don't you?'

" 'I beg your pardon,' said our minister. 'What did you say then?'

" 'Well, for instance,' I says—

> 'The Son of God goes forth to war
> A kingly crown to gain.
> His blood-red banner streams afar.
> Who follows in his train?

I call a good deal of that hymn immoral. Think of that gentle soul caring to gain a

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"'WE THOUGHT WE'D EACH TAKE A COLOR—GIVE EACH CHURCH A COLOR, YOU KNOW.'"

kingly crown. Think of his having a blood-red banner. Think of him going forth *to war*. It's a wicked hymn, some of it.'

"'Oh, well,' said our minister, 'those things are just figurative. You mustn't take them too literally, Miss Marsh.'

"I looked over at him, across my cherries. 'We're saying that pretty often these days,' I said. 'Sometimes it's glorious true and sometimes it's stupid false.'

"'Well,' he says, 'that needn't enter into the services for these Sundays. We might of course do well to pick out the hymns with care. What else had you thought of?'

"'I thought,' I said, 'of having the Sunday-school come in then and march down the aisle, singing—not "We are Little Soldiers," or anything like that, but "I Think When I Read That Sweet Story of Old," say. And then have them repeat something—well,' I says, 'I found a little verse the other day. I never saw it before—mebbe you have. I've been meaning to ask the superintendent how it would be to have the children learn to say that.'

"I said it for him:

'The year's at the spring,
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hill-side's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in His Heaven—
All's right with the world!

And then,' I says, 'have them add: "And O God, help the last line to get to be true for everybody, and help me to help make it true. Amen." That,' I says, 'might do for one day. Then you talk to 'em for five minutes. And then dismiss them.'

"'Dismiss them?' he said. 'Not have them remain to the service?'

"'Why, no,' I says, 'not unless you can interest and occupy them. Which no sermons do for little children.'

"'Where would the mothers that are in church send their children to?' says he.

"'We ought to have the rooms downstairs open,' I says, 'and have somebody in charge, and have quiet exercises and story-telling and pictures for them.'

"'My dear Miss Marsh,' he says, 'that would be a revolution.'

"'True,' says I, serene. 'Ain't life odd?' I adds. 'One minute we're saying, shocked: "But that would be a revolution." And the next minute we're harping away on keeping alive the revolutionary spirit. I wonder which of the two we really mean?'

"'Well, then, what else?' says he, pacific.

"'Then,' I says, 'I wish we could have five minutes of silent prayer. And then right off, the sermon—and no hymn after that at all, but leave the sermon end with the benediction—a real cry to God to be

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with us and to live in us. That's all.'

"I had to go out in the kitchen then to empty a bowl of my pitted fruit, and when I come back the minister stood there, smiling. 'Ah, Miss Marsh,' he said, 'you've forgotten a very important thing. You've forgotten the collection.'

" 'No,' says I, 'no, I haven't. Except on the days when it's a real offering for some work for God. I'd take a collection then. The rest of the time I'd have the minister's salary and the fuel and the kerosene paid for by checks, private.'

"After he'd gone I set there going over, miserable, the things I'd said to him about the services that it was his job to do. And though I was miserable enough—I honestly couldn't be sorry. You know the difference in them two?

"I was to engage Lavvy Whitmore to lead our singing for the four Sundays, and I went over to see her the next afternoon. She was cleaning the lamps when I stepped up to the kitchen door, so I went right in and sat down at the end of the table, and helped her with the chimneys. She was a pretty little thing—little, but with black eyes that mentioned her thoughts before ever any of the rest of her agreed to announce 'em. And plenty of thoughts, too, Lavvy had. She wasn't one of the girls that is turned out by the thousands, that wouldn't recognize their own minds if they was to meet 'em unbeknownst; but one that her mind was cut out, careful, by a pattern part of her own selecting, and not a pattern just laid on to it haphazard by the folks that she lived neighbor to, and went with when she went.

" 'Lavvy,' I says, 'we want to speak for you to sing to our church the four Sundays in September, when we have special services to get everybody to go, so's everybody'll see everybody else going, and go too. Can we? Will you?'

" 'I've been spoke for,' says she, 'by the White Frame Church for the four September Sundays. For the same reason.'

" 'Go on!' I says. 'Do you mean to tell me that they're going to have a competition revival?'

" 'Well,' she says, 'they're going to make an extra effort to get folks out for them four Sundays.'

" 'Copied it off'n us,' I says, thoughtful. 'Well, I guess the four Sundays can't be regularly copyrighted by us, can they? But I thought their minister didn't like revivals?' I says.

" 'Oh, he don't—Elbert Kinsman don't,' says Lavvy. 'It's the rest of 'em wants it. He told me he thought it was a mistake.'

" 'That young Elbert Kinsman,' I says, 'he loves *folks*. I saw it in his face long ago.'

"Lavvy went on trimming wicks. 'And then the Red Brick Church,' says she, 'they've spoke for me to sing for them for the four Sundays in September, too.'

" 'Land of life,' I says, 'they haven't! What on earth have they done that for?'

" 'Oh,' says Lavvy, 'to get everybody to go, so's everybody'll see everybody else going, and——'

" 'Don't, Lavvy,' I says. 'That makes me feel kind of sick.'

" 'So it done to me,' she says. 'And I'll tell you the same as I told them: No, I won't sing them four Sundays. I ain't going to be here. I don't know yet where I'm going, but I'll go off somewheres—where things are better—if I have to go blackberrying in Shepherd's Grove.'

" 'My land,' I says, 'I've a great good notion to get my pail and go along with you.'

"We talked about it quite a while that afternoon, Lavvy and me. And though all along I'd been feeling sort of sore and sick over the whole idea—and I might have known that I was, by the chip-shouldered way I had talked to our minister—still, it wasn't till there by the lamps that I come to a realization of myself, and of some other things just as foolish, and that I faced around and begun to ask myself, plain, What in the world was what?

"For it was as true as possible: As soon as it got out around that our church was laying plans for a revival—not an evangelist revival, but a home-made one—it had happened just as might have been expected: The other two churches was afraid we'd get their folks away from them, and they says they'd make an extra effort to get folks out, as well. They fell into the same hope—to 'fill up' the churches, and see if we couldn't get folks started attending regular. Somebody suggested having a month's union services in each of the three churches, but they voted that three months of this would get monotonous, while the novelty of the other way would 'get folks out.'

"No sooner had we all settled on that,

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than we slipped, by the gradualest degrees, into the next step, that was as inevitable as two coming after one. We begun being secret about what we meant to have, not telling what the order of exercises was going to be, or what special music we was getting up. And then come along the next thing, as regular as three coming after two—we begun sort of running one another to see who could get the most folks.

"At first we sent out printed invitations addressed to likely spots; then we took to calling to houses by committees, and delivering invitations in person. Now and then rival visiting committees would accidentally meet to the same house and each try to out-set the other. And from this one or two things developed, as things will, that made a little uppishness here and there. For out of certain situations uppishness does seem to arise, same as cream out of milk or dust out of furniture.

"One afternoon I looked out my window, and I see the three Sunday-school superintendents come marching up my brick walk—ain't it funny how, when men goes out with a proposition for raising pew-rent, or buying a new furnace for the manse, or helping along the town, they always go two or three strong? If you notice, they do.

" 'Come right in, gentlemen,' I says. 'If it's money, I can't give you a cent. If it's work, I'm drove to death as it is. But if it's advice, I do enjoy myself giving that.'

"It was our own superintendent that spoke, as being the least foreign to me, I s'pose—though it happened that I was better acquainted with both the other two.'

" 'It's neither, Miss Marsh,' he says; 'it's some ideas we want of you. We've got,' says he, 'a plan.'

"Then he unrolled it, assisted by the other two.

" 'We thought,' he says, 'that in all this added interest in church attendance which we are hoping to stimulate, the three churches had ought to pull together a little.'

"At that my heart jumped up. It was what I had been longing for, and grieving because it didn't come true.

" 'We thought we'd ought to have a little more community effort,' says the White Frame superintendent, clearing his throat. I guess he knew how that word 'community' always gets me. I'd rather read that one word than half the whole books on the market.

" 'Oh, yes,' I says. 'Yes! I think so, too.'

" 'We thought we'd ought to make the experience one of particular blessing and fellowship,' says the Red Brick superintendent, fairly beaming.

"And me, the simple soul, I beamed back. 'Count on me,' says I, fervent, 'to do anything in the world to help on a thing like that!'

" 'We were sure of it,' said our superintendent, 'and that is why we have come to you. Now,' says he, 'the idea is this: We thought we'd each take a color—give each church a color, you know.'

" 'A color?' says I.

" 'Exactly,' says he. 'The White Frames white. The Red Bricks red. And us blue. Then on each of the four Sundays the number present in the three churches will be kept track of and totaled at the end of the month. And, at the end of the month, the church having had the largest attendance for the whole time shall be given a banquet by the other two. What do you say to that?'

"What did I say to that? Somehow I got them out of the house, telling them I'd send them word later. When I feel as deep as I did then, I know I can't do justice by just thoughts or just words to what I mean inside. So I let the men go off the best I could. And then I went back into my sitting-room, with the August sun pouring in all acrost the air like some kind of glory that we didn't understand; and I set down in it, and thought.

"And the thing that come to me was them early days, them first days when the first Christians were trying to plan ways that they could meet, and hoping and longing to be together, and finding caves and wild places where they could gather in safety and talk about their wonderful new knowledge of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, and the divine experience of the spirit, here and after. And then I thought of this red, white, and blue denominational banquet. Oh, what a travesty it was even on the union that the three colors stands for! And I thought of our talk about 'getting people out,' and 'filling up the churches,' and I thought of the one hundred and fourteen or more social calls that we require a month from our pastors. And I says to myself:

" 'Oh, Calliope Marsh, has it come to

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this—*has* it? Is it like this only in Friendship Village? Or is it like this out in the world, too? And, either way, what are we going to do about it?'

"There was one thing I could do about it. I went to see our minister and his wife, and I told 'em firm that I couldn't have anything more to do about the extra September services, and that they would have to get somebody else to play the organ for all four Sundays. They was both grieved — and I hated to hurt them. That's the worst about being true to something you believe—it so often hurts somebody else. But there wasn't any other way to do.

" 'But, Miss Marsh,' says our minister, 'don't you see that it is going to be a time of awakening if we all stand by each other and support the meetings?'

" 'Support the meetings!' I wondered how many times, in those first days, they had to argue that. But I didn't say anything—I just sat still and ached.

" 'But, Miss Marsh,' said the minister's wife, 'we have so depended on you. And your influence—what about that?'

" 'I can't help it,' I says—and couldn't say any more.

"Mis' Postmaster Sykes was there, and she piped up: 'But it's so dignified, Calliope,' she says. 'No soliciting, no pledging people to be present, no money-begging for expenses. No anything except giving people to understand that not attending ain't real respectable.'

"It was them words that give me the strength to get up and go home without breaking down. And all the way up Daphne Street I went saying it over: 'No anything except giving people to understand not attending ain't real respectable. No, not anything only just that.'

"Near my own gate I come on young Elbert Kinsman, minister of the White Frame Church, going along alone.

" 'Oh, Mr. Kinsman,' I burst out unbeknownst, 'can you imagine Jesus of Nazareth belonging to a denomination?'

"All of a sudden that young minister reached out and took my hand. 'He loved men,' he said only, 'and he was very patient with them.'

"And then I went into my dark house, with some other words ringing in my ears: 'Lighten mine eyes—lighten mine eyes, lest I sleep the sleep of the dead.'

"AND NO SOONER HAD WE BEGUN OTHER SINGING, THERE

"But oh, that first September Sabbath morning! It was one of them days that is still all deep summer, but with just a little

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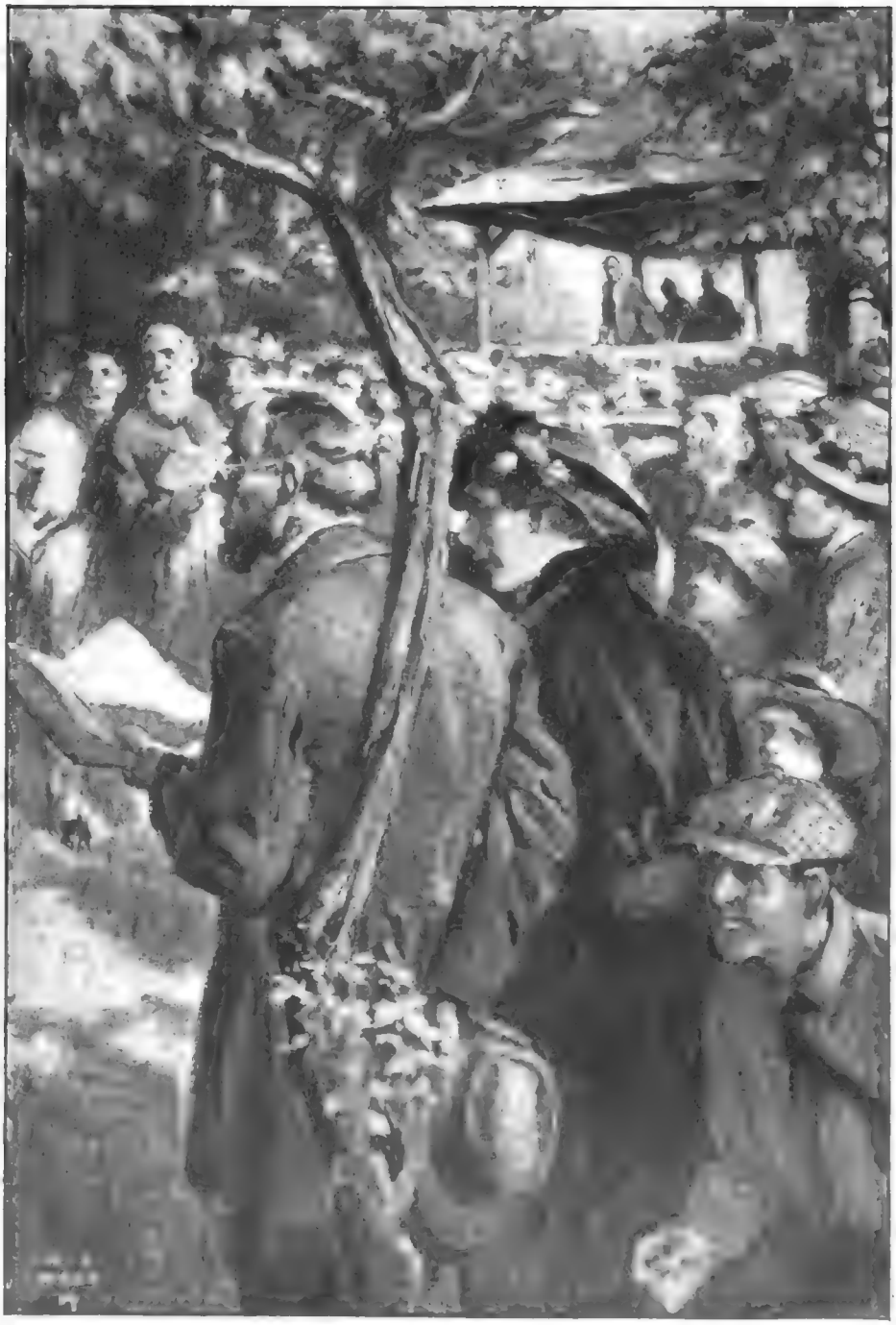

THAN DEEP IN THE WOOD, CLEAR AND SWEET ABOVE THE
CAME A VOICE THAT WE ALL KNEW."

light mantle of autumn—more like a lace boa than a mantle, though—thrown round over things. It was summer by the leaves, by the air it was summer, by the gay gardens and the face of the sky; and yet somewhere, hiding inside, was a little hint of

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yellow, a look of brown, a smell in the air maybe—that let you know it was something else besides. It wasn't that the time was any less summer. It was just that it was summer and a little autumn, too. But I always say that you can't think autumn without thinking winter; and you can't think winter without thinking spring; and spring and summer are not really two, but just one. And so there you have the whole year made one, and nothing divided. . . . . .

"What if God were intelligence and spirit harmonized and made one? What if all that is the matter with us is just that we intelligences and spirits have not yet been harmonized and made one?

"I've got a little old piano that the keys rattle, and Sunday mornings, for years now, I always go to that after breakfast, and sit down in my apron and play some anthems that I remember: 'As Pants the Hart,' and 'Glory be to God in the Highest,' and like that. I did it that first autumn Sunday morning, with my windows open and the muslin curtains blowing and the sun slanting in, and a little smell of wild mint from the bed by the gate. And I knew all over me that it was Sunday morning—I'd have known it no matter if I hadn't known.

"For all I took as long as I could doing my dishes and brushing up the floor and making my bed and feeding my chickens, it was only half-past nine when I was all through. Then I got my vegetables ready for dinner, and made me a little dessert, and still it was not quite ten o'clock. So then I give it up and went in and sat down where I could see them go past to church. I had wanted to keep busy till after half-past ten, when they'd all be in their pews.

"Already they were going by, folks from up the street and round the corner: some that didn't usually go and that I couldn't tell which of the churches they'd be going to, and I wondered how they could tell themselves; and then some that sat near me in church, and that I usually walked along with. Through on the next street I could see them going, too—bent on getting a good seat, I judged.

" 'No,' I thought, 'no such nonsense as this for me—ever! Nor no red, white, and blue banquet, either.'

"Then, all of a sudden, the first bells began to ring. All the little churches in the village have bells and steeples—they were in debt for them for years. But the bells . . . . . all my life long I'd been hearing them rung Sunday morning. All my life I had answered to them—to our special one because, as I said, my father had been janitor there, and he had rung the bell; but just the same I had answered, always. The bells had meant something to me. They meant something now. I loved to hear them. Pretty soon they stopped, and there was just the tramp of feet on the boardwalk.

"I sat there where I was, without moving, the quarter of an hour until the bells began again. And when the bells began again it seemed as if they rang right there in the room with me, but soft and distant too, from a long way off where I wasn't any more. Always it had been then, at the second bell, that mother had stood in the hall and asked me if I was ready. . . . . .

"I sat there where I was the quarter of an hour until the bells began again, and I knew this was the last bell that would end in the five strokes, rung slow, and that when they stopped all the organs would begin together. And then I could have cried aloud the thing that had been going in me and through me since the first bell had begun to ring:

" 'O God. . . . . It's the invisible church of the living God—it's the place that has grown out of the relation of men to you, out of the striving of men to find you, and out of their longing to draw together in search of you. It is our invisible church from the old time. Why, then—when men read things into the visible church that never belonged there, when there has crept into and clung there much that is false, why is it that we who know this must be the ones to withdraw? It is your church and the church of all those who try to know you. What shall we do to make it whole?'

"Before I knew what I was doing, I was slipping my long cloak on over my workdress, and then I was out on the street. And I remember that, as I went, the thing that kept pouring through my mind was that I wasn't the only one. But that all over, in other towns at that very hour, there were those whose hearts were aching as mine had ached, and who had nowhere to go. I don't know yet what I meant to do; but over and over in my head the words kept going:

" 'What shall we do to make it whole?'

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"The last bell had stopped when I came to the little grassy triangle where the three churches faced. And usually on Sunday mornings, by the time the last bell has rung, the triangle is still except for a few hurrying late-comers. But now, when I turned the corner and faced it, I saw people everywhere. Before each little church the steps, the side-walk, and out in the street, was thronged with people, and people were flowing out into the open spaces. And in a minute I sensed it: There wasn't room. There wasn't room—for there were fifteen hundred people living in Friendship Village, and all the little churches of the town together wouldn't hold as many of them as were assembled there that day.

"But instead of thinking what to do, all that kept going through my head was those same words that I had been saying:

" 'What shall we do to make it whole?'

"And yet those words were what made me think what to do. On the steps of our church I saw our superintendent, looking wild and worried, and I ran right up to him, and I said two words. And next minute those two words went round, and they spoke them in the crowd, and they announced them inside our church, and somebody went with those words to the other churches. And then we were all moving out and along together to where the two words pointed us: Shepherd's Grove.

"There's a rough old band-stand in Shepherd's Grove where once, long ago, the German band used to give evening concerts. The band-stand had nearly fallen to pieces, but it was large enough. The three ministers went up there together, and round the base of the band-stand came gathering the three choirs, and in a minute or two there we all were under the common trees, that made a home for us all on the common earth, under the common sky.

" 'Praise God from whom all blessings flow,' came first, because it said the thing that was in the hearts of us all.

"And then we wondered what would be, because of the three separate sermons up there before us, all prepared careful, by three separate ministers, in three separate parsonages, for three separate congregations. But the thing seemed to settle itself. For it was young Elbert Kinsman who rose, and he didn't have any prepared sermon. His hands were empty when he stretched them out towards us. And he said:

" 'My friends and fellow-lovers of God, and seekers for His will in our common life, this is for me an end and a beginning. As I live, it is for me the end of the thing that long has irked me, that irks us all, that we are clinging to nobody can tell why, or of whose will. I mean the division of unreason in the household of love. For me the folly and the waste and the loss of efficiency of denominationalism has forever ceased. For this hour begins for me a new day: The day when I stand with all men who strive to know God, and call myself by no name save the name which we all bear: Children of the Father, and brothers to Man.'

"I don't know what else he said—I heard, but I heard it in something that wasn't words, but that was nearer and closer up to, and clearer in my ears than any words. And I knew that what he was saying had been sounding in my heart for long and long, and that I had heard it trying to speak from the hearts of others; and that it wasn't only in Friendship Village, but it was all over the world that people are ready for the coming of the way that had been shown to us that day. Who knows how it will come at last, or what form it will take? But we do know that the breaking down of the meaningless barriers must come first.

"When the young minister had finished, we stood for a moment in silent prayer. You can not stand still in the woods and empty out your own will, without prayer being there instead, quiet, like love.

"Then all together, and as if a good many of us had thought of it first, we began to sing:

> "There's a wideness in God's mercy
> Like the wideness of the sea. . . . .

"And no sooner had we begun than deep in the wood, clear and sweet above the other singing, there came a voice that we all knew. And it was Lavvy—I stood where I could see her coming. She was in a cotton dress, and she had done as she had said—gone into the woods 'where better things are.' And there we had come to find them, too.

"She came down the green aisles, singing; and we were all singing—I wish I could have been in the air where I could have heard that singing mount. But I was, and we all were, where we could look into one another's hearts and read there the common longing to draw near unto God. And the great common God was in our midst."

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ONCE OVER

by

JAMES SHELLEY HAMILTON
and
FRANK LEON SMITH

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FANNY MUNSELL

PART FOUR—WHY

AT SIX o'clock Pandora had not returned to the boarding-house. Andreas had waited as long as he dared, but before starting up-town he telephoned to Coley and gave him the address of the Lestershield Arms.

"Had I better come up?" Coley asked.

"You know all I know—use your own judgment. I'm going up myself now. I've given her plenty of time to get back here if she were coming back to dinner—I think I'd better look into it. So long."

Tommy was brushing his coat as Coley hung up the receiver—not quite the brisk Tommy who went through the same neat proceeding every night before dinner. Thought—introspective thought—lessened his accustomed energy.

"S'long, Thomas," said Coley as he grabbed his hat. "Don't overwork the ratiocination while I'm gone—the Audubon Society will get after you if you ain't kinder to your owls. And, say, it's none of my business, Tommy, but—er—don't bring in more than a dozen old boys to-night. This isn't a wayfarer's lodge, nor a florist's shop, and I've got an idee that Andreas would be

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sore if he came up the street and saw a row of beards that looked like ferns growing in window-boxes in our front casements—" He paused at the door and swung his hat modestly against his leg.—"I probably will see Mr. Dickinson to-night. In fact, he probably will be the very Mr. Dickinson I saw last night in the automobile, and the chances are I shall discover something of—er—interest about him and the jeweled lady who accompanied him. I have the lady's name in my possession. You won't believe it—but her name is Mrs. Gott. The Germans are rather more—er—broadminded than we, you know. They think nothing of using almost anything for names."

"Yes?" said Tommy, leaning over to apply a dust-cloth to his shoes.

"Y-a-a-s. And, say, if you will leave the number of your room with me, I'll have you called when I come back, and I'll tell you all the dope."

"OF COURSE, IF YOU REALLY WANT ME TO."

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To save time he dashed up to take an Eighth Street car across to the subway. He had to wait for it, and when it came along it kept stopping so often he might better have walked. Still to save time in the subway, he changed from a local to an express and back to a local again, delaying himself more. It was well on toward seven o'clock when he marched into the Lestershield Arms, hot but resolute, and stepped familiarly into the elevator.

"Mrs. Gott," he said with elaborate carelessness.

The elevator deposited him in Mrs. Gott's private hall, where there was no one to welcome him and nothing to do but walk in and announce himself.

Through the open door he could see the white grand piano and the lady of the automobile seated at it, playing and singing, with an excess of manner.

"'Just a little love, a little kiss—'" she sang.

Standing back to him, leaning against the wall in an attitude of bored but loyal attention, was a man. Over one shoulder showed a wing of the Senator Lodge whiskers. Coley crossed the threshold with "Mr. Dickinson" on the tip of his tongue.

The man turned. It was not Mr. Dickinson. In spite of a slight resemblance to what Mr. Dickinson might have looked like if he had been put through the hands of this man's barber, it was not Mr. Dickinson. The eyebrows and nose resembled the old model's, but the eyes themselves, seen plainly, with no confusing shadows, were kindlier and more genial, and the man's bodily contour was much more obviously the product of good living and expensive habits.

"I—I beg your pardon!" stammered Coley as his illusion went to pieces. Such a sudden realization of his mistake staggered him. "The elevator man pushed the button, but no one came, so I walked right in. I was told that Miss Dickinson was here."

Mrs. Gott had abandoned her song and turned quickly, a frightened look on her face.

"Miss Dickinson—Miss Dickinson?" the man repeated, looking from Coley to his wife. "What Miss Dickinson is that?"

Mrs. Gott rose from the piano bench, clutching her throat with one hand.

"She's gone!" she gasped, looking beseechingly at Coley. "She's been gone since—oh, since half an hour ago! She went just before you came—" turning to her husband.

"But Maudie, dear—what Miss Dickinson is it? I didn't know there was any Miss Dickinson."

"Where did she go?" demanded Coley.

"She went home! I gave her one of my hats and she went home!"

"But Maudie, dearest!" Mr. Gott protested. "You haven't told me who she is. Dickinson—isn't that the name of—the man?"

Mrs. Gott suddenly burst into tears on her husband's shoulder. "I didn't know! Oh, Gene, I didn't know! He told me she died, and I didn't know-ho-ho!" she sobbed.

"Your daughter!" said Mr. Gott, patting her shoulders in a dazed sort of way.

Coley stared at the two in acute embarrassment. "I—I beg your pardon—I'm awfully sorry," he managed to say, as he retreated toward the door. "I'll be going along, I guess."

Mr. Gott nodded hurriedly to him over his shoulder. "If there's anything I can do for you, call me up later," he said, continuing to pat his wife and interspersing the pats with "There—theres."

Coley escaped into the hall, but while he waited in the eternity before the elevator came up for him, he could hear Mrs. Gott's spasmodic sobbing, broken with fragmentary phrases about sinning and lying and forgiving. He was very much relieved when he finally stepped into the elevator.

He was rather dazed, and for a moment a little sore in his vanity over the outcome of his sleuthing, when he stepped out. To get to the street he had to walk down a long, marble hall in which ornate, high-backed chairs and naked tables plagiarized from the antique had been placed with surveyor's-transit precision. As he advanced, a huge mirror at the far end insulted him with the information that he was quite bow-legged, and that there was an awkward lateral movement to his knees that somehow suggested the action of an accordion-player's hands. The nearer he approached the more he resented the impertinence—not that the knowledge of his structural eccentricities was disconcerting, but it seemed that this mirror was as deliberately snobbish as everything else about the Lestershield Arms.

For relief from the reflection advancing so savagely to meet him he cast a cold,

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"DON'T YOU LIKE ME?" SHE SAID."

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contemptuous glance about the walls, hung sparsely with tapestries, and in another mirror saw that a plump young man in whom he was vitally interested was curling his upper lip and wrinkling his nose into an intense but unlovely sneer. Coley's sense of humor was almost always circular enough to include himself—he turned and grinned back to make that mirror recant, and in so doing caught his foot in one of the flimsy rugs on the smooth tiled floor. His grin widened and, running his toe farther under the rug, he cheerfully kicked it under one of the tables, and in a very much better state of mind stalked out past the horrified doorman.

Now to find Pandora if he could. She ought to be just getting home. He went into a cigar-store telephone-booth and sent the druggist's messenger to find out. She was at home—of course she hadn't eaten yet—of course she would have dinner with him just as they had planned. He made a fair start on the million things he had to tell her before he realized that he was only delaying their meeting. With a violent effort of will he said good-by and hung up the receiver.

On his way to the subway a jumble of thoughts jostled one another in his mind. Mr. Gott wasn't Pandora's father—or if he was, Mr. Dickinson wasn't. No—from the conversation he had heard, Mr. Gott couldn't be. And Mr. Gott wasn't Mr. Dickinson. Where was Mr. Dickinson, then? And how did Mrs. Gott happen to be her mother? What was the dismal domestic tragedy back of all this? Poor, lovely little Pandora, buffeted about by these sordid mysteries!

But riding all the other thoughts was one in particular, and the sound of her voice still ringing in his memory made it strangely vivid and thrilling: in the midst of all this trouble she had remembered her engagement to dine with him; she wanted to be with him—with him!

That was enough to set Coley's emotions and his fancy soaring. "You're gone, C. Harkness!" he exulted jubilantly as he rocked and swayed on the cane seat of the southbound subway train. "You turn in your bachelor's license right now!" And his doubts and his hopes crowded together within him. Adjacent to the thought that Pandora couldn't possibly have any faith in a young man so superficial and erratic as he was were pictures of him and her standing by the rail of a liner, looking at distant Fujiama, or seated before an open fire while the music from the phonograph made the howl of the winter wind seem vain and harmless.

No more clouds, no more appearing mothers and disappearing fathers for her—he would protect her from all that. . . . She probably hadn't forgotten his impertinence of that first day—she probably never could, and why should she?—she was by far too nice a girl to take any stock in him at all. . . . When they were settled in their little home they would have Andreas come to dinner several times a week—also Tommy, also Cassidy and Sidwell. She would have to like his friends; of course they would like her. "She's a queen, you lucky dog!" he could hear them saying, and his answer—"Don't I know it, you boneheads?"

When Coley mounted the steps at Mrs. Jaqueth's and rang the bell, Pandora Dickinson of Twenty-second Street, East, was a person of the buried past. It was the imminent Mrs. Pandora Dickinson Harkness he was eager to see.

"Ah, there, Lottie!" he cried gaily as the door opened. "I'll be your devoted slave forever if you will just pass the word to Miss Dickinson that Mr. Harkness is here."

Lottie's giggle was entirely friendly as he entered without waiting for an invitation and closed the door behind him. "Ain't you the fat little kidder, though!" was her response.

"True, true—I can't help it. My grandfather was Captain Chauncey Kidd, the well-known wit. He used to blindfold people and tell them that the plank sticking out of his ship was a great deal longer than it really was, hence the verb 'to kid,' meaning to wilfully exaggerate, misinform, or misrepresent for the purpose of jest——"

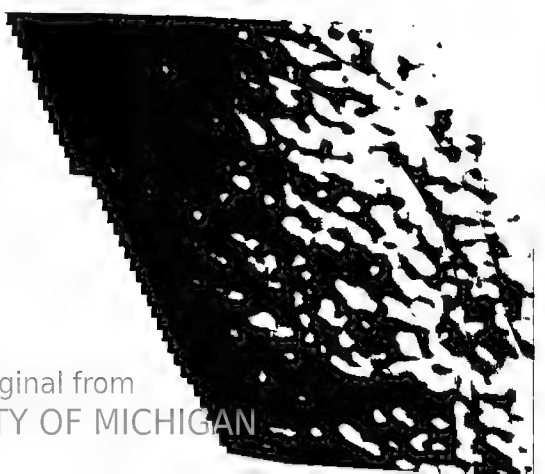
"Sa-a-ay!"

"All right, Lottie. Take that little message for me, will you, dear? Oh! say—is Mr. Johnson here?"

"Nope—he went out ten minutes ago."

She turned and clattered down to the basement. In a moment she was back, marching up to Coley and giving him a military salute. "She'll be up in five minutes."

Coley nodded and began fishing through his pockets with the vague hope of finding something he could give Lottie. Some



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SHE TURNED TO WATCH THE DANCERS,
BUT COLEY'S GLANCE STAYED ON HER.

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crumpled tobacco-coupons were the first reward of his search. He tossed them into the umbrella-stand.

"Don't chuck 'em away!" Lottie cried, rescuing them. "Ain't you savin' 'em? Save 'em for me, will you?"

"Sure thing. I've got a mess of them down to the house you can have. Here's another—" burrowing into his watch pocket.

Lottie carefully smoothed out the creases and adjusted the coupons neatly. "I'm goin' to get a duelin' sword," she confided.

Coley nodded with polite interest. For a moment she gazed at the coupons and then looked up.

"You ain't a bad guy!" she said quickly, and fled.

"Thanks, Lottie!" he called after her.

Most genial thoughts warmed him through and through. What a great world it was, and how fine the people! He completely forgot all the mysteries he had been wandering among the last day.

"Hello, Mr. Harkness!" said the sweetest of all sweet voices.

Coley jumped up to stare at the prettiest girl in the world. He had been waiting for the new Pandora of his dreams, but he had expected her to look just the same, in the blue skirt and white waist she had worn when he last saw her. This was a new Pandora to the eye, radiant in a most becoming pale blue dress, with little slippers and a delightfully impractical spider's-web shawl thing over her shoulders.

She watched him rather shyly for an instant, then as he did not speak, "Don't you like me?" she said.

Coley stepped back, clutching his heart, then he slowly circled around her. "Like you?" he echoed. "Oh, say!—consider me swept off my feet! I lack words, Miss Dickinson—on the square, I lack words!"

She laughed and dropped a little curtsy.

"Why, what's the matter?" she cried, for a lugubrious expression had suddenly submerged his face.

Coley fell to slapping at his clothes and picking off imaginary lints. "I'm here in my old regimentals—and look at you! Why, I don't dare go out with you! Folks'll think a hobo has fallen into step with you, trying to panhandle a dime. I tell you—you walk five paces ahead and then nobody'll need to know I'm with you!"

"Nothing of the kind!" She grasped his arm, laughing. "You're going to walk right beside me. Why, you're a regular Beau Brummel."

"Huh!" he grinned as they started for the door. He held himself stiffly erect, hoping she would keep her grasp on his arm, but she released it before they reached the sidewalk.

Coley had been planning to suggest some quiet little restaurant in the neighborhood, but now he changed his mind. Fingering the four dollars in his pocket, he made a hurried calculation.

"Say, we're not going to hide ourselves in any of these side-street taverns," he announced blithely. "This occasion calls loudly for bright lights and music. I insist on being seen with you by a large number of people. My only regret is that I haven't time to call up the gang and have them post themselves along our line of march and give us a cheer as we go by. Come on—we're going up where we can absorb a little minstrelsy with our food, and watch flat-footed automobile tire-salesmen trying to learn the new dance-steps."

"But won't that be terribly expensive?" she asked doubtfully. "I'm sure I'd enjoy it just as much if we went to a little place near here."

"Dah!" said Coley grandly as he took her arm and headed her for Fifth Avenue. "I'm a man of large means. I have four of 'em in my pocket, and that will buy us some eats and leave enough over for the waiter. Don't arguy with me: I'm terribly stubbing—see my thumb? Say, Miss Dickinson—pardon me, I'm going to call you Pandora! I'm awfully glad to see you again!"

"Oh, I'm the gladdest person in the world!" she cried. "This is a celebration for me, you know. My father has come back safe and sound, and I have——"

Coley stared at her. "Did your dad show up?"

"Yes—he didn't want to eat at Mrs. Jaqueth's to-night, so he's gone out with Mr. Johnson."

"Er—huh!" he said politely. He wanted badly to ask questions, particularly about whether the old man had shaved or not, and whether he was Andreas's old man, but he wouldn't. She could tell him if she wanted to. He had sympathy and understanding—he was glad to know how to be considerate at a time like this. Other fellows would have bored right in—but not Coley.

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PANDORA STOOD WITH HER ARM ABOUT HIS SHOULDERS, WHISPERING THINGS TO SOOTHE HIM.

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"I suppose you know about— Have you seen Mr. Johnson since—" she broke off with a little laugh. "Really, I can't keep track of all these goings and comings!"

"No, I haven't seen Andreas since late this afternoon."

"Then you didn't know—I found my mother to-day!"

"I guessed it—I went up to Seventy-seventh Street to meet you and Andreas, and I saw her. Great, isn't it? You thought she was dead, didn't you?"

"Yes. I—I'm not used to it yet. It doesn't seem real. I know I ought to feel tremendously excited——"

"But your mind is kind of numb, eh? Yeh!"

"That's it! It seems as though I must be unnatural——"

"Not at all—you can't be expected to turn handsprings and cart-wheels over the street, you know. An acrobat can express supreme joy, and Sarah Bernhardt is pretty good at expressing deep grief, but us ordinary humans—we can feel only so glad or so sorry, and let it go at that, with the risk of people's not understanding. I'm glad of the chance to help you celebrate."

Pandora did not know just what to reply, for she saw that Coley had only partly understood her. Her celebration mood was very little the result of her father's return, except that his returning had relieved her of a worry, and not at all the result of having seen Mrs. Gott. Her father's silence—a tremulous silence, but still a failure to explain—had been more than a little disconcerting, and she was still unable to think of Mrs. Gott as her mother. Ever since her small girlhood she had had such a different picture in her heart of her mother! It was something else, she knew, that made her feel happy—but even she did not realize definitely that that something was the friendship of Coley and Andreas and — yes, Thomas Brackett.

As for Coley, he was inordinately curious about Mrs. Gott and Mr. Gott, but only as so much human data. He hated to think of that woman he had seen at the Lestershield Arms as Pandora's mother—he wanted Pandora not to want to accept her as a mother, and he was afraid she would say something nice about her he didn't want to hear if he asked questions.

So, each dreading to speak more on the subject, they walked in silence to the corner. But once they were on top of the pitching, rocking 'bus, some remark on the perils of life on the high seas restored the lighter tone again, and they chattered gaily —of each other, of the things they passed, of Andreas and of Tommy, who, it seemed, had left some flowers for Pandora while she was out that afternoon. Coley was at first inclined to resent Tommy's appearance in this new rôle, then suddenly he saw it all—or thought he did. Poor Tommy—a bunch of flowers!—imagination could go no farther.

"Well," he said very briskly, to veil the personal trend of the question, "now that you've seen all three of the bohicks, what do you think of us?"

"Mr. Brackett is very nice, and—" Then her cheeks got very rosy.

Coley sat back complacently. He had been angling for a compliment and he was satisfied he had been successful.

"Sorry you don't like us," he grinned, making a stropping motion with his hand on his thigh.

"You know you don't even think that!"

"That's so—funny how we say so many things we don't mean at all. How much time we pore humings waste feinting and side-stepping. I tell you, Pandora, let's start a new school of thought, you and I. Let's be on the level with each other and always say exactly what we think!"

"Gladly—only—" She hesitated.

"Only what?"

"I know a very sensitive young man who is near enough to me to hold my hymn-book if we were in church."

"Well?" he grinned.

"Whether he realizes it or not, he is continually exposing his feelings to possible hurts."

"He realizes it," said Coley rather gravely. "He does it deliberately; but say, don't be afraid to hurt his feelings—it's good for him. Anyhow, I'm not scared of you, and I want you always to speak the truth to me, and the whole truth— This is our stop: we fall off here."

They walked leisurely over to Broadway, where Coley led the way into a crowded restaurant famed for the size of its dancing space.

"How many?" asked a captain of waiters with upraised finger.

"Eighteen," returned Coley, who had to have his little jest—and he paid for it by

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THEIR FACES WERE PALE, BUT SOMETHING FRESH AND UNTIRED SHONE IN THEIR EYES.

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drawing a table beside a serving-buffet, where waiters were continually menacing them with their armfuls.

As they sat there Coley was quite conscious that he was with a very charming girl, and he could not resist returning the glances that came from neighboring tables with a proud air of possession. His pride in Pandora grew, and his dreams went soaring as they had in the subway. When they had finished eating, she turned to watch the dancers, but Coley's glance stayed on her. Suddenly she faced him, and found him leaning forward and looking straight at her, his arms folded and the fire of his forgotten cigarette dangerously near to burning him.

A little friendly smile curved her lips. "Yes?" she said as she took the cigarette from him and dropped it into the ash-tray.

"Yes," he echoed softly.

"A penny, then, if I must pay."

"I was just thinking how much I love you," he said.

Pandora's eyes widened quickly, then half closed with a tender expression.

"No, you mustn't—you don't love me," she said, leaning forward and speaking in a whisper.

"I do, too—" and then he smiled at himself. "Aw, Pandora, don't make me try to defend an attitude that needs no defense. Why shouldn't I tell you about it? That's the way I feel. Don't you—care?"

She hesitated—she wanted so much not to hurt his feelings.

"I'm probably going to marry you in spite of yourself," he said, a little braggingly to take away some of the intensity of his meaning.

"Oh!—Coley, I wish you wouldn't talk like that!" she said gently.

"Why not?"

"Oh—" she saw she must be definite. "You don't love me—you can't! You don't know anything about me—you only think you do."

Somehow Coley saw that she was saying just what she thought, and he didn't like the truth he had asked for.

"What odds does the time I have known you make?" he argued. "It isn't time—it's understanding! You and I are in tune—we speak the same language—our sympathies are in the same paths. Why don't you—honest now, Pandora, don't you love me at all?"

The rushing words were a deliberate invitation for frankness, and frankness hurt him.

"No, Coley—I don't love you. Not what you mean by love. I like you an awful lot—I admire you and I enjoy you. Don't try to make it something different when we could be such wonderful—playmates!"

Coley looked out over the heads of the dancers. The little spokesman for his pride was busy telling him "Ah! What's the odds? It doesn't matter!" but somehow he didn't want that sort of consolation. For the first time in his recollection he wanted to face the truth without the aid of the many clever little voices of his ego. When he looked back at Pandora he grinned, just a little wistfully.

"I am—I am proud to have you like me that much, Pandora," he said, and then vanity fell back on its last defense. "But you wait and see—I bet I'll marry you yet. That's all for now—sorry to have intruded on you at this time and place— Say, see that tall guy over there dancing with the girl in the black and white dress? He must have learned to dance on a raft—he lifts his knees as if he was walking on deep hay—" and in a minute they were well away from the topic of love.

To his surprise Coley found he was not a bit uneasy as they continued to sit and comment on this and that. He had no desire to flee—in fact he was liking the party very much for the more intimate degree of understanding he had reached with Pandora. It was a sorrow to him when she overheard a man say it was eleven o'clock and exclaimed that they must go.

As they stopped at the foot of Mrs. Jaqueth's steps she put out her hand impulsively.

"You're not hating me, are you, Mr. Coley?" she asked. "Because I like you and I want you to like me."

"When am I going to see you again?" he grinned.

"Soon, I hope. To-morrow—or next day?"

"To-morrow!"

"All right—and thank you a million times for to-night. I wish you'd tell me some new ways to say 'Thank you'—I have to say it to you so often!"

"Suits me the way you get away with it now," he laughed. "Night!"

His thoughts covered many a field and

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took on many a new color as he walked home, but it was not until he had reached the Square and was passing the bronze Garibaldi engaged in his life task of drawing his saber that they found expression. He raised his arms above his head and said aloud:

"You're a lone wolf, Harkness—you've got to go all the way alone!"

But tragedy was strangely missing from his voice.

II

ANDREAS DREAMS

Crossing the lower part of the Square, Coley saw a light in the studio and silhouetted against it in the window the figure of Andreas.

Andreas did not see him till he called up from the sidewalk. He had been there, leaning on the window-sill, for a timeless period, a pipe he had forgotten to relight in his mouth, his eyes only half seeing his best-loved aspect of the Square, with its night-softened trees and mellow lights and sky so blue it was like the sky of Italy. The street-cars rasping and clanging around the corner and the 'buses thumping and rattling by made no clamor in his ears. The silence of the upper heavens and the half-misty beauty of the Arch against the silver-edged gray of Fifth Avenue were the only outer things that reached him, and they reached him only as a vague loveliness that surrounded a boyish dream he was building.

Andreas was thirty years old, a sincere, hard-working artist, who was far likelier to be found looking on at the revels of his companions than taking an active part in them. But there would always be the spirit of a boy in him—it was what, probably unrecognized under his blunt, practical ways, constituted the charm that made him lovable; not the harum-scarum kind of boy, but that wistful time of boyhood when distant hills and the sea call thrillingly: "Wait, and when you are grown up you shall come to me, and I will show you wonderful things."

All his life he had been following that call, always seeking the wonderful things, though whether he was seeking happiness or experience or love or truth or what he could never have told. It took him into the law, with some vague beckoning to him to right wrongs, but he soon found he was not fitted to wield legal weapons. It took him wandering over the country, till he found that seeing many places and many people was not the thing he sought. It took him at last to art school, and there he knew that the work of creation was part of his dream. He had the gift of knowing when he had what he wanted—he knew that living in this studio in New York, painting his pictures, was some of his dream come true.

But always there was something farther on, still unseen and unknown, that he must find before he could walk quietly and keep his feet from running eagerly ahead to meet the future. It was an emptiness, a restlessness, that life must somehow fill and still or be in the end an incomplete life. And suddenly, to-night, leaning on his window-sill and gazing out over the Square, he was definitely conscious of what he was seeking. He had seen it, felt it—it was some thing embodied in somebody. And the realization stirred warmly and blissfully through his whole being, making the night beautiful beyond any night he had ever known.

So he leaned there dreaming, and scraps of talk would come to the surface of his dreams—what he would say to her, and what she would say to him, and what they would do and where they would go. Then there would be no thought but just of her—how she looked, the sound of her voice and her laugh, the quick, graceful movement of her hands when she talked, the way the gray of her eyes widened and deepened into blue, or narrowed, when some emotion stirred her, till they were almost black.

Coley's voice was what first brought him to earth again, calling a hello from the street. Andreas shook himself, smiled out at the night with some half-formed, sentimental thought of blessing it for having shone above his dreams, and was sitting, pleasant but matter of fact, in his psychological chair when Coley had climbed the stairs and entered the room.

Holding his straw hat to his chest with both hands, his head bowed in mock humility, Coley asked quaveringly: "Just one question, Mister Johnsing—did he shave or did he not?"

"He shaved," said Andreas quietly.

Coley held out his hand. "Mitt me, kid. I take it off to you, Sherlocko—consider my bean bared to the breezes. Go on—I'm waiting!"

"For what?"

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" 'I told you so, I told you so!'—hit me right here with it," and Coley placed a finger between his eyes.

"Nothing to gloat over. To begin with, I got two good looks at Dickinson after he had shaved—and then for a while when you and Tommy were producing candidates I lost faith in my own eyesight."

Coley peeled off his coat, lighted a cigarette, and sprawled comfortably on the couch.

"As a detectuf I couldn't be trusted to find the missing number between one and three," he said lazily. "I saw my man close to to-night, and he looks about as much like Dickinson as I do like Kaiser Wilhelm."

"Mrs. Gott's husband?"

"Yeh — and she's Pandora's mother. What do you know about that?"

"So I hear — I haven't seen her yet. What did you do when you went up there?"

Coley blew a thin stream of smoke at the ceiling. "Nothing—when I fell out of the elevator she was pinching the piano and making it cry while she warbled a little love chanson. The Squire was collapsed agin the wall, rolling his eyes and trying to think of ice-cream and strawberries to get his mind off the racket his frau was making. I asked for Miss Dickinson—I could have set the house afire, but that would have been crude—I just mentioned Pandora's name and they jumped a foot apiece. You know, Andreas, she's been holding out on him—I could see that. He'd never heard of Pandora before. He gave her the 'Why, what is this I hear?' look and she did the strangle scene from Luchow, pretending great suffering and ignorance and innocence, etcetry. But it didn't get over. I leaned on the elevator bell and blew as soon as I could, not wishing to horn in on a family affair, but I'll bet there was some real Belasco stuff after I left. Say, what is the story there, anyhow? You went out with the old man—did he let fall anything illuminating?"

Andreas had refilled and lighted his pipe. He puffed in silence for so long that Coley was about to repeat his question, when Tommy came in. He looked at his two room-mates as if he would have preferred to sneak off to bed unobserved, but Coley greeted him heartily.

"Hey, Tompkins—come on in! You're among friends!"

Tommy laid aside his hat and hauled up a chair. "What's new?" he asked.

Briefly Coley told him about Pandora's mother and Dickinson's return.

"Why did he disappear?" asked Tommy.

"He was dodging his former wife, apparently—he didn't say so in so many words," said Andreas slowly. "He had a room on Third Avenue near Twenty-second Street. Lottie knew where he was and she kept guard over Pandora for him. That was meat for Lottie—I don't suppose she'd have told where he was if he'd been gone a month. I found him hovering around near the Gotts' apartment this afternoon—he had followed Pandora up there, afraid something would happen to her. He's gone to pieces a good deal—when I took him out to eat to-night you'd have thought I was the first friendly soul he'd met in years."

"And both of you found Pandora up there?"

"Yes—I sent up my name and they told me she was coming right down. The old man went all to pieces when he met her."

"She's one nice girl," from Coley.

"That she is," from Andreas.

A nod from Tommy to make it unanimous.

Then silence.

"Oh! how about your man, Tommy?" Andreas asked finally.

Tommy hesitated, but Coley's eager prompting soon brought the story out. Andreas listened without comment, but his eyes twinkled.

"Well, Tammas—you and I have got to turn in our badges and dark lanterns," Coley laughed. "As sleuths we're only fit to play profile parts—you know—walk across the stage just once and say 'Yes, chief,' when Andy says 'Stay in the next room until I call!' But say, Androcles—give ear! Tommy's man will do to finish Melchior!"

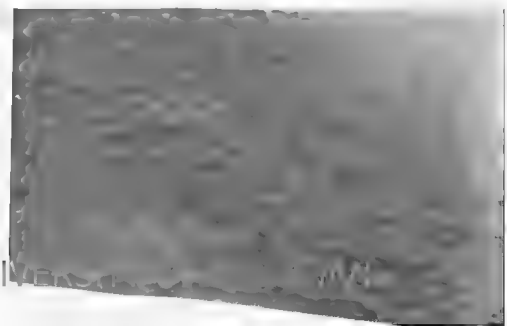
"Yes?"

"Sure—take my word for it! He's all right. I got his name." Coley fished a slip of paper from his fob pocket. "Daniel Fern—F-e-r-n—he calls himself, and he's coming down to see you in the morning. What do Tommy and I get out of this?"

"Dinners—I'll buy 'em if I can use Fern to finish the job."

"Don't you forget it now!" Coley arose, stretched himself, and repaired to his own room.

A pleasant welter of emotions was simmering within him—a general sense of well-being, tinged with a melancholy that wasn't



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too depressing, and a desire to express himself literarily. He had—he had had it many a time before—a broken heart, and at the same time an unaccountable feeling of relief and freedom, as if a load had been lifted from him. Pandora was a fine girl, but she was not for him. . . . A little too practical, a little too matter of fact. . . . He doubted now if he would ever marry—no, it was not for him. Some fellows were fortunate in never knowing but the one girl—he had known too many. . . . Well, the world was a funny place. . . . And the occasion seemed to call for a poem.

III

A MIDNIGHT COUNCIL

Andreas had been standing at the window, looking out, for over an hour, when suddenly the telephone bell rang. He hurried to answer it before the insistent peal should awaken his room-mates. At the first words he did not recognize who was talking. It was a man's voice, nervous sounding and rather mixed up in what he was trying to say. Then Andreas caught a familiar inflection and exclaimed, "Oh, Mr. Dickinson—is that you?"

It was Mr. Dickinson, and at length, plainly quite perturbed, he managed to make clear to Andreas that Mr. Gott was waiting outside the boarding-house in an automobile, very insistent on seeing and talking with him.

"I have no desire to see him," Mr. Dickinson's troubled voice went on, "but my daughter says I must see him some time, and it might as well be now, only——"

"Well, why don't you?" asked Andreas.

"I had almost decided to, but he wishes to take me and my daughter up to his house. I really couldn't do that! But my daughter says we should go and get it over with. Er—I am very sorry to trouble you at this hour, Mr. Johnson—er—I——"

"Oh, that's all right. But why not go with this man?"

Silence at the other end of the wire for a moment.

"Would—will you go with us?" asked Mr. Dickinson finally. "I think I should not mind so much if you were with us."

"Of course, if you really want me to. How shall I go?—meet you there or what?"

Silence again, Mr. Dickinson evidently conferring with some one.

"The automobile will call for you and we will all go up together. You—you are very kind to do this, Mr. Johnson. I appreciate the favor."

Andreas disclaimed any such thing, said good-by, and began getting into his clothes again. Tommy had slept undisturbed through the telephoning, but Coley called out from his room to know what the matter was.

"A grand getting together of the Gotts and the Dickinsons," answered Andreas. "The old gentleman wants me along for some reason."

Coley emerged excitedly in his pajamas.

"Gee, you're a lucky guy, Andreas!" he exclaimed. "In on the last curtain with the whole company out making their bows, and I'm sent off to bed."

"I'm not keen about it," said Andreas. "Mrs. Gott and her two husbands raking over twenty years that ought to be left peaceably buried—there'll be scenes and things!"

"Of course there will be, you son of a lucky star! You don't appreciate your privileges, A! A midnight meeting of a torn and disrupted family. Gee!"

"I'll swap with you."

"No—you're the one he wants. But hurry home—I'll be waiting to hear your tale."

Within ten minutes Mr. Gott's automobile stopped before the door and Andreas was waiting on the steps for it. Pandora introduced him to Mr. Gott, who was sitting on the front seat beside the chauffeur, and then he climbed in and the car started. The ride up-town was silent and constrained. Mr. Dickinson sat huddled into a corner, with Pandora—a pale, starry-eyed Pandora—beside him, holding his hand. Mr. Gott made some efforts at pleasant conversation, of which Andreas did his best to keep up an end, but the talk was forced and quite soon died out.

Still in silence they followed Mr. Gott into his apartment. He left them in the drawing-room and went to summon his wife. As she entered the room she made a hurried little advance toward Pandora, but Pandora stayed by her father. Mrs. Gott tossed her head and crossed to the other side of the room. She did not speak to Mr. Dickinson, nor he to her.

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Mr. Gott cleared his throat. "This is Mr. Johnson, Maude—he is a friend of Mr. Dickinson's and we can talk quite freely before him."

Mrs. Gott bowed ever so slightly, then sat down stiffly, holding her head high. Andreas looked about uncomfortably for a seat, but Pandora and her father gazed straight at Mr. Gott.

"I know this is a strange sort of—er—meeting," Mr. Gott began, "but we have all been rather upset the last few days, and I felt sure the fairest thing to everybody was to get together and talk it over."

He paused for an instant, then went on: "Perhaps I had better tell what I have to do with it, because I was the one who started what this little meeting of ours is the result of. Mrs.—er—Gott and I were married ten years ago. She had divorced her former husband and we both thought he was dead. It had been many years since she had heard from him, or of him. About three months ago, when we were in Chicago, she found in a magazine story a picture of a man that resembled Mr. Dickinson so much that it was—er—startling. His hair and beard were gray, but he had worn a beard even when a young man, and the resemblance troubled her so much she wrote to the artist who made the picture to find out if it was merely a coincidence. The artist replied that the model who had posed for the picture was Joseph Dickinson. Then she wrote to Mr. Dickinson, in care of the artist, but he did not answer. A week ago we came back home to New York. My wife went to the artist to find out Mr. Dickinson's address. He would not give it to her at first, till she had told him why she wanted it. He said Mr. Dickinson had recently forbidden him to give any one his address. Perhaps it was a presumption on our part, but we thought maybe if Mr. Dickinson had to pose for a living he was hard up and we might be able to help him."

Mr. Gott, perhaps because it was easier for him to do it that way, had spoken as if he were telling a story in which none of the actors was present. The rest listened in silence, but suddenly Mr. Dickinson broke in sharply:

"It was a presumption."

"I am sorry," Mr. Gott said gently. "Good intentions are—well, they call them bromidic, and I suppose I am bromidic too. My only excuse is that I meant well."

"You might have answered my letter and I'd have let you go your own way," cried Mrs. Gott, fixing Mr. Dickinson with narrowed eyes. "If Gene wasn't the best man in the world he wouldn't have bothered two seconds over you—and I'm sure I wouldn't!"

"Maude!"

Mrs. Gott subsided with a look of mingled resentment and pride at her husband.

"She is right, Mr. Dickinson," Mr. Gott went on, "to this extent—we wouldn't have intruded on you if we'd had any word from you that it was an intrusion. But your silence might have meant so many things—that you were sick, for instance. And then my—it was learned that you had a daughter. You must see that that made everything quite different to her mother—she couldn't simply vanish without a word after that."

"She vanished quickly enough without a word twenty years ago," said Mr. Dickinson sharply. Pandora laid her hand on his arm as if to restrain him.

"You drove me to it—there isn't a woman under God's heaven who'd have stayed!" Mrs. Gott cried.

"I don't know anything about the other women under God's heaven and I don't want to. You taught me enough to last three life-times," Mr. Dickinson retorted.

"And then you lied to me—you said she had died!"

"And you were vastly relieved to hear it. Oh, I know well enough how you felt. You can work up plenty of sentiment and indignation now, but I remember the things you did before she was born. She never would have been born if you hadn't been afraid it would be yourself you would kill. That's what made me hate you. I'd have told a million lies to be sure of never seeing you again."

"Gene! Are you going to let him say such things to me?" quavered Mrs. Gott.

Mr. Gott's face was very pale. He opened his mouth to speak, but Mr. Dickinson cut in, his deep eyes flaming. "You have been her husband for ten years. Have you had any children?" he cried.

"No." Mr. Gott's lips framed rather than uttered the word.

"Then you don't know the worst of her. When I remember—" He covered his face with his hands, then suddenly reached

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out and put his arm passionately around his daughter.

An awkward silence fell, broken at last by a nervous sob from Mrs. Gott. Mr. Gott cleared his throat.

"This is very painful for all of us," he said constrainedly. "Perhaps——"

"We had better say no more about it? I wanted nothing better than to say nothing more about it!" Mr. Dickinson interrupted. "But you insisted on my coming up here to-night—my daughter insisted on it. So I'm going to tell you—and her—what I have kept from her for all these years. I wouldn't ever have told her, but you have resurrected the whole thing and placed me in a position that is false whatever way you look at it. I was willing enough to stand the false position I created myself by merely keeping still. I won't stand the one created by insinuations and half truths."

Pandora made a little movement of protest that her father ignored. Mrs. Gott wiped her eyes and her husband went over to her with a troubled, almost pitying look. Andreas watched gravely. His respect for the old model had increased during the past few moments, and while he found the situation very trying and knew that it must be especially hard on Pandora, he was quite eager for the rest of the story to be told, for somehow he felt that it would be a sort of vindication for her father.

"I've made a miserable failure of life," Mr. Dickinson went on in a high, nervous voice. "I had a career before me when I was young. You might not think it amounted to much, but it was what I liked and what I was fitted for. At thirty years of age I was a full professor in the college I graduated from. It was the dream of my life beginning to come true. I was narrow and incredibly ignorant of life, and young—young looking, even, so that I had to wear a beard in order to look old enough for the students to take me seriously. But I was doing what I wanted to do, and immensely proud of the respect people had for me."

"Oh, that respectable pride of yours!" interjected Mrs. Gott scornfully.

He paid no heed to the interruption, but continued:

"I don't think I ever thought of such a thing before as there being young women in the world—my world was filled with books. Then, during the summer vacation, Maude moved to our little town. I had a wild, mad outburst of romance. I don't know what she saw in me—it must have been because I was about the only unattached man in the town at just that time. Anyway, she was willing to marry me. My family objected, but I was crazy about her—crazy is just the word. We ran away and were married. I thought once that was done I could take her back home and they would see how mistaken they had been—but they were right. In less than a week I saw how absolutely right they were. When we had a chance to get acquainted, there weren't two people in the world more unfitted to be husband and wife than we were. She hadn't a single interest that was mine—she wouldn't have married me quietly at home; it was the running away and getting away from her folks that made her do it. The things and the people she liked were low and vulgar—I couldn't even take her back home as my wife. She would have been impossible among the people there."

"Do you have to say these things?" asked Mr. Gott. "If you have to tell us about your early life I want to be fair to you, but aren't you being harsher than you need to be?"

"No! You have no conception how harsh I could be! I resigned my position in the college and we did not go back. I had a little money and thought I could manage by writing. But life was a nasty, bitter, vulgar business between us. I was nasty and vulgar myself—I have been to-night, just from being where she is again. She arouses everything little and mean there is in me. We kept it up for months, until Pandora was born; then, as soon as she was able, she left us. I was never so glad of anything in my life. I hated her because she was inhuman about the child—I hate her now—I'll hate her all my life, because she showed me what a weak, despicable thing I was. There is no excuse for my letting her ruin my life—if I had been a stronger man she couldn't have done it. I know just what I am. I was put in the fire and it proved me a miserable weakling. I have been bitter my whole life because I found that out.

"I have drifted and fallen, until here I am posing for magazine illustrators for a living, and such a coward that when I

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knew she was looking for me I disguised myself and ran away and hid, just because I was afraid I hadn't backbone enough to stand up and face the bitterness of the past. I needn't have been afraid—that bitterness isn't far enough away so that I am not used to facing it. I've kept it with me and hugged it as an excuse for what I have become. It has made me hate everybody. It has made me make my daughter live the kind of a life she has. But on top of all the hell has been the hell of the last few days, when I've learned my last weakness—that even my bitterness is nothing for me to lean on. I'm old—old far beyond my years—and weak and dependent—I can't do without my daughter and you sha'n't take her away from me!"

He tottered back to a chair, where Andreas caught him and helped him to sit down. Mrs. Gott was staring at him with a frightened face, Mr. Gott with something like a stern pity in his eyes. Pandora stood with her arm about his shoulders, whispering things to soothe him. Then he got up.

"I want to go home," he muttered.

"Yes, we'll go home," said Pandora.

"But"—Mr. Gott began and stopped. Dickinson was silent for a moment, then he turned to Pandora. "No—they will want to say things to you—you had better hear them now. I can not say any more. You may want to go with her—you shall have a chance to decide for yourself—but I can not say any more."

"I am going home with you!"

He looked sharply at Andreas. "Mr. Johnson, I am deeply indebted to you for coming here—I dislike to impose on you further—but would you—would you just as soon wait and bring Pandora home after—" his voice trailed away.

"Why, certainly—gladly," said Andreas quickly.

"But—you will go home, father? You won't go away again?"

Mr. Dickinson smiled wanly. "I want no more hiding," he said, and started for the door.

Mr. Gott came forward to Pandora. "If you will stay?" he said. "Perhaps it would be better to say all we have to say about—about all this to-night. Are you too tired?"

Pandora looked at her father and then at Andreas. "I'll stay," she said.

Mr. Dickinson left, wearily, and as Mr. Gott returned from seeing him into the elevator his wife, suddenly bursting into tears, hurried from the room. Mr. Gott looked after her for a moment, then taking Pandora gently by the arm he led her to a chair.

"Of course your sympathies are naturally with your father," he said quietly. "But you must look at your mother's side of it too, and be as kind as you can to her. She too had her dreams of what life would give her—she was as disappointed in your father as he was in her. She expected something he could not give her, that is all. They couldn't have been happy together as they were then, and they hadn't the patience to see it through and try to make the best of it. She wanted happiness—a gay, bright kind of happiness, with lots of color and light to it.

"She tried to find it for herself—a career, and fame, and a good time. She tried the stage—her good looks helped her a way, but she hadn't talent, and you must remember this—that she never tried any other way of getting on. Her career was no career at all—just hard work, with no fame and very little good time, and plenty of disillusionment.

"Finally we came across each other—she and I, two lonely people, rather tired out and wanting just to settle down with some one who would give us affection. She has her faults and weaknesses and I have mine—but we're fond of each other, and neither of us has anybody else. I—I have been very sorry we haven't had any children, but perhaps we have been more to each other just for that reason. Of course we can't expect you to leave your father—but can't you come to us sometimes?"

Pandora felt tears in her eyes. He seemed to be pleading more for himself than for her mother.

"I don't see why not," she said. "We're—we're people, aren't we?—and we can't be unkind to each other. We're all sort of upset and unnatural to-night, but I think things will come out all right."

Mr. Gott grasped her hand in both of his. "You're a splendid girl, Pandora!" he said rather huskily. He got up, embarrassed by his own emotion, and walked up and down the room. "Will you see your mother just a minute?" he asked, coming to her. "You've been so good to stay——"

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She followed him out of the room and in a moment he came back alone. He found Andreas standing by the window.

"Forgive me," he said, laying his hand on Andreas's shoulder. "I can only go by appearances, because I have never seen either of you before, or heard of you, but are—are you and Pandora——?"

Andreas's face colored, and before Mr. Gott's hesitation he hesitated himself. "There's nothing," he said finally. "I don't want to—to even—" He stopped.

"That's all right." Mr. Gott's hand pressed his shoulder friendlily. "You don't mind my asking, do you? I wish she had been my daughter, you know, and I can't help being interested." With a smile and a half sigh he walked over to the other window, and so they stood, it seemed for a very long time, till Pandora came back.

"It'll be daylight soon!" she said. "I never was out so late before. I must get home before morning!" Her eyes were misty but her lips smiling.

Mr. Gott looked down at her tenderly. "You—you left her all right?"

"Oh yes, I think she's going to sleep."

"And we'll see you again?"

Pandora held out her two hands to him. "Of course. We're friends, aren't we?"

He laughed — a low, happy laugh. "Thank you, Pandora!" And he led the way through the hall to the elevator.

As Andreas and Pandora came out upon the street they stopped and looked at each other. The beginning of light was in the air, the first of morning that comes before even the flush of dawn, wanly, imperceptibly taking the place of what a moment before was shadows. Their faces both were pale, but something fresh and untired shone in their eyes.

He reached out his hand, Pandora put hers in it, and so they walked on, to the end of the street, across Central Park and down Fifth Avenue, with thousands of sparrows twittering about them, and the daylight growing stronger every minute and a big star to the south slowly fading out of sight.

They did not talk much; they just walked hand in hand, each with a lilting, singing sense of happy companionship, till they came to her door.

"You are so good to me!" she said, her eyes filling.

"Don't say that! Can I see you, soon?"

"Will you?"

She looked up at him and suddenly rested her hands on his breast. He put his hands behind her shoulders and held her close to him, a tenderness welling in him that almost hurt, and dimmed his eyes.

Then she ran up the steps. He stood still till the door closed behind her and then turned homeward.

Of course Coley was not waiting up for the news. But Andreas did not go to bed. He took his place at the window again, where he had leaned, dreaming, the night before, and watched there till the great stone arch was yellow with the rising sun.

THE END

"Still Jim"

A New Serial—*by* Honoré Willsie

ADVENTURE
LOVE
WOVEN TOGETHER IN A DRAMATIC ACTION STORY OF THE RECLAMATION SERVICE

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The GIRL who WALKED without FEAR

by
LOUISE RICE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

SNOW! A city smothered in snow, all its harsh sounds dulled, all its unlovely sights softened. Snow that blurred the street-lights that were struggling out through the dusk and made the electric signs show mysteriously pendent above earth. Snow that picked out commonplace buildings in lines of beauty. Snow that piled up around a man's feet and sifted down his collar, that chilled his marrow and rejoiced his soul—if he had a spark of boy left in him.

In a word, a snowy, blowy, cold, frosty regular Christmas Eve: the kind you see on picture post-cards, with the regular muffled people hurrying by with the regular Christmas Eve parcels, and the regular wreaths in the windows, and the regular icicles hanging from windows and doorways—everything, in fact, that most of us like to see on Christmas Eve.

"THE LITTLE CHINK GOIL."

Bill Benton, however, did not like to see it. Truth to tell, there wasn't a thing in the whole world which Bill could have specified at that moment that he would have liked to see. When your pockets are empty of everything but your fingers, and your shoes leak, and you have no overcoat or family or friends or health, and it is all your own fault, you are not likely to care very much what your eyes rest on. When you have no place to go and no work, or prospect of any, and you are hungry and ill, the most regular Christmas Eve that ever was won't help you.

Bill moved one foot and then the other, clumsily, like a half-frozen bear. He was so miserable that he was only half alive. Somewhere in the back of his consciousness there ran the river: the river, sullen and angry, all choppy with ice, where a man might lie and forget that life had been a ghastly joke.

Across the street from Bill, traffic policeman O'Connor, pink, clean, aggressively trim, with an eye as blue and a smile as winning as ever even an Irishman owned, walked the prescribed ten feet to and from his blanketed horse, keeping one eye on the snarl of traffic at the corner and the other on the crossing where opposing lines of people scurried whenever he held up his white-gloved hand. Bill hated that policeman a little more than he hated anything

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else. He hated him for his strong, healthy figure, and for the money that must jingle in his pockets, and for the place he held in the world. But most of all, he hated him for his smile. Bill knew that it was only a question of time when O'Connor would see him, and with just that smile would sternly say:

"Move on now, you!"

Hating the policeman, Bill shifted his feet and blinked at the crowd, which was growing thicker. The Salvation Army Santa Claus on the opposite corner rang his bell frantically. The cars which crawled by began to be lit from within, so that they looked like some monstrous kind of glow-worm as they inched themselves along among the black specks which were men and women.

O'Connor held his hand up again. The cars and the wagons and taxicabs and express trucks slowed down, and the flood of humanity poured over the crossing. Among them, approaching Bill, there came a figure so pretty and impossible that he thought he must be making her up.

"I'm seein' things," said Bill.

She wore the dress of a Chinese girl: A soft silken coat, the deep blue of clear night skies, fell almost to her feet. Rich embroidery in dull gold and crimson bordered the hem in strange Oriental figures, which repeated themselves on the wide, flowing sleeves. A skirt of the same dull gold was short enough to show the heelless embroidered shoes on her slender feet. Her dark, sleek hair was parted and brought down over her ears; and she was hatless.

"Yes, sir—I'm seein' things. I need a meal, that's what!" said Bill to himself.

The girl came across, slipping a little on the snow, but confident and smiling, indescribably sweet and modest and alien among the furred and hatted throng. On the sidewalk she paused and looked about, her lips parted slightly, showing her small, white teeth. Bill stood quite still. None of his numerous experiences had taught him how to treat a figment of one's own brain. He was too intent on her to notice that other people were staring too as they hurried by.

She drifted nearer till she was almost at the doorway in whose shallow depression he was huddling for shelter. On the blasts of cold air came some faint fragrance that was very unlike the rank perfumes the shop-girls exhaled. She stood there a while, intent on the crowds, her strange, slanting eyes alight. Then she caught sight of Bill in his doorway, looking at her with awe; and, perhaps because he was the only person in all that throng who was standing still, she spoke to him—in a purer English than Bill often heard.

"Is it not wonderful, sir, all this concourse of people?" she said. "Never have I seen so many—not in all my life—not even in Hong-Kong." The last words were oddly inflected, but otherwise she might have been an American girl speaking.

Bill readjusted his attitude. This was no phantom of an empty stomach, but just a Chink. "Uh—huh," he granted, non-commitally.

"I had to come out and see them," she continued. "Christmas Eve is such a wonderful time. To think of our Lord as a little child—no wonder all you Christians smile and are so joyous."

Bill searched his vocabulary, and found it wanting. "You bet!" he finally got out with an effort.

The girl smiled. "There is something so marvelous in this land of the Flowery Flag, as we call it in China. Life here must be so beautiful, free from foolish beliefs, and without fear. And to think that each one—every one here—is a Christian—oh, that is most wonderful of all!"

"Christians!" Bill exploded. "Not much all of 'em ain't!"

"Perhaps not as perfect as they could wish. But none of us is that."

"I just guess not!"

"But if we persevere we shall all attain to holiness."

Bill took a hasty step nearer and looked down at her curiously. "Say," he demanded, "what's your lay, anyhow?"

" 'Lay?' I do not understand you."

"What d'you mean, standin' talkin' to a fella like this?"

A lovely salmon pink spot spread over each dark cheek. "Should I not do so? In this Christian land surely I need fear no one?—here where men reverence women and treat them always with kindness. Is it not so?"

"Say, can you beat it?" Bill inquired of the arc-light. "You must be a little off," he suggested, bringing his eyes down to her.

"Off?"

"Yeh. What d'you mean with all that talk about a Christian land—an'—an' all that?"

She fell back a little from him, and looked

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incredulous. "Why—are you not a Christian, sir?"

With the words a slow and solemn chime of bells rang out, somewhere far away; and out of the snow, the black, dirty snow at his feet, there arose a village with a church-spire glittering among its wintry trees, and rows of white houses with green blinds set in snowy yards. Who was it that had asked that question long ago? Long ago, before the river, sullen and angry, called for a man? Why, it was the old minister, of course. The slouchy old man, with gray hair, whose coat was always shiny. William Benton had laughed—that young William who wanted the best of the world, and who was so tired of living with his mother and father and sister in the white house near the school. Yes, he had laughed. And, then, what had he done? He had taken the train for New York.

Are—you—not — a — Christian? — tolled the bells.

"God help me!" That was what Bill said. Then he lifted his eyes and saw that vesper service in the church down the street was beginning; the bells had just ceased to ring. Traffic policeman O'Connor, with his eyes everywhere as a policeman's should be, saw Bill lurch heavily, and came swiftly over to him.

"Move on now, you," O'Connor admonished, with the smile and the mandatory gesture which were as much a part of him as his uniform.

He expected Bill to move away, with a muttered curse, but instead of that the man looked at him doggedly, almost fiercely. "Say, officer"—his voice was thick, but there was a vibrant timbre to it—"you don't know where a fella could get a job, do you?"

"Uh — mm —," replied O'Connor, "I might if the fella wasn't just lookin' for a night's lodging."

Bill continued to gaze at the Irishman. "Say," he demanded, "are you a Christian?"

O'Connor turned a beautiful pink. "Aw course I am!" he sputtered.

"Well, I'm not, but maybe— Say, did you see that Chink girl—that little Chink girl that was here a minute ago? Where'd she get to, anyway? Well, she asked me that. Funny thing. Old man Talbot asked me that once, years ago. Funny, ain't it?"

O'Connor ran a practised eye over Bill's big frame and sunken eyes. "You're sick," he said.

"No, I ain't. At least, I wouldn't be if I could get somethin' to eat. I believe"—Bill laughed, just the ghost of a laugh—"I believe I'm converted. That's what they used to call it—back home."

"You're sick," O'Connor repeated, authoritative kindness in his voice. "I thought you were just a bum. Here, you take this card over to Sister Agatha, at the House of Mercy — you know, over on Twelfth Street—and she'll look after you. Tell her I'll be around in a day or two to see how you are. Aw, cut that out. Move on, can't you!"

Meanwhile the Chinese girl walked on among the holiday throng. A good many people glanced at her, and some of them almost stopped, as if she had spoken, for there was a deep question in her slanting, heavy-lidded eyes.

At a corner she stopped and spoke to a newsboy. "Will you have the great kindness to tell me how I shall go to find what you call a—department store?"

The boy stared and shifted his papers. "Youse take the Sixt Avenoo car," he said finally, "an' you pass a bunch of 'em. Say, do youse know how to travel round this burg?"

A delicious, half-shy smile dimpled her cheek. "Oh, yes, I think so. And if I do not, some one will always direct me, will they not? In this Christian land I walk without fear."

The boy whistled shrilly between his teeth. "Say, where'd you escape from, you —you Queen of the Movies?" he demanded.

"It is true that I have run away from my dear friends, but only for a little while. It is just to see the lovely Christmas Eve in this Christian land that I have come out."

"You're strong on that Christian stuff, ain't you?"

She evidently did not understand his words, but the mocking smile on his lips was quite plain. The smile on her face went away.

"Are you not a Christian, my little brother?" she inquired.

The boy eyed her, ready to give his derisive whistle again, but her small, earnest face daunted him. "I dunno," he muttered, wriggling his feet. "Say, here's your car. You tell the conductor to let you off at Toidy-toid Street—see?"

Then Michael Scerbo, Italian by birth

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"NO WONDER ALL YOU CHRISTIANS SMILE AND ARE SO JOYOUS."

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but American by adoption, returned to his corner, sold six papers, jostled a new boy off of his particular spot, blew on his fingers, and said: "Gee!"

Which needs interpretation. That night Father Danelli, of the Church of our Lady of Sorrows, heard the confession of a small boy who had not performed that rite for several years. It was all mixed with "a little Chink goil," which proved difficult for the good father to understand; but it was a satisfactory confession, and Michael Scerbo whistled happily through his teeth as he crossed himself by the holy-water font.

Sixth Avenue cars are always crowded with the rarest assortment of New York's rare types, so that the entrance of a small Chinese girl, of modest demeanor, made no more than a ripple on the surface of the one to which Michael Scerbo had assigned his chance acquaintance. She accepted a strap from the hands of a colored girl. Before her sat a lady—really a lady, so far as fine simplicity and immaculateness can prove that intangible quality. Somehow one got the impression that she was not accustomed to riding in street-cars—that some untoward accident had separated her from the motor which usually purred beneath her dainty feet. By her sat a German mother with two sturdy, struggling youngsters in her lap.

The Chinese girl reached down and tenderly patted the head of the tiniest. "The babies—they are always so sweet," she said to the mother, who broke into a happy mixture of German and English at this attention. The girl smiled, showing a dimple in her cheek. "I know not the German," she said. The children, pleased with the bright color on the silk coat, leaned across the immaculate lady to clutch at it. The Chinese girl's smile deepened, as she let chubby fingers stroke the silk flowers.

"The babies, though, they speak a language all women can understand," she said—this to the lady as a fat baby-hand grasped her perfectly gloved fingers.

The lady held the hand for a moment, held it, and crushed it so that the baby drew back in alarm. Then she lifted pain-haunted eyes. "You are right, my child; they speak a language that women understand—but sometimes that language is bitter."

Blue eyes, Occidental to the last curve of their pale lashes, looked into brown eyes, Oriental to the last fold of their strange lids. The German woman looked up, too, and the children, feeling something pass through their sensitive hearts, were still.

The brown eyes deepened and glowed. It was as if light from a star radiated from their depths. "I understand," the Chinese girl said softly. "But in a Christian land, to lose is so different. There is the hope, the Resurrection hope, when the dead in Christ shall rise. Little children first of all, I like to think."

The lady's eyes filled with tears, and her head drooped. *"Du lieber Gott!"* the German woman said, and kissed her two children.

When the two women looked up, a moment after, the swaying silken coat was gone. As if by common consent, they turned to each other, and spoke of the children, and then of all children. It was the first time the lady had been able to do that for a long time.

On the main floor of a big department store Miss Jennie MacAllister powdered her nose, sold a celluloid whisk-broom holder, ruffled up the frill of her blouse, and sighed. She was pale, and a grim line lay around the gallant smile on her lips. The store keeps open until ten o'clock on the five nights preceding Christmas Eve, and on that night it closes only when customers stop coming, and that is sometimes midnight.

Miss MacAllister came of Scotch ancestry. It showed in the pale gold of her hair and in the strength of her rather spare figure. Her companion at the celluloid counter was Yetta Zabriskie, strong and lean, too, with dark, crinkled hair and a piquant little face, like a dark pansy.

"Yes, sir," Yetta was saying to a worried-looking man, "those brush and comb sets is imported—very special at two ninety-eight. Would you like to look at the manicure set that matches it?"

"Don't push 'im," Miss MacAllister admonished, adroitly stooping above Yetta's tiny ear. "Don't you see, he's just a boob? Yes, ma'am, these hair-pin holders are very chic—seventy-nine cents, marked down from a dollar."

"Here—C-a-s-h!" both girls shrilled.

"Gee, but I'm tired," Miss MacAllister confided to her mate, as there was a lull in celluloid. "Seems like this Christmas biz was just got up so's to make more'n half the people in the world work themselves to

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death. We get our supper money, an' a dollar extry for the week, an' then we spend six weeks gettin' over it. My feet hurt so's I can't feel 'em any more. No, ma'am, we have no more of the celluloid umbrella-handles at one ninety-eight, but I can show you — The old muff! You'd think I'd insulted her."

"We have not this Christmas, we Jews," Yetta replied, "but we must work for it, just the same."

"Well, I ain't so much of a Christian, myself. I think you Jews are all right. You got more sense than to turn everything upside down once a year like this. Right before stock-takin', too. What's the use of workin' your head off, I say. 'Merry Christmas!' Yah! It makes me sick. All the merry Christmas I get is sore feet and losin' a chanct to go with—with that fella I was tellin' you about, Yetta—to a swell dance. An' to-morrow I'll be so tired that I'll have to stay in bed."

"My mother, she will have hot soup for me when I go home to-night."

"Yeh—you're lucky, you are. I gotta live in a room the size of a peanut, and I ain't had a mother since I was a kid."

"Mothers—they are nice."

"That's where you're right."

"It is hard to work like this."

"Now you're talkin'. Gee, Yetta, sometimes I think I'll cut it all out. Sometimes I just think I'll—I'll do somethin' desperate. That—that fella I was tellin' you about—he's got lots of money—" She locked her fingers together and stared straight before her.

"It is better to let the fellas alone, my mother says."

"Yeh—well, you gotta mother. I ain't got anybody, an' I'm tired. What's the use? I tell you, Yetta——"

Some one was coming down the almost deserted aisle, smiling a little as she looked from side to side.

"Gee!" murmured Miss MacAllister, "jes' look at this Chink that's comin', Yetta."

"I have never seen a China woman before."

"I seen 'em once, in Chinatown, but I ain't never seen one walkin' round like this. Ain't she the sweet looker, though!"

The Chinese girl paused in front of Miss MacAllister, and looked over the table full of dainty toilet articles.

"These are very pretty things," she said. "What is the cost of this brush?"

"One ninety-eight." Both saleswomen stated the sum, breathless with interest.

"It is nice. The bristles are good. I think that I will take it. And this little box?"

Business instincts awoke Miss MacAllister from her lethargy of excitement. "That's a swell little box," she declared. "There's a pincushion on the side and there's two layers inside; see? It's made in Germany. Most of the real cute articles are made there. One twenty-nine, marked down from two dollars."

The long, slim brown fingers touched the box delicately, and the hand of Miss MacAllister ever so lightly. "I think I will take it. I am buying some Christmas presents for those I love, and that is a great pleasure, is it not?"

"It sure is!" Miss MacAllister's eyes were traveling all over the silk coat, the sleek hair, and down to the embroidered shoes. "Yeh, it sure is," she repeated, and smiled into the dark eyes which met hers with so much candor and trust.

"This is my first Christmas in America. It is very exciting."

"Did you—did you just come over from China?"

"Yes, I have just arrived at New York. We came through from San Francisco."

"Oh! That's some journey."

"I have wanted to come to America for so long."

"How'd you learn to speak English so good?"

"Oh—I have lived since I was a small child in the mission in Hong-Kong, with the missionaries, and now they have come here to bring some of us Chinese girls to study. To-night they promised us that to-morrow we should go out, but I—" the dimple deepened in her cheek—"I was most naughty and I ran away! They are meeting old friends—they will not miss me—and the other girls will not tell." She leaned over the counter, the image of roguish girlhood. "It was such fun. And I wanted to buy some presents for a surprise."

"Mean to say you jes' landed in Noo York, and you got the nerve to go walkin' round by yourself at this hour of th' night?"

"But there is nothing to fear in a Christian land like your America. Even in China, when a girl meets a Christian, she feels safe."—Yetta and Miss MacAllister moved uneasily, staring alternately at each

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other and at the Chinese girl, who smiled happily at them.—"So I do not fear," she concluded; "but now that I have completed my shopping, I will go. My dear friends might not know how strong is my understanding of this country."

Miss MacAllister reached out a hard little hand and caught the silk sleeve. "Say, you're a funny one, you are," she said.

"Funny? Do I make you laugh?"

"Huh? I mean you're queer. I ain't never seen a Chinese girl before, jes' walkin' round. You gonna stay in America?"

"I will stay here for four years. Then I must go back to help my people——"

"What's the matter with 'em?"

"So few are Christians."

"Oh! Say, what's China like?"

"Very beautiful—some of it, but in Hong-Kong we have no snow like this."

"Gee, that's fine. I hate the snow."

"But it is so pretty."

"Yeh—it ain't so bad. I like it in the country. Gee, you oughta see the snow up where I usta live when I was a kid. It's a little town 'way up in Noo York State. You talk about snow being pretty. You oughta see it there!"

"It is a small village, your home?"

"Yeh—one o' those little towns where nothin' ever happens except when the boys go fishin'!"

"That is like my home where I was born. When the fishing is good, and when the rice is ripe—those are the most important things in all the year. But I left there when I was little. Last year my friends took me up there to see it. It is a little village, Shen Tau—there is only one big market, where you can buy everything——"

"I guess all little towns are alike."

"There is a little river and a bridge——"

"The railroad has a small bridge across the river at my home."

"And at night there is a lantern to light the bridge."

"A lantern? Gee, ain't that kinda dim?"

"The moon—it shines, nearly always. Beneath the bridge the houses are along the shore."

"They's some grand bungalows near the river, at my home. . . . "

"I think of that little Shen Tau often, but there is no one there now—my mother is dead."

"So's mine. Gee, don't it beat all how much we're alike!"

"But now I am happy, for I have dreamed all my life of being in a Christian land——"

"A Christian— Say, kiddo, you're makin' a mistake there."

The floorwalker came along just then, very erect, very formal. Casting his eyes toward the celluloid counter, he saw Yetta Zabriskie and Jennie MacAllister selling goods. The nature of the customer made him stare for a moment, but as it was in the regular process of trade he passed on with only a moment's pause.

"I will take these things to my friends for the beautiful Christmas to-morrow. And I think I must say good-night."

"Take care of yourself as you're goin' home, girlie. Don't let anybody speak to you, you know."

"Why should I not?"

"Oh—why—say, you're not wise, are you?"

"'The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom!'"

"Huh?"

"Do you not understand that?"

"I—I dunno what you mean."

"The missionaries tell us to say that, whenever we are afraid. We are so afraid at first. But now, many are like me, and fear nothing."

"Why don't you?"

"Because I am a Christian. Are you not one, also?"

Miss MacAllister started to laugh, then she flushed and looked down; then she leaned over and patted the glowing, dusky face. "You're all right, that's what you are, you — you little Chink!" she said, between laughing and crying.

They leaned together across the counter, drawn by the sweet magnetism which binds girlhood the world over.

"Say, what's your name?" whispered Miss MacAllister.

"Wei Loh," answered the little Oriental. "It means joy. Good-by! I will come to see you soon. The peace of the Lord be with you!"

The quaint salutation fell from the full lips quite naturally. She smiled and passed down the aisle, indescribably sweet and gentle and alien.

Miss MacAllister blew her nose vigorously and glanced consciously at Miss Zabriskie.

"She is lofely," that young lady conceded,

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"'THE FEAR OF THE LORD IS THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM.'"

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ostentatiously ignoring Miss MacAllister's brimming eyes.

"Say—ain't she? Did you hear what she asked me? Gee! I never heard that since I was a little girl. The deaconess in our church usta ask me that regular. She usta ask all the kids that. I tell you, Yetta, I wish I could go up there an' live. Wasn't that great, what she said about the bridge an' the lantern, an' all back there at her home? It didn't seem like talkin' about China, did it? I tell you what, Yetta—" She began to pile up the trinkets with which the counter was strewn, and the color rose in her face— "I guess I can struggle along a while longer by myself, even if I ain't got no mother."

The floorwalker came by, scanning the place. Only a few straggling customers were left on the floor. He turned a stern eye on the two girls.

"Close up!" he barked. "See that your salesbooks are correct—and——"

He paused. All over the city there was the clash of bells, softened into weird harmony by the fog. From the harbor a whistle or two sounded. In every vibration of the city there was a stir penetrated by the bells. The floorwalker suddenly smiled and sat down on a stool in front of Miss MacAllister.

"Merry Christmas, girls!" he said. "My, you look tired, Miss MacAllister. It's been a hard week, hasn't it?"

Miss MacAllister's eyes still held their misty radiance. "Yeh—kinda," she conceded, "but say, Christmas is great, though, ain't it?"

ARCADIA MINOR

By

SARAH N. CLEGHORN

PATH of grassy slate beneath old maples;
Comely four-square houses white and green;
Lanterns swinging on the pillared porches;
Spire across the branchèd Common seen;

Meadows falling to the Sliding River;
Mountains in the westward dimly blue;
Pine woods hanging on the northern turnpike;
Wheatfields spreading to the southward view:—

Oh, to see the sun rise on the valley!
Oh, to hear the pine woods murmur when,
Rising as it blows, the showery west wind
Sweeps the thunder from the darkened glen!

Now in April are the wet sods turning;
Deep in thickets do the windflowers gleam;
Oh, to stray again in the lost woodland!
Miserere! Leave me to my dream.

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THE RIDER

by

BURGES JOHNSON

Bas-relief by

HELEN F. TROWBRIDGE

We've rode a thousand miles or more,
My horse and I, across the floor.
And when I've gone another mile
I'll maybe let him rest a while.

My mother thinks this horse by far
The best of all the steeds there are;
For though I gallop all the day
I don't get *very* far away.

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VICTORIA CROSS

ONE OF THE MOST COVETED PERSONAL DECORATIONS IN THE WORLD. A BRONZE MALTESE CROSS 1½ INCHES IN DIAMETER; IN THE CENTER THE ROYAL CREST, AND BELOW IN SCROLL, "FOR VALOUR." INSTITUTED BY QUEEN VICTORIA IN 1856 TO REWARD HEROISM IN THE CRIMEAN WAR. OFFICERS AND MEN ARE EQUALLY ELIGIBLE TO WIN IT.

FOR VALOR

by

F·CUNLIFFE-OWEN

DECORATIONS REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF AMERICAN NUMISMATIC SOCIETY.

WAR takes a whimpering derelict out of a London gutter, sticks him in a trench, and there teaches him to shoot, to be shot at, and to bear his life carelessly as becomes a man. He is transformed unawares. Whatever stuff of human greatness got into him at the making, now rises from the depths. He finds his soul, if he has one, and opens it to moments of pure heroism. It is something on the credit side of war.

That sudden, rapturous urge for which the name is valor, once was thought to be peculiar to fine blood. The noble first of all was born. Only he knew how to risk the supreme thing and tweak the very nose of death. For him were orders, knighthood, medals, and all the other glory of living by exception to the self-preserving rule of commor human nature. The trade of war was then exclusive. But, alas for such pretensions! war grew democratic. The stupid world began to see that valor was a leaven of mankind.

On the modern battle-field the raw recruit snatched from a city's slums competes on level human terms with an officer of any rank or birth for a priceless decoration—a few cents' worth of molded metal dangling from a ribbon—which certifies that he who wears it once utterly forgot himself for the sake of something else.

This school of heroism of all present institutions in the world is or should be democratic. Great Britain knows that best; as indeed she should, having waged more wars in a hundred years than any other power. And not only has she utilized beyond any other nation the honorary medal to reward

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DISTINGUISHED-SERVICE ORDER

THIS DECORATION, INSTITUTED BY QUEEN VICTORIA IN 1886, IS RESERVED FOR COMMISSIONED OFFICERS OF THE BRITISH ARMY AND NAVY, WHO, THOUGH NOMINATED FOR THE VICTORIA CROSS, HAVE FAILED TO RECEIVE IT.

military heroism, but of all the coveted personal decorations conferred for valor the one most democratic is of British origin.

It is the Victoria Cross, instituted in 1856 by royal warrant of Queen Victoria, to reward the heroes of the Crimean War. Cast from Russian cannon taken by the British at Sevastopol, intrinsically worth "fourpence ha'penny" (nine cents), it is regarded by a British subject as the proudest decoration a human being can wear. All men of all grades and ranks and branches of the British military service are eligible to win it by "some signal act of valor or devotion to their country performed in the presence of the enemy." So read the regulations.

Prior to the beginning of the present war in Europe the number of Victoria Crosses won by British valor was 522, of which 111 were won in the Crimean War; 182 in the Indian Mutiny; 78 in the Boer War, and the remainder in thirty-seven minor wars.

War being a superrational business, we need not be astonished at the paradox that a very large proportion of the total number of Victoria Crosses conferred have rewarded not valor in killing, which is the kind one thinks of first, but instances of valor exhibited on the field in saving life.

In the famous charge of the Light Brigade at the battle of Balaklava seven Victoria Crosses were won, and only one by a commissioned officer. He was a lieutenant who, on hearing that one Sergeant Bently, riding a weak mount, had dropped behind into the hands of the Cossacks, went back alone and fairly cut him out of the enemy's maw. On the same field Sergeant Farrell and Sergeant-Major Berryman won each a Cross by taking their wounded captain between them, on a chair formed of their hands, and bearing him through a galling fire to safety.

The deed itself, like the Cross itself, need have no intrinsic value. A common soldier's life intrinsically is worth not very much. A general knows beforehand that it will cost several thousand to take a certain point, and he coolly pays that price in lives; but in the midst of that action an officer may risk his own life to save that of a soldier and win the Victoria Cross, as Lieutenant Cecil Maygar did in South Africa.

He had galloped out where it was very hot to order the retirement of a detached post of cavalry. During the retreat a trooper near the lieutenant went down with his mount, both wounded. The officer dismounted and helped the trooper on to his horse, and they started; but in a piece of marshy going the horse stumbled and threw

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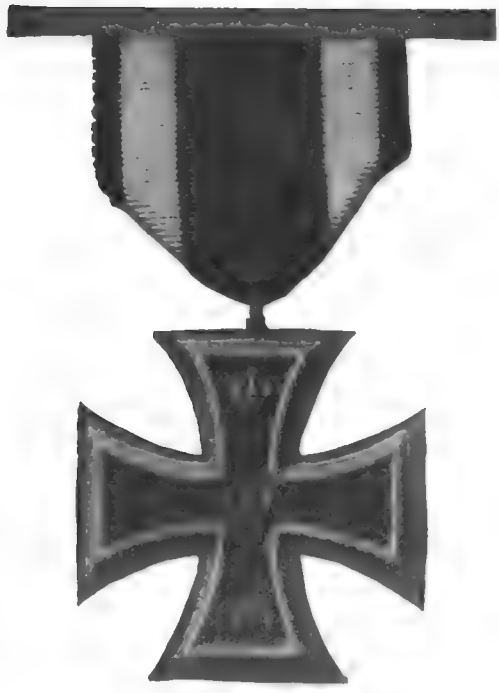

THE IRON CROSS

THE FAMOUS SYMBOL OF VALOR FOUNDED BY KING FREDERICK WILLIAM III., IN 1813, TO BE CONFERRED UPON HEROES IN THE WAR OF LIBERATION AGAINST NAPOLEON. REVIVED FOR THE FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR, 1870, AND AGAIN LAST AUGUST. OFFICERS AND MEN ARE EQUALLY ELIGIBLE TO GAIN IT.

them both. The double load was too much. Then the officer put the trooper alone on the horse and ordered him to gallop in, he himself taking his chances afoot.

It was not the trooper's life that counted: it was the saving of it.

Surgeon-Captain Martin-Leake in the Boer War went out on the firing-line to assist a wounded man. Then he went to the aid of an officer who had fallen, and to the aid of others, until he was shot three times and himself lay with the wounded. He got a Victoria Cross, as did another surgeon who, during the trouble at Crete, exposed himself to a very hot fire to return for a member of a landing party who had fallen unnoticed in the boat and perhaps was only wounded. He was dead; and the surgeon had to go through the fire again for nothing —that is, nothing but the Victoria Cross.

The nature of the opportunity determines not so much the quality of the act as the interest of it. At Inkerman, in the Crimean War, Private Alfred Ablett was with hundreds of others in a trench when the sentry shouted, "Look out, there!" A live shell, unexploded, had fallen into the midst of a pile of ammunition cases. Ablett, instead of running, seized the shell and hurled it out of the trench. As it left his hands it exploded and knocked him flat; but he was unhurt. He was promoted to be corporal, then sergeant, and then he received a silk necktie fashioned by her Majesty's own hands, who also pinned the Victoria Cross to his breast.

Presence of mind adds greatly to the use of valor. Aboard H. M. S. *Alexandria*, during the bombardment of Alexandria, Egypt, a live shell, unexploded, fell on the deck and went rolling about. Gunner Israel Harding—hearing the cry, "Shell come aboard!"—came rushing up the hatchway from below, seized the hissing thing, and doused it in a tub of water. Those were very simple measures; they saved the ship and won for Harding the Victoria Cross.

There is but one case of an English soldier possessing two Victoria Crosses. He is the octogenarian, Field-Marshal Earl Roberts, in point of stature the most diminutive officer of King George's army. At the battle of Colenso, on the Modder River, where the British forces were forced to retreat, Sir Redvers Buller called for volunteers to rescue the guns, and they were saved under a withering Boer fire, by a small party of artillerymen under the command of Lieutenant Frederick Roberts, of the King's Rifles, the Field-Marshal's only

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CROSS OF THE ORDER OF THE LEGION OF HONOR

THE DECORATION OF THE FAMOUS FRENCH ORDER CREATED BY NAPOLEON I. IT MAY BE CONFERRED FOR OTHER THAN MILITARY SERVICES, THOUGH THE ORDER IS ESSENTIALLY MILITARY.

son. He was mortally wounded while bringing the guns into the English lines, surviving but a few hours. For this gallant feat young Roberts was nominated on the spot for the Victoria Cross, and although he had been buried on the battle-field of Colenso long before Queen Victoria had time to sanction its bestowal, yet she insisted on affixing her sign manual to the grant of the Cross—the only case of its award to a dead man, in all the history of the Order. She handed the insignia to the bereaved father, intimating her wish that he should wear it in addition to the one that he had won as a young subaltern, forty-three years before, in the Indian Mutiny.

There is a famous British consolation medal. Unlike the Victoria Cross, which is open to all ranks, the Distinguished Service Order, instituted by Queen Victoria in 1886, is reserved for commissioned officers of the army and navy who have performed some conspicuous feat of gallantry under fire, but who have not gained the Victoria Cross.

Second only to the Victoria Cross in point of popular estimation and in the democracy of its availability is the famous Iron Cross of Prussia, now being conferred in such profusion by the Kaiser as to cause some uneasiness as to its future prestige. It might become too common. It was instituted in 1813 by King Frederick William III., to reward heroism in the War of Liberation. It was revived by the former Emperor William in 1870, and again by his grandson at the beginning of the present war last August.

The Iron Cross was the first German military decoration to be conferred irrespective of the rank of the recipient. Privates of peasant birth on numerous occasions received the first class of the Order, while nobles, generals commanding brigades and divisions, and even German sovereigns, were proud to receive the second and lower classes.

The medal of the first class is conferred only as a promotion from the second class, and no one is supposed to gain the first without having previously won the second, advancement in the Order of the Iron Cross being granted solely for an additional act of heroism. The Cross is peculiarly a symbol of sacrifice. When Frederick William III. issued his call to the people to rise against Napoleon's legions in the great struggle for liberation, and appealed to those who could not bear arms to contribute what they could to the sinews of war, hundreds of thousands of women sent their

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THE MÉDAILLE MILITAIRE

A FRENCH DECORATION INSTITUTED BY NAPOLEON III., AND MORE DESIRED BY SOLDIERS THAN THE MEDAL OF THE LEGION OF HONOR, AS IT IS CONFERRED ONLY FOR MILITARY HEROISM. IT IS CURIOUSLY CONFINED TO PRIVATES, NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS, AND COMMANDING GENERALS.

golden wedding-rings to be melted, declaring that thenceforth until better days they would content themselves with wedding-rings of iron. It was this that gave Frederick William III. the idea of using iron for the decoration to be conferred for heroism in the War of Liberation.

The Kaiser has one other decoration to bestow—that of "Pour le Mérite," founded by Frederick the Great. It is restricted to the reward of naval and military services of commissioned officers.

There are two very famous French decorations: that of the Order of the Legion of Honor, created by Napoleon I., and the still more highly-prized Médaille Militaire, instituted nearly half a century later by his nephew, Napoleon III. The Cross of the Legion of Honor is not restricted to army men, but is likewise conferred upon civilians and foreigners for services other than military. Many American citizens have received it, among them General Horace Porter.

The Médaille Militaire is conferred only for military and naval services in war time, and is limited to privates, non-commissioned officers and generals. When it is worn by an officer, it indicates that he has commanded an army in the field, and has rendered services so great that even the highest grade of the Legion of Honor would be an inadequate reward.

It was on these grounds that it was bestowed in September last by the French Government upon King Albert of Belgium.

On the breast of a private or non-commissioned officer of the army, or on that of a sailor, or of a warrant officer of the navy, it means that he has performed some act of exceptional heroism under fire.

As Knighthood and Orders, with their medals and jewels and perquisites, have declined in importance and in people's estimation, respect for the honorary medal simply open to merit and valor has risen, and one is tempted to say that it is a measure of the degree in which the world has become democratized. And yet the preference of nobility for the exclusive decoration is strongly inherited. It is more than vanity. It is emotion. Francis Joseph, the Emperor of Austria, feeling no doubt a nervous demand for emotional expression, sent the following message to the Kaiser before the end of August:

> The splendid victories gained by the German armies under your command over your powerful enemies are due to your iron will. You have sharpened and swung the mighty sword. To the laurels

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CROSS OF THE RUSSIAN ORDER OF ST. GEORGE

THIS DECORATION IS IN FIVE CLASSES. ONLY FOUR RUSSIANS IN ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY YEARS HAVE GAINED THE GRAND CROSS OF THE FIRST CLASS, AND ONE OF THESE WAS CATHERINE THE GREAT, WHO FOUNDED THE ORDER IN 1769. CROSSES OF ANY CLASS ARE CONFERRED ONLY FOR VALOR IN ARMS.

which adorn you as victor, I should like to add the highest military honor which it is in my power to confer, by asking you to accept the Grand Cross of Maria Theresa.

This decoration carries with it a large annuity or income, which a king can not be thought to need, but which to a poor hero might be a temptation. But for that, one could say with certainty that hundreds of thousands of valorous men would prefer the Victoria Cross or the Iron Cross or the Médaille Militaire to the Grand Cross of the Order of Maria Theresa, though that is to-day the most exclusive and perhaps the most brilliant of surviving orders. It was founded by the great Empress of that name in 1757, in honor of the victory of her troops over Frederick the Great at Kolin. Its members are elected by ballot on the part of the Chapter, the sovereign having no voice in the matter unless he happens to possess the Order, although he is the instrument of its bestowal and the signer of the patent.

In the last hundred years, until last August, only fifty-eight members had been thus admitted to the Order, and at the beginning of the present war there were but three Knights left, all of the third and lowest class.

One was Emperor Francis Joseph, who won the Cross in 1848, on the battle-field of Santa Lucia, against the Italians. The second was Duke of Cumberland, father of the sovereign Duke of Brunswick, who received his Cross for gallantry at the battle of Langensalza, where as Crown Prince of Hanover he helped his father, the blind King George, to direct the operations of his troops. The third was Prince Alphonse de Bourbon, claimant to the throne of the Two Sicilies, and popularly known as the Count of Caserta. He won his Cross by the part he played in the superb defense of Gaeta, the last stronghold of the Bourbons.

All three are now old men, and if the present war had not happened along to permit the election of new Knights, the Order would soon have been extinguished.

Its renewal was begun by the bestowal of the first class or Grand Cross of the Order upon the Kaiser. The requirement for this grade is to have commanded in chief a victorious army against tremendous odds.

The second class is reserved for acts of brilliant daring and initiative, which in the event of failure might entail court-martial, and possibly sentence of death, for disobedience. The last one to possess this grade

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THE CONGRESSIONAL MEDAL OF HONOR

THIS DECORATION IS TO AN AMERICAN MILITARY HERO WHAT THE VICTORIA CROSS IS TO AN ENGLISHMAN. IT WAS INSTITUTED AFTER THE CIVIL WAR, AND IS CONFERRED ONLY BY VOTE OF CONGRESS. FEWER THAN TWO THOUSAND HAVE BEEN CONFERRED.

was old General Baron von Hauser. In the war of 1849, on reaching the town of Volta, he found its situation so favorable for defense that he determined to make a stand there with his regiment, instead of following the remainder of his division, in accordance with the strict instructions received.

It was a flagrant act of disobedience. But so gallant was the defense which he made of the little town, and so favorable the strategic location of the place, that with his handful of men he succeeded in keeping the entire Italian army in check for eighteen hours, and turned the tide.

Almost as inaccessible is the Grand Cross of the Russian Order of St. George, founded by Catherine the Great in 1769. In all its history of more than one hundred and fifty years there have been but four Russians to receive the Grand Cross. The first was Empress Catherine herself, who assumed it *ex officio*.

The late Grand Duke Michael Nicholaievitch, having received the inferior grades in the Crimean and Caucasus wars, was awarded the Grand Cross for his achievements as commander-in-chief of the Russian army in Asia Minor during the war with Turkey in 1877. His brother, Grand Duke Nicholas Nicholaievitch, was on the same occasion elected a Knight Grand Cross of the Order, for his victorious leadership of the Russian forces in Europe to San Stefano, within sight of the walls of Constantinople, while Czar Alexander II. was persuaded by the Knights of the Order to don its Grand Cross on the occasion of the celebration of the centennial of its foundation.

Czar Alexander III. possessed only the second class of the Order, which was bestowed upon him while still Czarovitch for his command of the Rustchuk division of the Russian army in the Turkish War of 1877, and Emperors Nicholas I. and Alexander I. declined to accept or wear anything but the insignia of the fourth class of the Order. This was also awarded to the present commander-in-chief of the Russian army—the six-foot-six Grand Duke Nicholas Nicholaievitch, who won it as a young officer of cavalry in the Turkish War of 1877.

The present Czar does not possess the Order, although it may be awarded to him by the Chapter if he takes the field in this war. Until now he has never been under fire.

There are five classes of the St. George

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ORDER OF LEOPOLD
A BELGIAN NON-MILITARY DECORATION CONFERRED FOR PERSONAL MERIT.

Cross. The lower classes, that is, the fourth and fifth, are in theory democratic, so that one may say the St. George decoration is worn with pride alike by grand dukes, nobles, veterans of peasant birth, and non-commissioned officers. But it is by far too exclusive to be a popular decoration.

It has more in common with the Order of Maria Theresa than with the Victoria Cross or the Iron Cross or the French Medal.

What those medals are to the English, German, and French, the Congressional Medal is to the American soldier. It is conferred, not by the President, nor yet by the Secretary of State for War, but by Act of Congress, on the nomination of the War Department. The number of recipients of the honor is still under two thousand. It dates from the War of the Union, having been instituted by Congress on March 3, 1863, and among its possessors are Lieutenant-General Nelson A. Miles, who won it as colonel of the Sixty-first New York Volunteers, in an engagement on May 3, 1863, by the bravery which he displayed in holding a line against a vastly superior force of Confederates, and by inspiring his men to successful resist after having himself been badly wo

General J. Franklin Bell received his Congressional Medal for having on September 8, 1899, as Colonel of the Thirty-sixth Volunteer Infantry, at Santa Rita, in the Island of Luzon, galloped far ahead of his men, and attacked, absolutely alone, an outpost party of seven insurgents, consisting of a captain, a lieutenant, and five privates. He cut down the captain and two of the men, and compelled the other four to surrender.

Belgium, though it has astonished the world by its valor in arms, has the kind of honorary medal you would most naturally expect. It is of the Order of Leopold, founded in 1808, and is conferred as a personal decoration for merit. The merit of military valor may deserve it, but it has been essentially a badge of peaceable distinction.

It goes to inventors, writers, thinkers, statesmen, and others who render notable services to the state or to society, and it is open not only to men of all ranks, but to women also.

Belgium has been too preoccupied with heroism to think of the symbols for it; but in the meantime the French have bestowed the decoration of the Legion of Honor upon the city of Liège.

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THE FALL OF LE BOURGET, BY ALPHONSE DE NEUVILLE.

When CHRISTIANS *fight, are they* CHRISTIANS ?

by GARET GARRETT

FOLLOWERS of Christianity are legion; and yet who among us is Christian?

It is written that on Thursday night, May 18, A. D. 30, the disciples who had seen Christ ascend into heaven from Mount Olivet returned to Jerusalem—

"And when they were come in, they went up into an upper room, where abode both Peter, and James, and John, and Andrew, Philip, and Thomas, Bartholomew, and Matthew, James the son of Alphæus, and Simon Zelotes, and Judas the brother of James. . . . These all continued with one accord in prayer and supplication . . . and . . .

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the number of names together were about an hundred and twenty."

Acts, Chapter I, Verses 13, 14, 15.

And so the first Christians.

They had been commanded to wait in Jerusalem for a sign that should send them forth to spread the word. It came the second Sunday afterward, the day of Pentecost, and the sign was a gift of tongues with which to teach to all the world these simple things:

Ye have heard that it hath been said, An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth: *Matt. v. 38.*

But I say unto you, That ye resist not evil: but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also. *Matt. v. 39.*

And if any man will sue thee at the law, and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloke also. *Matt. v. 40.*

And whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain. *Matt. v. 41.*

Ye have heard that it hath been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbour, and hate thine enemy. *Matt. v. 43.*

But I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you; *Matt. v. 44.*

For if ye love them which love you, what thank have ye? for sinners also love those that love them. *Luke vi. 32.*

And if ye do good to them which do good to you, what thank have ye? for sinners also do even the same. *Luke vi. 33.*

And if ye lend to them of whom ye hope to receive, what thank have ye? for sinners also lend to sinners, to receive as much again. *Luke vi. 34.*

But love ye your enemies, and do good, and lend, hoping for nothing again; and your reward shall be great, and ye shall be the children of the Highest: for he is kind unto the unthankful and to the evil. *Luke vi. 35.*

Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal: *Matt. vi. 19.*

But lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal: *Matt. vi. 20.*

For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also. *Matt. vi. 21.*

Give to every man that asketh of thee; and of him that taketh away thy goods ask them not again. *Luke vi. 30.*

Put up again thy sword into his place: for all they that take the sword shall perish with the sword. *Matt. xxvi. 52.*

Such are the rules of Christian conduct as the founder of Christianity gave them.

Now imagine with what ecstasy the apostles on the day of Pentecost would have received, besides the gift of tongues, the revelation that the number calling themselves Christ's followers, from about a hundred and twenty in an upper room, would grow to be five hundred million at the beginning of the twentieth century, or more than one-third of all human beings, and that at this time no civilized tongue of man would be strange to His precepts!

With what passionate certitude Peter, perhaps, could have pictured the state of the world, when one-third of it should have learned to love its enemies and to practise non-resistance, humanity, simplicity, self-discipline, and toleration! He might have known that the benefits would be unevenly distributed over the face of the earth, owing to the strange perversity of man, but had it been given him to imagine countries and continents and races calling themselves "all Christian," he would have been sure of what to expect in them—and he would have expected of all things *peace*.

And if one had said to him, "Nay, Peter, nineteen hundred years hence your Christian will be more warlike than the pagan, and in Europe, about 1914, though above ninety-five per cent. of the people profess Christianity, two Christian countries will be at war with three others for advantage, and both sides will be calling upon non-Christians to help kill Christians—" what would Peter have thought as to the quality of twentieth-century Christianity?

THE STATISTICAL CHRISTIAN

The state of Christianity in the world to be treated statistically at all must be treated broadly. There would be a very important difference between the number of followers, which alone is statistically reported, and the number of actual communicants, which is a variable ratio. The people

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of a given country may be classed as all or nearly all Christian, though the number of church communicants is very much less, the assumption being that the non-communicants are yet Christian, by inheritance, emotion, thought, and tradition.

And it is so, as we may learn by examining ourselves. Many of us make no confession of faith, attend no church, and have theories and convictions which a churchman would pronounce heretical; but a little reflection will prove how widely and deeply our every-day thoughts and reactions are governed by Christian precept and counsel. Therefore we are Christian. We were born and we live in a Christian country, think in Christian terms, and have only a very dim conception of the non-Christian state of mind.

Thus, both statistically and psychologically, the people of the world fall into two great groups, Christian and non-Christian, and in 1900, according to Gustav Sunbörg, whose figures are standard, there were in the world 494,250,000 Christians and 1,080,000,000 non-Christians, as follows:

	Christian
Catholic	240,000,000
Protestant	150,000,000
Greek	100,000,000
Abyssinian	3,000,000
Armenian	1,000,000
Others	250,000
	494,250,000

	Non-Christian
Confucians and Ancestor Worshipers.	340,000,000
Hindoos	220,000,000
Mohammedans	200,000,000
Buddhists	200,000,000
Polytheists	110,000,000
Jews	10,000,000
	1,080,000,000

The distribution of Christian population in 1900 was as follows:

	Total Population	Christians	Per cent.
Europe*	400,600,000	382,500,000	95.4
Asia	904,000,000	30,000,000	3.3
Africa	144,700,000	8,600,000	5.9
North and South America	147,700,000	144,600,000	97.9
Australasia	6,500,000	5,700,000	87.6

*Jews, 9,000,000 Mohammedans, 8,200,000 Others, 900,000

And the state of Christianity in the countries of Europe principally concerned in the present war was, in 1900, as follows:

	Total Population	Christians	Per cent.
United Kingdom	42,200,000	42,000,000	99.5
France	39,000,000	38,800,000	99.4
Germany	56,400,000	55,700,000	98.7
Belgium	6,724,000	6,720,000	99.9
Austria-Hungary	47,100,000	44,300,000	94.0
Italy	32,500,000	32,500,000	100.0
Russia	109,700,000	100,200,000	91.3
Rumania	6,200,000	5,900,000	95.1
Other Balkans	9,000,000	8,300,000	92.2

The actual figures, of course, have increased since 1900, but the percentages of Christian to total population have probably changed very little if any. In Germany religious statistics are better kept than in other countries, and have been brought nearer to date. Those for the year 1905 showed no decline in the ratio of Christian to total population since 1900.

So, of the countries now actually at war, Great Britain is 99.5 per cent. Christian; France, 99.4 per cent.; Germany, 98.7 per cent.; Belgium, 99.9 per cent.; Austria-Hungary, 94 per cent.; and Russia, 91.3 per cent. Taking all six of them together, they are 97.1 per cent. Christian. That Russia and Austria-Hungary show a lower percentage than the others, is owing to the fact of their having an admixture of Asiatic population.

It is frequently nowadays alleged that a great deal of the hate, unrest, and turmoil in the world are owing to the decline in religious faith that has taken place in recent times, and there are doubtless many who would hold that the failure of Christianity to keep peace in Europe is presumptive evidence of there being less Christianity there. Nothing in religious statistics shows that a decline in Christianity has taken place.

On the contrary, the statistics tend to show that the profession of Christianity has increased in direct ratio to the growth of population. That there has been a weakening of the authority of doctrine is hardly to be denied. Every one knows more or less that this has happened. And yet, if it were true in the highest degree alleged, and even if it could be proved statistically (which in the nature of the case would be impossible), still the failure of Christianity to keep peace in Europe, or to diminish either the intensity or frequency of war in the world, could not be ascribed to that cause.

The truth is that Christianity has never kept peace, in Europe or elsewhere, against man's instinct to fight for temporal advantage. The record reproaches him.

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Since the overthrow of the Turks by the Holy League at the famous battle of Lepanto, in 1571, which freed Christendom from the terror and menace of the Mohammedan invasion of Europe, the important wars in the world have been eighty-five in number, and when we cast up the record into contrasting columns we find that Christian has been at war with Christian forty-two times, Christian at war with non-Christian twenty-eight times, and non-Christian at war with non-Christian only fifteen times.

And that is why one might have said to St. Peter that after nearly two thousand years of Christianity, the Christian would be more warlike than pagan.

As you go backward through history it swings the other way, the pagan and non-Christian fighting more and the Christian less. But, of course, if you keep going back you come to the beginning of Christianity itself, which was to bring peace on earth, and nothing is proved save that it has failed to do so.

IN SPITE OF CHRISTIANITY

With the rise of Western civilization, which is fundamentally Christian, war has continued, never on account of Christianity, the terrible religious wars in contradiction notwithstanding, but in spite of it. That during the last few hundred years non-Christians have been at war with each other less than Christian with Christian is no basis for comparing Christianity unfavorably with pagan or other forms of non-Christian faith, but merely evidence that Western civilization has been more active than the older forms, and that people professing Christianity without being able to practise it have lately dominated the world.

What a commentary upon errant man, who can think with the angels and behave like a beast, that during nearly two thousand years there is no instance of his having collectively practised pure Christianity, though believing it to be the most beautiful thing he has ever possessed—his one priceless treasure!

Now shall he have the courage to ask himself if Christianity is compatible with the way of his own existence?

The most destructive philosopher who ever lived wrote:

"How very curious it is to see a Nihilistic religion such as Christianity, sprung from and in keeping with a decrepit and worn-out people, who have outlived all strong instincts, being transferred step by step to another environment—that is to say, to a land of young people who have not yet lived at all. The joy of the final chapter, of the fold, and of the evening preached to barbarians and Germans! How thoroughly all of it must first have been barbarized, Germanized! To those who had dreamed of a Walhalla: who found happiness only in war! A supernational religion preached in the midst of chaos where no nations yet existed even."

He indicted the Christian:

"The Christian has never led the life which Jesus commanded him to live."

Can he say that he has?

"That which is wrong with Christianity," said this destructive philosopher, "is that it does none of the things that Christ commanded. He who says to-day, 'I refuse to be a soldier,' 'I care not for tribunals,' 'I lay no claim to the services of the police,' 'I will not do anything that disturbs the peace within me, and if I must suffer on that account nothing can so well maintain my inward peace as suffering'—such a man would be a Christian."

So Friedrich Nietzsche — Germany's Nietzsche—ruthlessly defined a Christian.

Are there very many?

Are there any?

Among the ninety and nine of us who wish and want, who dwell in houses, who strive in business, who compete for success, who let and hinder, who save and spend, who live this strenuous life at all—is there one?

I simply ask: Is man's business consistent with God's business, according to Christ?

MAN'S BUSINESS *vs.* GOD'S

When in the writing of this article I had reached the fulness of that interrogation, it became suddenly as personal to me as I had wished to make it to the reader. I felt bound to dispose of it on my own account. I felt that I must go with it to some dark and silent recess, there to answer or to strangle it. However, the direct and logical way one leaves always to the last, dreading to find the truth and hoping secretly to lose the direction; and so I went instead to the teachers of Christianity. That was quite the obvious thing to do. In choosing to

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whom I should go, I favored such as had achieved eminence in theological thought over those who would be better known as dignitaries of the Church. And nobody was to be quoted by name, for the sake of unrestraint.

The simplicity of my question surprised some, annoyed some, bored some, and touched few. I became so involved at the outset in the discussion of premises, principles, and definitions that I had to come back to where I started and begin all over again with the resolve not to debate the general question: "What is Christianity?" In doing so I had lost my way. But on setting forth the second time I had three questions instead of one—that is, the one I started with, and these two more:

Do the churches teach Christianity?

Have people professing Christianity ever believed it implicitly?

In the first place I went to a highly intellectual member of the Roman Catholic laity and showed him this article raw. Of my principal interrogation, "Is man's business consistent with God's business, according to Christ?" I had written: "It is a question to rack the souls of five hundred million Christians. It must be answered. It is inconceivable that Christian progeny forever or for long will go on pretending to believe the substance though practising but the shadow."

He took instant exception to those statements. Why "inconceivable" that people should go on doing what they had been doing for near two thousand years? Why suppose that they were all at once become logical enough to feel the necessity of making any answer at all?

DOES THE WORLD MOVE UP?

I had got the riddle straight. Man's moral yearning, unquenchable, indestructible, surviving not only the experience that conduct falls always short of precept, but even the doubt whether conduct gains at all toward the ideal—that was the awful thing.

"If man has fallen from a high estate, and now, in expiation of his original sin, is struggling back, all the rest is clear," he said. "Take away the doctrine of original sin, and all is dark and confused to me. But if man has risen from a low estate, as science thinks, then leave the explanation of his moral contradictions to science, which pretends to explain everything and has never explained that."

He thought I should rather arraign science for its failure to account for the paradoxicality of ethical man, than Christianity for its failure to make him perfect; and for the rest, he recommended me to a Jesuit scholar who made no difficulty of the principles of true Christian faith.

The great advantage of Roman Catholic thought is that at every point it is consistent with itself. The teachings of Christ, the able Jesuit said, taken literally from the Gospels, were inconsistent and misleading. They had been confused by many translations and had rested on tradition and recollection in the first place. Christianity was what the Church taught; and the teachings of the Church were consistent.

NON-RESISTANCE—A COUNSEL OF PERFECTION

They did not contain, for instance, the precept of non-resistance. Therefore, war in a righteous cause was not inconsistent with Christianity, and as far as the war now raging among Christian countries in Europe was concerned, that might not have to be considered as the greatest evil; it might be a war not of death but of regeneration. And he particularly sought to impress upon me that I had been confusing precept and counsel. Non-resistance was not a precept even as Christ was quoted, but a counsel of perfection.

True, I had not distinguished clearly between precept and counsel. There is nothing in the Gospel text that enables one to do so. I had been taking it all literally, and I had collided with a Jesuit mind on irrational premises. But afterward I remembered that a precious few had somehow succeeded in following Christ's teachings literally, greatly to the embarrassment of the church, which knew not what to do with them while they lived and made saints of them when they died. And I had the name of one convenient when I went with my principal interrogation to a priest who thinks and writes beautifully and optimistically about the spread of Christianity in the world. He would think with the Jesuit, too, as to precept and counsel, the fallacy of being literal, and the impracticability of non-resistance.

He received my question wearily but not

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impatiently. The asking of it, he thought, implied certain fundamental misunderstandings. The simplest answer was that people were practising practical Christianity everywhere. But if I expected perfection I expected more than Christ did. I had got myself all confused between precept and counsel. And when he had reached that point I knew what I was going to say.

HOW ABOUT ST. FRANCIS?

"I take the part of a heathen," I said. "On all this matter of here, hereafter, and eternal salvation my mind is a perfect blank. And now you convert me—first of all to a belief in reward and punishment, heaven and hell. It is new to me, but terribly plausible, and I ask at once what I can do to make sure of my hereafter. You say, 'Here is Christianity to save you,' and you begin to expound it. As you go along I perceive a difference between the things you insist upon and the things you recommend, or between counsel and precept, and I ask you to be a little more definite. And you tell me that counsels are higher than precepts, that is, harder to practise; but the precepts alone will suffice. If I attend to those I will be saved. The precepts stand for good Christian practise; the counsels for Christian ideals, and you tell me that man never attains the ideal. But I am very enthusiastic. I say to you that in view of the eternal importance of being saved, I wish to make absolutely sure of the quality of my Christianity. I wish, if it is possible, to practise both the precepts and the counsel. Did Christian ever do it? You take thought and say, 'Yes, St. Francis did.' And when I ask you how he did it, aren't you bound to say it was after all very simple. St. Francis took the teachings of Christ in their most literal meaning and lived accordingly. Isn't that what St. Francis did?"

"Yes," my priest said.

"But if Christians collectively undertook to practise Christianity in that way to-day what would become of the world's business?"

He smiled. It was not a rational question.

I went next to a teacher of good orthodox doctrine in one of the large Protestant seminaries, who said: "All such questions are of that impatience with which man is continually demanding cut-and-dried solutions of all his problems. Christianity was not to solve everything. It was to put us in the proper attitude of mind toward our problems. Is Christianity compatible with war? In the simple sense, it is not. And yet the Christian individual as a member of society may find himself in the dilemma of having to decide between anarchy and obedience to the command of the state to fight. In that case, to fight is preferable, for war is vastly less undesirable than anarchy."

My interrogation was like a pebble in the theological shoe. It hurt when it was stepped on squarely with the full weight, but when that had happened once in each case, and at the very beginning most probably, it was fascinating to see how far and fair a conversation could go, with no limping at all and no sign of annoyance.

I learned, at random, many things, *e. g.*, that a nation and an individual are two very different things; that rigid national boundaries are conducive to war; that when a man finds himself in a dilemma requiring the wisdom of Solomon and hesitates or reaches a compromise, his neighbors taunt him with his failure in Christianity; that the problem in the world is to convert nominal Christians to Christianity; and that Christianity is not a body of precepts, but salvation.

"WAR AND CHRISTIANITY ARE IRRECONCILABLE"

I found myself discussing the Jerome text, metaphysics, biology, epistemology; but as to whether man's business was consistent with God's business according to Christ, I knew no more than when I started. That was when I came back, to start over again. If it had not been for St. Francis, a great tower of pure Christianity, nowhere to be denied, I doubt if I should have had the courage to start again. I resolved to stick to St. Francis and to Christ's teachings literally, and I went straight to a Protestant Episcopal bishop and asked with all my might:

"What would happen to a Christian church that preached pure Christianity and insisted on it?"

He was a big, splendid man, in mind and body, with few delusions about things around and hardly any about Christianity. He looked at me hard and said:

"If you press me there, I don't know what to say. It is a very hard question. I don't know what would happen. Revolution?

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Christian Socialism? What? I don't know. And yet I like to think that we will return to the Church of Apostolic times. That is what you mean."

"It is hard to imagine?"

"Yes, because the Christian has built his conduct upon only a part of Christ's teachings. He loves his neighbor until the neighbor offends him. He believes the Sermon on the Mount only so far as it doesn't interfere with his business. His greed comes in and his Christianity goes out. War and Christianity are irreconcilable. We need not fool ourselves about it. If I have not the right to kill you who have offended me, then nations have not the right to multiply Cain's crime by the thousandfold. We have got to face the failure of our theories. This war is a terrible blow to Christianity. And yet I have survived the pessimism into which it plunged me at the beginning, and believe now that it will teach us to attend more to God's business in the future."

In general, however, I found that the teachers of Christianity were not greatly stimulated by the suggestion that they were not teaching it, or by supposing what would happen to them if they tried. They were unoffended; it simply did not always interest them. One said it was a very old thing to bring up. Lamb, he believed, was the first to be so impertinent. He asserted that the one thing the Church of England did not dare to teach was Christianity.

"CHRIST DID NOT MENTION NATIONS"

At last I came to one, a Presbyterian, pastor of one of the richest churches in greater New York, who had time, sympathy, and conviction, and knew how not to waste them.

"Let it be supposed," I said, "that I am trying to put you in a hole. I proceed as follows: It is the business of the Church to teach Christianity as Christ taught it? Yes. It is the business of the Church, besides, to show people wherein they have failed to practise Christianity according to Christ? Yes. Then, why has the Church failed to lift up its voice against Belgium, for having failed to practise Christianity?"

The question and the idea were preposterous to him, as I knew by his physical reflexes, and when he spoke it was to ask wherein the Christianity of Belgium had failed.

"It has violated the precept of non-resistance as Christ gave it," I said.

"It is not so," he said. "Even if you take Christ's sayings separately and construe each one of them literally—as, of course, you can not consistently do—even then you have no precept from Christ that would oblige a nation to practise non-resistance. Christ's precepts were confined to individual conduct. He did not mention nations."

"So that in the practise of Christianity there shall be one set of precepts for the Christian nation and another set for the Christian individual?"

"I don't know what you mean by that," he said. "Christianity first of all must be a rational thing. It is rational or nothing. It does not deprive you of the moral right to defend yourself from attack. There is no such doctrine of non-resistance as you premise, not even for the individual. You have to take Christ's teachings altogether and find the rational purpose central to the whole of them. 'Whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also.' Your idea of non-resistance rests upon that one saying, and it is not to be taken literally by itself."

"Saints have done it. St. Francis did."

"Yes, St. Francis. Perhaps he did. But Christianity is not for saints alone. 'And if any man take away thy coat, let him have thy cloke also.' Can you hold that that is to be taken at its literal meaning, apart from anything else? A thief takes something from my hall, and I beg him to wait until I can get something more for him out of my bedroom. Is that rational?"

"Of course not; and yet one capable of doing that has been glorified even in vulgar literature."

"What?"

"The bishop who gave his silver candlesticks to the robber Jean Valjean. It was irrational, no doubt, but it had a wonderful effect upon the robber's psychology."

"Man may be ideal in fiction," he said.

"But if you succeed in so construing Christ's teachings as to make them compatible with man's business, what will you do with Christ's example?"

"His example? You mean—trying to live as he lived without a home or means of support?"

"Yes; with no property to defend."

"That wouldn't be rational to-day—now, would it?"

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"It would not be to-day, of course; but was it thought rational nineteen hundred years ago?"

"God gave man his reason. He must employ it. He must be rational. For an individual in our modern society to live as Christ lived would be, if not quite impossible, at least extremely irrational. The proposition itself, even for purposes of argument, is irrational."

"But if Christians really believed what Christianity teaches—eternal reward or eternal punishment, heaven or hell—what more rational thing could they do than to abandon every material interest and live as Christ lived? And that is what I mean to come to at last: Do Christians believe in Christianity?"

"Well, as to heaven and hell," he said, "one may have opinions. I have my own."

And I came away saying to myself that the hardest of my questions was that: Do Christians believe in Christianity? The next day I had a letter from my Presbyterian adversary, in which he said a beautiful thing—

"Christianity is a flying goal."

The difficulty here is that a flying goal by its very nature is uncertain and can not be defined at all, whereas Christianity in the beginning was the only absolute certainty upon earth, defined in the simplest possible words.

Now attend! Look not askance at your neighbor. See within.

If *YOU* yourself implicitly believed the pure Christianity of Christ, in all its immediate beauty and eternal consequences, what would you do about it?

We will give five hundred dollars, one hundred dollars each, for the five letters from our reader-editors which tell us, in five hundred words or less, in the way most concrete, timely and helpful for the men and women of to-day, "What is a Christian?" Not what is the ideal Christian—that would be too simple; but what is the actual Christian? How nearly must a man's life approach the ideal Christian before he may be a Christian at all? How many miles behind the Master may he trudge and stumble and yet earn his title to be called a follower of Jesus Christ—a Christian?

If we decide to print any more letters than the five which win prizes, we will pay ten dollars for them. The editors of EVERYBODY'S will be the judges and the contest is open to any one who reads these lines. The letters will be judged for their value as practical definitions of Christianity and not for literary merit.

They should reach us on or before this Christmas Day. Please keep a copy of your letter, to save us the expense of returning it.

You may be interested in reading *With EVERYBODY'S Publishers* this month, on page 863.

THE EDITORS.

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"THEN OLD SANTY TAKES THE HARNESS DOWN OFF THE PEG AND STARTS TO HITCH UP THE REINDEER."

Old Santy

by Eugene Wood

AUTHOR OF "FOLKS BACK HOME," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CLARA ELSENE PECK

FOR an adult to say to a little, innocent, trusting child: "Aw, there ain't no Santa Claus! It's just your father and your mother," is something so brutal, so revolting to the moral sense that I often find myself earnestly trying to imagine it taking place.

It isn't morbid of me. Really. It's no more morbid than for a mother to say: "What if Georgie should find the razor, and try to whittle with it, and cut his hand off at the wrist, and bleed to death?" You wouldn't call that morbid. You'd understand at once why she was doing it. Fate is so contrary a creature that she can not endure to have any one say: "There! I knew that would be the way of it." Fate can not stand it that we should have even that much satisfaction. So when she hears a mother say, with sucked-in lower lip: "What if Georgie should"—whatever the horrible calamity is—why, Fate immediately crosses that calamity off the list of possibilities, and tries to find something else equally dreadful, which is not at all difficult when there's a boy about the house.

So all the mother has to do, d'ye see? is to think up *all* the horrible calamities that might occur, scaring herself blue with agonizing details, and then Fate, just to be mu-

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lish, won't let the things occur. But omit nothing in the harrowing category; it is the unforeseen that happens.

It is for this reason that I try so hard to imagine a grown person saying to a child: "There ain't any Santa Claus." I'm doing all I can to avert such a misfortune.

Why! This wouldn't be any kind of a country at all, and the heroes of our history, from George Washington down, would have fought, bled, and run for office all in vain if, every evening, from now on until the 25th prox., the father did not take little Georgie on his knee and begin the wondrous tale:

"And just as soon as it begins to get dark on Christmas Eve, old Santy takes the harness down off the peg and starts to hitch up the reindeer——"

"Why don't he have snow-deer?"

"No, honey, that isn't what it means. You see, there's three kinds of rain. There's the rain where you have to take an umbrella, and there's reign, like, now, supposing there was a king——"

"There's a boy named Harry King that goes to my kindlegarten. Harry Adolphus King, and——"

"Yes, dear, and then there's rein like what you drive horses with. You remember the deer we saw when we went to the park? Well, *they*'re wild deer——"

"Do they bite?"

"No, they don't bite. They've got big horns, big, sprangly horns, and they hook with them. Old Santy's deer he can drive with reins; that's why they are called reindeer."

"Does his deer hook?"

"Well, I s'pect they might hook somebody they didn't know, but not old Santy. He just goes right up to 'em and slaps 'em on the flank, and says: 'Hyste over there, you! Hyste over!' And they mind him. They don't *think* of hooking him."

"Would they hook good little boys?"

A pregnant question! Granted that unwelcome rain falls both upon the just and the unjust, isn't it more satisfactory for our purposes that it should barely sprinkle a weenty-teenty mite upon the righteous while the wicked come home sockin' wet? I think so.

"No, indeed, they wouldn't hook good little boys. They like good little boys who brush their teeth every morning without being told, and run errands for their mama to the grocery, and go get their papa's slippers when he——"

"What else does Santy Claus do?"

"He opens the stable-door on Christmas Eve when it begins to get dark and hooks the door back so's it won't slam, and he takes down the harness from the peg, and says: 'Here, Blixen! Come get into your place, because to-night we're going to——' "

"Is that their names—'Blixen'? Oh, I know. 'Cause they can go like the very blixens."

"That's one of their names. Blixen is the nigh leader——"

"What's a 'leader'?"

"Why, Georgie, I told you all that last night."

"Tell me again."

"The two reindeer that run in front are the leaders. Blixen is the nigh leader and——"

"What's 'nigh'?"

"Why, you see, Georgie, old Santy sits on the left-hand side of the sleigh-seat——"

"What does he sit there for?"

"Because, when you're driving a team, the left-hand side is the right side——"

"How is it the right side?"

Here is where mama, busy with her list, who's to get just a Christmas card and who's really to get something, and about how much she ought to spend on each, considering what each did last year—here is where mama should interpose with: "Georgie, dear, if you want papa to tell you about Santa Claus, you must keep still and let him tell you. And listen! Santa Claus doesn't like for little boys to ask too many questions. When they ask *too* many, he doesn't leave them any nice toys or anything; he puts an old potato or a lump of coal into their stocking."

"What does he do that for?"

"*Ah*-ah! That's just it. What for? They want what-for, and they get what-for."

(So Santa Claus is in the conspiracy too, is he? I declare I don't see how the human race has managed to get along as far as it has. It isn't only when we are children; it's till we die. It isn't only people who get

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tired of hearing it, papa and mama and Aunt Susie; it's all the powers, natural and supernatural — All of them! perpetually scolding: "Don't ask so many questions!" Why, dad-blame it all, here we are, thrown neck and crop into the midst of the worst mixed-up mess of mysteries you almost ever saw, and our only salvation, apparently, being to find out "Why?" and "What for?" and "What makes it do that way?" and yet they're always jawing, "Don't ask so many questions!" It's the strangest thing! What are we here for, anyways, if not to pry into things and twist her secrets out of old Dame Nature's stingy, tight-shut fist?)

"Well," says papa, taking up his burden, "Donder and Blixen are the two leaders, and the wheel reindeer are . . . Let me see . . ." And papa gives a fine imitation of a total loss of memory.

"Dancer!" shouts Georgie eagerly.

"Why, to be sure. Dancer! And what's his partner's name again, now?"

"Prancer!"

"Prancer. Dancer and Prancer. And how many's that? Count 'em on your fingers. Donder . . . and Blixen . . . and Dancer . . . and Prancer. . . . How many's that?"

"All but my thumb," replies the first class in elementary arithmetic.

"Yes, I know, but how many? Count 'em. Donder—that's one, and Blixen—that's two, and Dancer's three, and Prancer is—how many?"

"Oh, papa! You been tellin' stories! Hee-ee! You been tellin' stories! There's a white spot on your finger-nail where you told a story!"

"Four reindeer, all going to be hitched up to the sleigh to carry Christmas presents to all the little boys and girls! So when Santy calls to them to come and be hitched up, they come a-runnin'! And he takes the harness and throws it on their backs, ker-*jing!*"

"What makes it go 'ker-*jing*'?"

"Because it's all over little silver bells. And all the time he's hitching them up, they're so impatient and in such a hurry to get away that they stamp their feet, and fuss and fidget, and every time they move the bells go jingle-jongle, jingle-jongle!

"And the boys are helping him—old Santy's boys. There's young Santa, he's 'most as big as his Pop now, and there's Adolf, and Fritzie, and Hanslein, and——"

"Ain't he got any little boy named Georgie?"

"Well, sir, if he hasn't, I s'pec' he wishes he had. The boys are running back and forth with their arms full of Christmas presents all wrapped up in paper and the names written on them, who they're to go to and all, and——"

"Is the little boys' mama there?"

"Who? Old Sis Claus? You betchy. She's always on hand Christmas Eve. She's helping, too—carrying things out to the sleigh—dolls—oh, the cutest dolls you ever saw! My! My! The sweetest golden hair, all curly, and eyes that shut when they go by-by, and doll-wagons to ride them in, and doll-dishes, and doll-houses, and— What's the matter, mister? What are *you* looking so glum about?"

"Ain't they anything for little boys?"

"Why, didn't I just tell you? Dolls and doll-wagons and doll——"

"Boys don't play with dolls!"

"Oh, don't they? I thought they did."

"Nnnnnnnnah!"

"Well, then, my lord, if it was you helping carry out the Christmas presents what would you choose?"

(Here is where papa gets a line on Master Georgie's preferences.)

"Revolvers!" cries Master Georgie, thoroughly interested. "Big, beeg shootin' revolvers! Bang-bang! Old burglar come, bang, bang, bang—ba-ang! Kill him *dead!* And his blood run out on the floor and—on the wall, and—on the chairs, and—on the, now, table and—on the . . ." His eyes dilate as he tries to think of more objects for the burglar's blood to slop its crimson tide upon.

"For Lord's sakes!" gasps his father, half-whispering to himself in awe. Is this sweet, innocent, little Georgie? Or is that angel-face only a mask out of whose eye-holes glare the dead-and-gone? A long, long line of them there is, all who dropped the dull, prosaic tasks of peace to follow gladly the thumping drum and whistling fife; a long, long line of them through the backward centuries, Indian-fighters, peasants who thrilled at the chance to become food for cannon, away back to conquering Normans, ravening Danes, blood-drinking Celts, and Britons blue with woad, screeching at Cæsar's legionaries; farther back and farther back—as far back as ever they could be called men at all, who grunted with fierce joy when

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"THEY FLY AROUND, AND FINALLY THEY
GET EVERYTHING IN, AND OLD SANTY
CLAUS KISSES THEM ALL GOOD-BY, AND MRS. SANTY ASKS WHEN
HE'LL BE HOME, AND HE SAYS ALONG TOWARD MORNING SOMETIME."

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they could give the killing stroke, and wildly exulted to see the victim topple over and lie sprawling and loose-jointed! A-ah! That's being a man! When you kill somebody.

"Well," says papa, "I hardly think there will be any revolvers in old Santy's sleigh, but I'm pretty sure there are boxes of soldiers and building-blocks for forts and spring-cannons to bombard them with. And there will be Noah's Arks and picture-books and jumping-jacks, and—oh, all kinds of toys for little boys."

"The old burglar'd cry, wouldn't he, when he got shot, and the blood'd come out and——"

"And old Santy," says papa, raising his voice so as to override Georgie, "old Santy looks at his watch and says: 'My goodness me! Is it as late as that?' And he says to Mrs. Claus, 'You'll have to get a move on, old lady——' "

" 'You'll have to shake a leg, old lady,' " corrects Georgie, who is letter-perfect in the dialogue and can prompt his father when he "goes up" in his lines.

" 'You'll have to shake a leg, old lady,' " papa accepts the phrase eagerly—anything to get away from the bleeding burglar—" 'you'll have to shake a leg, because I've got lots of places to go to to-night, and I must make an early start. Jump, you young rascals!' And you better believe they jump. Oh, they just fly around, and finally they get everything in, and old Sis Claus, she brings him his overcoat, and his fur cap, and his mittens, and he kisses them all good-by——"

"And the dog, too?"

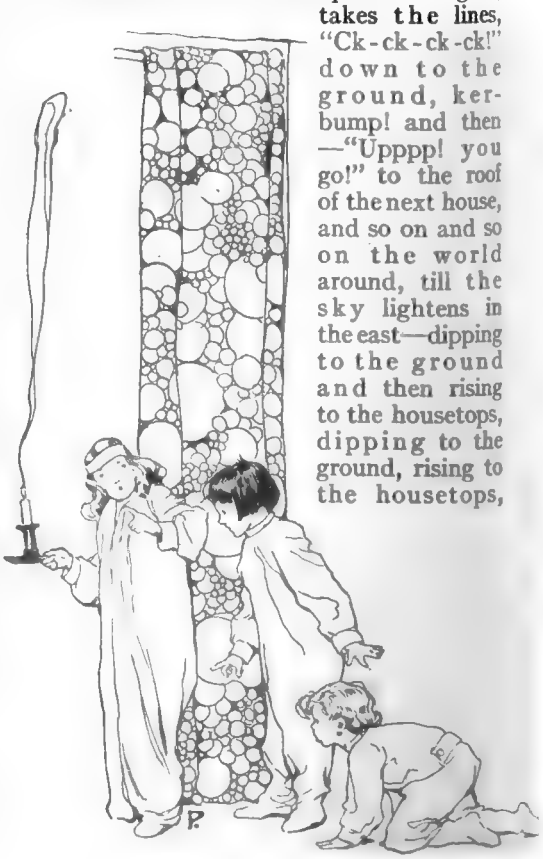
"Yes, he says good-by to the dog, too. Pats him on the head and tells him, 'Not this time, Rover. You can't go with me now.' And Mrs. Claus asks him when he'll be home, and he says along toward morning sometime and for her to look for him when she sees him. And he climbs into the sleigh and kisses his mouth at the reindeer, 'Pwsp! Pwsp! Ck-ck-ck-ck! Gitty ep, there, Donder! Go on, Blixen!' And *away* they go, like they were shot out of a gun, jing-jing, jing-jing, jingle-ingle, jing-jing."

Papa hesitates and little Georgie has to ask: "Nen what does Santy Claus do?"

Ah, but it is hard to take it up from there! And it gets harder every year.

Every year the world gets bigger. I don't suppose there are so many more children than there used to be, but we are more aware of them. There are such multitudes for whom engines must puff and tug to drag the long trains up the grades, and ships splash through the seas, all laden chock-a-block with toys. And they must start away in hot weather to get there in time. And to have one little sleigh set out after dark that evening— It is too much. The imagination gives a groan and its knees double up under it. Georgie must prod at it and prod at it before it can stagger to its feet and totter on with the narration:

The sleighbells jingle and the reindeers' hoofs patter, and the fat and jolly saint clucks at them as they leap— Uppp! you go—from the ground to the roof of the summer-kitchen, thence to the kitchen roof—Hi, there! Upppp! you go!—till at last they stand pawing the shingles of the comb of the house while old Santy drops down the chimney to deliver the presents he carries for the little folks who live there; they stand there pawing and snorting steam out of their nostrils till he crawls up and out again, takes the lines, "Ck-ck-ck-ck!" down to the ground, ker-bump! and then—"Upppp! you go!" to the roof of the next house, and so on and so on the world around, till the sky lightens in the east—dipping to the ground and then rising to the housetops, dipping to the ground, rising to the housetops,



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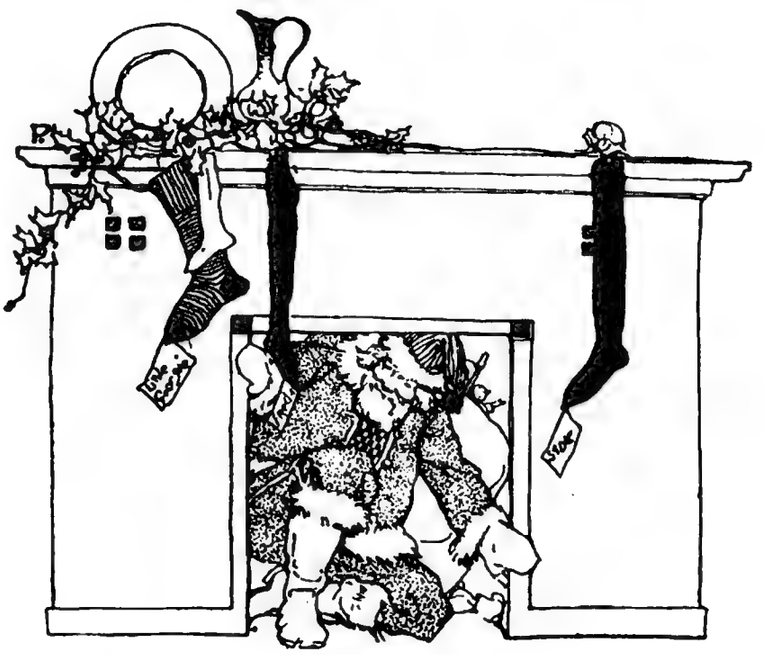
like a little sailboat in a heavy sea, all night long, and home again at the North Pole by sun-up——

It gets harder and harder every year. The North Pole end of it isn't so bad; it's the local end of the story that taxes papa's strength.

When my grampa was a little boy the size of Georgie here, Santa Claus—if there had been any in his day—could have come down the chimney like a mice. All he'd have had to look out for would have been that when he set his foot on the swinging crane it didn't let him down into the fire. When that chimney was built my grampa's pa didn't say to my grampa's ma, evenings after supper: "Well, Anna, which'll it be? Shall we go to the theatre or have a wood fire? Costs about the same either way." When that chimney was built, there were all those black walnut logs from the upper "dead'nin' " to be got rid of some way.



No difficulty at all then for old Santy to get down the chimney; hardly any when they began to burn soft coal in grates. But when you go to putting in baseburners, how is Santa going to crawl out into the room without getting teetotally burned up alive? And when you go to building steam-heated apartment houses ten and twelve stories high with not so much as a summer-piece over a sham fireplace, how is papa to be convincing when he sings:

Ho! Ho! Ho! Who wouldn't go?
Ho! Ho! Ho! Who wouldn't go?
Up on the house-top, click, click, click!
Down through the chimney with good Saint Nick?

The path of duty seems to be arduous. It always is. But then we've got to tread it, arduous or not. And you'd better tell the tale while yet you may. Maybe this'll be your only chance. Maybe by this time next year the sixteenth century, so to speak, will have dawned for Georgie, and he who listened with wide-expanded eyes and drying mouth to the enchanting narrative of the old saint urging his fleet reindeer as they go scooting straight up the side of a house—maybe he will look at you next year with a smile pinched tight between his lips, and out from under one cornering eyebrow, as who should say: "Go wan! You can't stuff me with that any longer!"

They slip away from us so imperceptibly. A little while ago and they were all ours; a little while to come and they will be all their own. The mind seeks a definite moment when the change occurs—and seeks in vain, unless that be the moment when for their own account they boldly say: "Ah, it's just your father and your mother!"

Don't hurry it. Let him find out for himself who brings the presents Christmas Eve. Let him find out for himself that the best test of truth we have is not who tells it to us but its probability. Disillusionize him, if you will, as to other myths; let him have the dismal truth from you that no amount of faithful eating of the crust will ever put the faintest wave into his paintbrush hair; explain to him, if you must, that it is the moon that makes the tides and not the steamers shoving the water before them in and out the bay; but spare the myth of Santa Claus. It's too sacred, somehow.

And yet, why should it be? It isn't ancient. Old Santy isn't so very old. Neither is he universal. Little Mike Bacigaluppo, who lives over back by the hollow, doesn't get his Christmas presents Christmas Day, and it is not Santa Claus who brings them. The morning of All Souls' Day is when little Mike turns the house upside down, searching for the gifts hidden in the most unlikely places by Uncle Joe or Cousin Tony or Aunt Assunta—whoever of near kin to little Mike is dead within his knowledge. For it is the spooks who bring his presents on the Eve of All Souls when spooks do walk most specially. And you'd better believe that little Mike doesn't peek

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that night the way some children do on Christmas Eve.

In some places, too, it is still Knecht Ruprecht who comes, and the pictures of him show the birch-rod he carries to pallywhack naughty boys and girls. And if they're very, very naughty, and give back-talk to their dear parents, and make up wicked snoots at old people, he has a bag upon his back to put them in and carry them off. Yes, sir! In the pictures you can see them with their heads sticking out, hollering, "Murder! Watch!"

Santa Claus has always been in my time, and maybe around New York he's always been ever since the Dutch landed; but out where I come from, when my two grampas were little boys, he hadn't been heard of even.

The people of one of my grampas came into the state by the Western Reserve, in a Conestoga wagon. They said "wash-basin" when they meant "wash-pan." So you may understand how it was that this grampa's pa should have been out hauling fodder when a man going by hailed him with: "Why, Uncle Billy, whutch workin' to-day for? Don't you know what day 'tis?"

"Why, no. 'Tain't Sunday, is it?"

"No, 'tain't Sunday, but it might 'bout's well be. It's Christmas."

"Is that so!" exclaimed my grampa's pa. "Let's see. Comes on the twenty-fifth, does it? Monday was the twenty-first, Tuesday was the twenty-second— Yes, sir, it is." So he unhitched the team and put 'em in the barn, and went to the house and dressed up in his Sunday-go-to-meetin's, and read a chapter in the Bible, and had a word of prayer. And that was the kind of Christmas this particular grampa of mine had when he was little. Not a syllable of Santa Claus.

My other grampa's people came into the state by the way of Cumberland Gap and then across the river. They said "bucket" when they meant "pail." So you can understand that they weren't such Puritans as to hate Christmas or to forget it. A whopping big turkey spun on a string before the fire and smelled the house all up whilst it was roasting; there were mince-pies and all kinds of eating till a body like to bu'st, and I won't be sure, but I think there was something ladled out of a barrel in the corner of the room into a big yellow crock and beaten up with eggs and cream and brown sugar and nutmeg.

And this grampa's pa took four chairs and set them in the middle of the big kitchen like a hollow square with the seats inward, and draped bed-clothes around them and got in himself and squatted down, and told little Dilly— That was what they called my grampa when he was little like Georgie —told Dilly to watch and see what happened. And pretty soon up popped the funniest little man with a hook-nose and a hump-back that talked in such a squalling voice that little Dilly flopped on the floor, like a fish on the bank. Yes, it was *Mr. Punch*. Oh, there was a whole long story of it, but after *Mr. Punch* had led a gay life, the-yah, now . . . the-yah . . . well, I s'pose I might as well out with it—the Divvle came after him. *Mr. Punch* didn't want to go. Make 'ny difference; he *had* to go. *Mr. Punch* started to run and the Divvle after him. . . .

Well, anyways, that was the kind of a Christmas this grampa had when he was a little boy. No Santa Claus. No hanging up stockings.

Christmas gifts, though. Now, s'posin' I was to meet you that day, we'd try to see which could say: "Christmas gift!" first, and whichever one *didn't* say it first (like it would be you) would have to give to the one that *did* say it first (like it would be me) some kind of a treat—a handful of hazelnuts or a stick of candy, or, if we were grown persons, a ladleful of the stuff in the yellow crock I spoke of.

Do you know what I think? I think that Santa Claus didn't get to our part of the country until those people did who, having notions about liberty and all that sort of thing, discovered along about 1848 that they would enjoy better health and live longer if they got right out of Germany.

They came to this country and they brought Santa Claus with them. Do you remember—it's been a long time since I heard the word—that there used to be another name for Santa Claus—Kriss Kringle? That was our clumsy Ommériconner tongues trying to say the unfamiliar words, "Christ kindl'," for in the southern parts of Germany Santa Claus, who displaced the cruel Knecht Ruprecht, was himself displaced by the Christ-child, who came this Holy Night bringing good gifts.

And of all the tales they tell this tide that is the sweetest one, I think: how, out in the country, a mile or so from Bethlehem.

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there were sheep-herders, staying up all night to drive the wolves away from the sheep. And as they sat on the ground beside their little fire, they talked among themselves about how hard it was for poor folks to get along; how there were wolves that attacked them, too, and how there was no one to drive the wolves away from poor folks; no one to rescue *them*.

And all of a sudden the red glow of their fire faded into ashes because a bright light —brighter than any electric light; they had to shade their eyes—shone all around them. And there stood an angel! The silver feathers of his wings were trembling yet from his flying down to them. They were scared at first, but the angel said: "Don't be afraid. I've brought you good news. The Rescuer you were wishing for is just now born. Right over there in Bethlehem. And this is how you can tell: The baby is wrapped up in cloths and lying in a manger."

And when he said that, the sky, which had only had tiny stars twinkling in it and the pale Milky Way slanted across it, was all full of other angels singing. And the song they sung was all about "Peace on earth, good will among men."

The shepherds hardly dared to breathe for fear they'd lose one lovely note. It wasn't only that the voices were so sweet and blended so beautifully: it was the words of the song. Heaven itself had come right down to them— To *them!* Poor folks that everybody picked on!—to promise a Rescuer, and that men were going to be kind and gentle to each other, and not collect in mobs and sweep across the country, killing and murdering, and burning down villages, and plundering and destroying. "Peace on earth, good will among men!"

But the sweet song ended, and the angels all went back into heaven, and it was darker than ever, only the tiny stars pricked into the sky and the faint Milky Way overhead; only the dull glow of the dying fire, and over there, across the fields, in Bethlehem, a light moving where some one was still up.

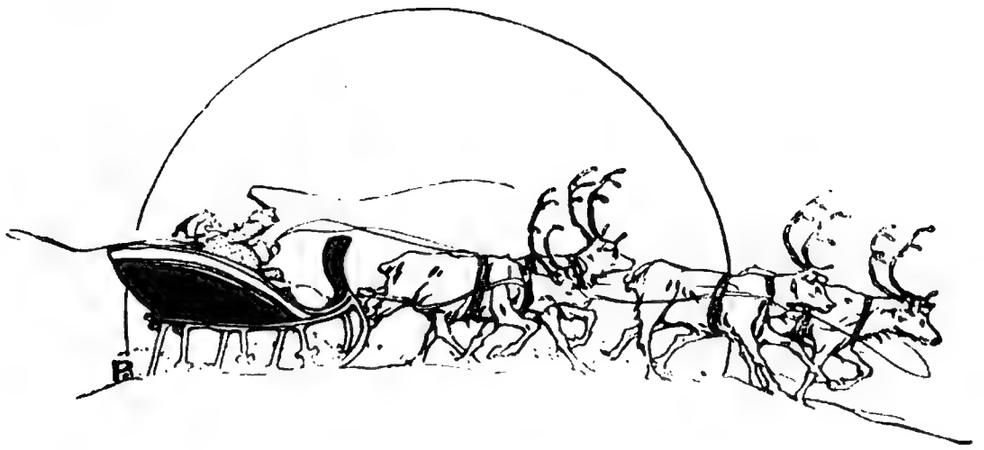
They drew a long, quivering breath. Oh, that the song might have lasted a little longer!

But if it was dark around them, a bright hope blazed in their hearts. They ran through the blackness to Bethlehem to see this thing which was come to pass. And when they got to the cave where the cattle were kept they found Joseph, and asked if they might see the baby. And Mary, weak and faint yet from her struggle, turned back the cover from the face of the little one sleeping on the hay . . . and it was Jesus. . . .

As we picture it to ourselves, our hands press themselves together, palm to palm, and we sink upon our knees. . . .

Is this only another pretty story that they tell us when we're little, that we're expected to outgrow?

Is there no hope for us? Are we to hear forever the crash of cannon and the snarling scream of shells, and never again the angels singing, "Peace on earth, good will among men"?



"Still Jim"—the hero of Honoré Willsie's new serial—is introduced on page 721.

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THE WAR *in* DOLLARS *and* CENTS

by

YVES GUYOT

PRESIDENT OF THE SOCIETY OF POLITICAL ECONOMY OF PARIS.

THE cost of past wars will be of little use to us in estimating the cost of the present European war, for each of the important factors of cost has enormously increased even since the last great conflict was waged.

The factors which I shall consider are three: the cost price of the military operations themselves; the losses resulting from interruption of production by withdrawing men from industry; and the loss of human capital in the destruction of life.

I do not take into account the destruction of the human monuments, such as cathedrals or art collections that have belonged to successive ages, for there is no possibility of predicting the extent of such ravages; and the values, besides, are not wholly estimable in terms of money. Nor do I attempt to measure the destruction of mere physical improvements—the railways, the bridges, the public and private buildings which have been paid for through the centuries—since the extent of this destruction likewise can not be measured in money.

Consider the increase in the first factor: never before has there been a conflict bringing so many millions of men face to face. Neither Frederick the Great nor Napoleon in the wildest burst of imagination could have pictured the gigantic war-plant now in use. For example, Napoleon dined peacefully on one side of the Danube while the Austrians were on the other. To-day the effective bearing of campaign cannons is from three to four miles.

The second factor shows a similar development. As a single instance, take the production of pig-iron. About 1750, 100,000 tons were produced per year in the whole of Europe; in 1850, 238,000 tons. That is not now the output of a single day's manufacture in the world.

As for the human factor, not only has no earlier conflict involved so many millions of men, but the economic value of a human being has never before been so high.

I

THE COST OF MILITARY OPERATIONS

In estimating this element, the length of the war is of course supremely important. What, then, are the possibilities of the duration of the present war?

In 1877 von Moltke wrote: "We admit that there will be no renewal of the Thirty Years' War nor of the Seven Years' War. Nevertheless, when millions of men shall line up to face one another and shall wage desperate war against each other for their national existence, it is hard to believe that the matter will be solved by a few victories."

Leer, a German general, considered that this war would last from one to two years, and M. Jean de Bloch, in his work entitled "La Guerre," considered the time limit mentioned by the German general as a minimum.

When we estimate that the war will last six months, we think we are within rather than beyond the limits of probability.

It is evident that the belligerents expect the war to cost an enormous sum, even if waged for only this short period.

In Germany the Reichstag authorized extraordinary expenditures amounting to $1,250,000,000, to proceed from a loan, and $75,000,000 from the gold and silver stock of the empire.

The mobilization of the Austrian army since the end of 1912 has drained its

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budget. I do not know how great a loan the Austrian government can place.

The French government obtained authorization, on August 5th, for a special credit of $600,000,000, and further authorization to open by decree all credits that might become necessary.

The British Government obtained a credit of $500,000,000. This is added to the credits already voted for the army and navy.

It is very difficult to know, even from the official statements, exactly how many men are at the front in France, England, Belgium, Germany, Austria-Hungary, and Russia. In a study published by the Military Review of the German army staff, Captain Henk states as a prevision:

	Soldiers		Soldiers
Germany	3,000,000	France	3,000,000
Austria	2,000,000	Russia	4,000,000
			12,000,000

To these must be added 700,000 Englishmen whom the German officer had not counted upon. And it is well known that the English soldier is as expensive as he is worthy. But let that be. We will keep the figure at 12,000,000.

What is the cost of a soldier in a campaign? A German, Herr Riehl, estimates the cost price between 10 and 12 marks, or $2.50 to $3.00 per day. The estimates made in Great Britain and France vary between these two figures. Twelve million men at $2.50 make $30,000,000 a day. If the war lasts six months, the figure will be $5,400,000,000.

Now, what are the amounts of capital available in each country?

The report of the English Census of Production of 1907, drawn up by Mr. W. Flux, estimates that during this year a sum between $1,600,000,000 and $1,700,000,000 served to provide for additions to stocks of durable goods for personal enjoyment, and for new capital investments at home and abroad.

This sum added to the estimates for France — $800,000,000, and Germany — $1,200,000,000, *results in a minimum figure of* $3,600,000,000.

So *four* months of warfare would suffice to exhaust the available annual capital of Great Britain, France, and Germany. If the war lasted *six* months, the three nations would be deprived of available cash for a year and a half.

And to the daily expenditure for men and horses must be added the consumption of munition, the wear and tear of clothing, arms, cannons, the destruction of railroads, bridges, etc. War destroys everything and produces nothing.

We have spoken only of the land armies. But the vessels on the sea devour mountains of coal, and wear out their machines. Heavy cannon deteriorate rapidly after a certain limited number of shots.

To the above estimates must be added the more or less entire destruction of forts, entrenched camps, etc.

II

LOSSES RESULTING FROM NON-PRODUCTION

This is an element equally important in the cost of war. It must be remembered that for the entire length of the conflict, 12,000,000 men are taken away from their usual occupations. What is the value of those men?

If we compare the two industrial censuses of France and Germany, we find the active population as follows:

	France	Germany
Men	13,027,000	18,620,000
Women	7,693,000	9,578,000
	20,720,000	28,198,000

Most of the military authors who have studied the economic capacity of nations to sustain war, have sought to prove that those who have the larger agricultural population are in better condition than the others.

We find that agriculture comprises in France forty-two per cent. of the entire population, and in Germany thirty-four and one-half per cent. Therefore the war will be more deeply felt by the active population of Germany than by that of France.

It must be noted that war does not take all the men of the active population. If we accept Captain Henk's figures as exact, the soldiers in a state of war represent twenty-three per cent. for France and sixteen per cent. for Germany of the active population. Nevertheless, it is the strongest who are taken, and their presence in the army means an empty place in the fields and factories, and thereby is production impeded.

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We do not possess in France nor in Germany a census allowing us to establish the value of the yearly production of each of those two countries. The best estimate for the amount of salaries distributed annually in France would be $4,000,000,000. It is evident that all salaries are not stopped. Yet it would not be rash to estimate the real loss of salaries at $1,500,000,000.

The active population of Germany is thirty-six per cent. higher than that of France. The loss of salaries for that country therefore would be $2,000,000,000.

We may estimate that salaries represent on an average fifty per cent. of the value of production, and the cost of services such as transportation, etc. *Six months' warfare would therefore represent a loss of* $3,000,000,000 *for France and* $5,280,000,000 *for Germany.*

The United Kingdom will be less affected than France and Germany. According to the Census of Production, persons employed in agriculture and industry total 9,308,000. The value of production of each person is estimated at $510. Lord Kitchener intends to put on foot an army of 700,000 men. For a service of only six months, therefore, it represents an industrial loss of $178,500,000.

The working value of the Russian is much lower; but the Russian army will number at least 4,000,000 soldiers. Estimating their productive value at about half that of the Frenchman or the German, 4,000,000 men during six months will entail a loss of $400,000,000.

Belgium is prodigiously active. The productive value of her work must be equal to the English. According to the census of 1896, her industrial population numbered 1,130,000. Since then her population has increased and production has received an enormous development. Therefore, a conservative estimate will place Belgium's loss on industrial production at $288,000,000.

In these values I speak neither of Servia nor of Japan. We may conclude, therefore, that the value of lost production is:

France	$3,000,000,000
Germany	4,120,000,000
Great Britain	178,000,000
Belgium	288,000,000
Russia	400,000,000
	7,986,000,000

III

LOSSES OF HUMAN CAPITAL

Man is a capital whose value has been most variously estimated. In general, he has been attributed a value inferior to that he really possesses. The celebrated actuary, M. Barriol, gives the following figures:

United States	$4,720
Great Britain	4,140
German Empire	3,380
France	2,900
Austria-Hungary	2,620
Belgium	2,560
Russia in Europe	2,020

How much human capital will the war devour?

According to the works of army doctors, a conservative estimate of the proportion of losses to the number of combatants would be ten per cent. If we divide this proportionately to the numbers of the armies and the value of the men, we should find:

	Losses	Value in Dollars
For Great Britain	70,000 men	$289,800,000
Germany	300,000 "	1,014,000,000
France	300,000 "	870,000,000
Austria-Hungary	200,000 "	544,000,000
Belgium	20,000 "	51,200,000
Russia in Europe	400,000 "	808,000,000
		$3,578,000,000

I do not count the depreciation for men who die of illness in the hospitals. In 1870 the figure for Germans admitted for illness into hospitals was 380,000; in Manchuria the figure for Japanese was 554,000.

By antiseptic methods wounded men are now cured who were formerly lost. Undoubtedly a certain number of men cured of their wounds will be as valid as before. Others, on the contrary, will feel the effects all their lives. They will have contracted infirmities which will have lessened their productive power. However, I will not attempt to number this loss of human capital, which must nevertheless be added to that of the disappeared.

The various calculations made above, therefore, give the following totals for six months' warfare:

Cost price of military operations	$5,400,000,000
Value of the lost production	7,986,000,000
Value of lost human capital	3,578,000,000
	$16,964,000,000

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UNDER THE SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE

EDITOR'S NOTE—Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. We shall gladly pay for available anecdotes. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped, addressed envelope.

George Ade is said to have introduced a speaker at a banquet by remarking:

"Two towns in Indiana lay claim to the honor of Mr. Blank's birthplace." (A pause during which Mr. Blank strove to look modestly deprecating.) "Warsaw states that he was born in Kokomo, and Kokomo insists that the honor belongs to Warsaw."

Foster considers himself a great baseball fan. On one occasion, leaving his office a little late for the game, he ran all the way to the ball park and arrived breathless.

"How is the score?" he panted.

"Nothing and nothing, fourth inning," replied the gatekeeper.

"That's fine!" exclaimed Foster. "I haven't missed anything by being late, after all."

The Honorable Victor Murdock, of Kansas, was one day expatiating upon the wonders of that state to a group in the House cloak-room, and he told this tale:

"A stranger from the East was proceeding through a certain section of Kansas when he observed what seemed to him to be a tall chimney rising above the monotonous level of the prairie.

"What is that chimney used for?" he asked the man with him, a native. "Somebody building a factory in this God-forsaken quarter?"

"That ain't no chimney," said the other. "That's Hank Lewis's well. Cyclone come along an' turned her inside out."

The horse had run away, and was tangled up in the wire fence at the side of the muddy road. Its half-witted owner had kicked and sworn and tried to lift the animal till he was out of sorts and covered with mud.

A well-groomed man came along, took in the situation, and suggested: "Spring the fence back, then he can get his feet free."

The owner of the horse did as he was told. "Now give him a cut with the whip and he'll get up himself."

This the owner also did. Then he looked at the horse, up and ready for travel, looked at himself covered with mud, and looked at the immaculate gentleman in the road. Wrath filled his soul.

"Well," he grumbled, "thank you just as much as if you'd helped me."

There's a Yankee landlord on the Maine coast who keeps his old hulk of a summer hotel filled every year with well-to-do guests from the cities, who pay high prices for the wonderful scenery and the good meals, philosophically accepting the bleak rooms, the shabby wall-paper, and the threadbare upholstery. A New York man asked him,

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toward the close of his season, how he had been doing.

"Wal," the Yankee replied, "I've just been going over the books, and we've netted about seventeen thousand dollars this season. I reckon if we do as well another year I'll paper the parlor!"

Little Bobby's father was a doctor, and Bobby liked nothing better than to take his father's case in one hand, his overcoat in the other, and go down the street for a block or two to some imaginary patient. One winter's day, when he started out he forgot to close the door.

"Bobby," called mother's voice sweetly, "please close the door." But Bobby was in a hurry and went on.

"Robert," came father's sterner voice, "close that door."

Bobby returned and closed the door. Some time later he came in quietly, put up the case and overcoat, and started up-stairs.

"Bobby," said mother, ingratiatingly, "how's your patient?"

"Dead," was the laconic answer. "Gone dead while I was shutting that old door."

The impecunious artist had brought home a bottle of medicine for his small daughter. It was unpleasant-looking stuff, and she demurred at taking it.

"But," pleaded her father, "poor old dad has spent his last dollar for this medicine."

Touched, the child took the draft.

But a little later she sidled up to her father. "Dad," she said, "if—if you think you could afford it, I'd like to frow this up."

A traveler bought a ticket and then, going out on the platform, said: "How soon does the train start?"

"Why, there she goes now," said a porter. "You've just missed her."

The traveler kept on the line and set out in pursuit of the train with all his might. But in a few minutes he came trudging back.

A laughing crowd had gathered. "Well, did you catch her?" asked the porter.

"No," said the traveler, "but, by jings, I màde her puff."

The Swede knew that he was incompetent, but he needed the job very badly indeed. The farmer saw at a glance that he was a green hand, but he was urgently in need of help. So an arrangement was made. After dinner the farmer sent his new hand down to plow a field, and a few mòments later followed him. Peering from the concealment of a clump of bushes, he observed for some time the frantic but futile efforts of his hand to run a straight furrow. Finally the Swede came to a discouraged halt, mopped his brow, and addressed the horses wearily.

"Oh, well then, go wherever you please," he said. "It all ban got to be plowed anyway."

Old Jake Schmidt, who worked in a railway freight-house, was an inveterate smoker, and despite the rule of the company against smoking in that building, Jake was always puffing away on his old pipe.

One day the division superintendent happened along and went over to Jake, with the intention, he afterward admitted, of discharging him.

"Do you smoke much?" he asked.

"Yes," replied Jake, "I shmoke all de time."

"I guess you don't know who I am, do you?" asked the superintendent.

"No," replied Jake listlessly, "I don't know who you are."

"Well, I'm Mr. McCoy, superintendent of this railroad."

"Dat's a fine job you got," replied Jake. "Take care of it."

Jake still has his job.

One day a group of San Francisco stevedores were lunching in a sheltered nook on a wharf. One of them went across the street for a plug of tobacco, and during his absence another substituted for his tin of pale coffee and milk his own tin of milkless black coffee.

When the first stevedore returned to his lunch, he could hardly believe his eyes.

"Well," said he, "I have heard of clever thieves, but to swipe the milk out of a guy's coffee is sure going some!"

In honor of a visit paid to his plant by the governor of the state, an automobile manufacturer once had a complete car assembled in something like seven minutes.

Some weeks after this feat was heralded in the daily papers, the 'phone at the factory rang vigorously.

"Is it true that you assembled a car in seven minutes at your factory?" the voice asked.

"Yes," came the reply. "Why?"

"Oh, nothing," said the calm inquirer, "only I've got the car!"

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EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE
TRUMBULL WHITE, MANAGING EDITOR
PUBLISHED BY THE RIDGWAY COMPANY NEW YORK CITY
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STRAIGHT TALK WITH EVERYBODY'S PUBLISHERS

IF YOU have not read "WHEN CHRISTIANS FIGHT, ARE THEY CHRISTIANS?", on page 843, won't you please read that before reading any further here, and then come back here if you care to? You will miss a lot if you don't read that article.

This war is a shocking thing to Christians. Some timid souls go the length of fearing that Christianity has proved a failure, not realizing that the very excess of their shock and horror is positive proof of the steady advance Christianity is making.

War has always been horrible. This one is the crown of horrors, not only because it is so huge, not only because Christian nations are fighting Christian nations, but especially because most of the Christian nations have been making very real progress toward general peace. That seems to us the only rational explanation for the exquisite horror in all Christian hearts at this time.

Progress is ever slow and painful. The Almighty has so ordered it. The individual, the race, must climb over failures and through humiliations into glory. We do not know why. If the Creator had wanted a race of angels, He could have made us so out of hand. We suspect that He wants us to be what we will be when we have fought the good fight.

In our humble moods, no individual of us can see that he amounts to a great deal in terms of Almightiness, even after he has fought the fight with some measure of victory. But when we consider the race and its struggle upward through thousands of years from a state of savagery, where every man's hand was against his brother, to our own day, where millions on millions of men down in their souls are ashamed to have their hands against their brothers and earnestly wish somehow to be of some little help to their brothers—when we consider these very real achievements of the race and the undoubted signs that we are going on to greater achievements, we can dimly feel how even the Almighty might find some satisfaction in such a race.

THE CHRISTIAN STAMP

Christianity may be a "flying goal," but the pursuit of it has stamped our civilization as Christian civilization. That is truer to-day than ever before. No nation can do without religion. Our religion, the religion of Christ, is so much a part of our national thought that our world without it is inconceivable. If we accepted it on no higher grounds than that it suited our temperament, it would still be our most cherished possession.

Principles sometimes seem to conflict. A Christian accepting a religion that rejects force sometimes has to use force to defend some other principle of his faith, or sincerely thinks he has to. Such principles have been fought for bitterly in the past. We would not be where we are to-day if they had not been fought for.

Take our own Civil War. The most destructive of human life in all history until this present war. Six hundred thousand lives lost. Untold anguish to millions of others. But the lives well spent and the anguish well endured rather than that human slavery should persist in America. And, so far as we can discover, there was no way to settle that question at that time, except to fight it out. Remember that was fifty years ago. We can not judge the men of that day by our standards. The South believed it was right and insisted on extending the institution of slavery. The

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North despised slavery and strenuously objected to its extension. They would not arbitrate, or could not. They fought it out. A war of Christians against Christians for a principle.

ABOUT ISAAC FISHER

And that reminds us. Here is a great surprise for you. At least, it was for us. After we had awarded the prizes in the Rum Contest, we had the following letter from Booker T. Washington:

Editor, EVERYBODY'S Magazine:

Perhaps you already know that Mr. Isaac Fisher, who won the first prize in connection with your series of articles on "What We've Learned About Rum," is a young colored man, a graduate of the Tuskegee Institute, who worked his way through this institution and graduated at the head of his class.

My special point in writing you is to find out whether you could use a short article by me, giving somewhat of the history and of the work of Mr. Fisher. I think there are several incidents in connection with his struggles which would interest the readers of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE.

Yours very truly,
(Signed) BOOKER T. WASHINGTON.

Isn't that astonishing? And yet, why should it be when we consider the stupendous progress the negro race has made in fifty years? We asked Mr. Washington to tell us all about the young man, and when he does we will pass his letter on to you.

PUSHING ON

We made a new world record in the Spanish-American war. We did not annex Cuba and we bought the Philippines, pledging humanity to give the Filipinos an independent government as soon as they were able to swing it. We shall keep our word. It probably would not have occurred to us to make such pledges fifty years ago, which is another most encouraging evidence of Christian progress. Progress by a Christian nation.

And now, as we watch this awful war in Europe—this war of Christians against Christians, almost universally named an un-Christian war—we wonder. We wonder if it could not have been avoided. We must wonder. That is the way we learn how to avoid such horrors in the future. We wonder how long it is going to last. We wonder how much it is going to cost in money and lives and anguish. Most of all, we wonder what it means. Is there any great principle involved? What is coming out of it? What is humanity going to get that is worth this frightful price? Can it be a war for democracy—for international democracy? A war for the right of nations to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness? For the right of nations to equal opportunity? Is there a lesson in it for us which we have not yet fully learned? Do we believe more in "live" than "let live"? May there not be a bit of selfishness in our beautiful hope for peace? Have we any right to settle back comfortably in our prosperity while other nations are hungry for bread and for the bread of life? Are we equal to the subtle dangers of prosperity?

OUR JOB

Luxury weakens, sometimes ruins, men and nations. Civilization is a cultivated flower. Left to itself, the weeds would soon choke it to death. Work, vigorous work, uphill work, intelligent work, work for the real and right things, is life, growth, glory.

We try so hard to settle things. Nothing is ever settled. Life is forever changing—human life, business life, national life. Nothing stands still. We must learn how to adjust ourselves to changes. We must learn how to take a hand in the changes. As a nation we can not go it alone. We must play our part. Our mixed blood ought to help us to understand the thoughts and aspirations of other nations. We ought to play a big part—a royal part. And at this time, in the broadest possible spirit, we ought to try to understand the feelings of those nations now at war, so that when settlement time comes we may be in the best position to get the most out of this horrible struggle for them and for ourselves.

THAT CHRISTMAS PRESENT

Why not send a year's subscription to EVERYBODY'S, repeating your gift twelve times?

As always, the publishers of EVERYBODY'S have prepared an attractive Christmas card to accompany gift subscriptions. The card announces the gift and the giver. Send the name and address to which you want the magazine directed, with $1.50 for the year's subscription, and we will mail one of the cards to arrive at Christmas time.

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In the advertising pages of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE whatever its nationality may be, we take every precaution to see that every single article advertised there comes from the Land of Quality.

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The name "The Railroad Timekeeper of America" belongs to the Hamilton Watch not only because it actually surpasses the railroad standards of accuracy but because with railroad men themselves the Hamilton stands first and foremost. Begin to talk accuracy, durability and beauty to your jeweler and he'll talk Hamilton to you.

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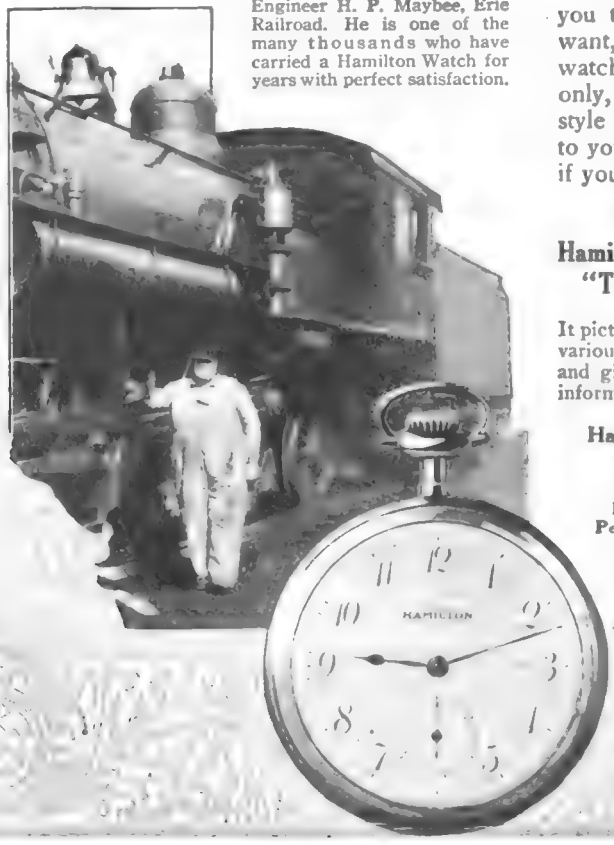

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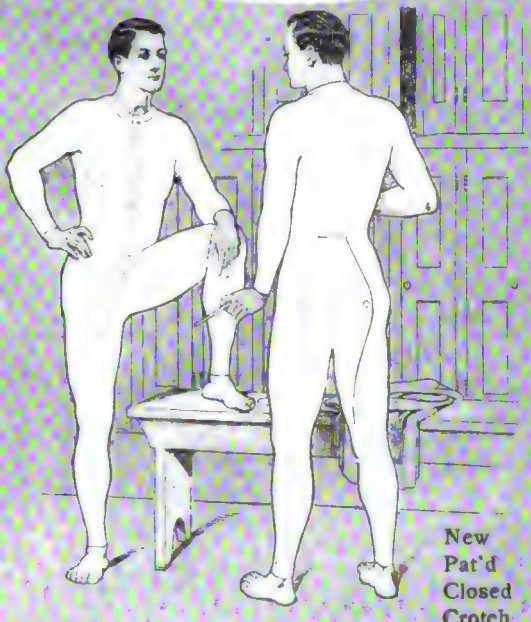

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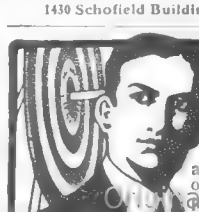

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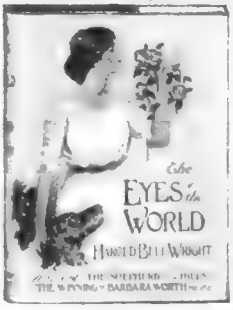

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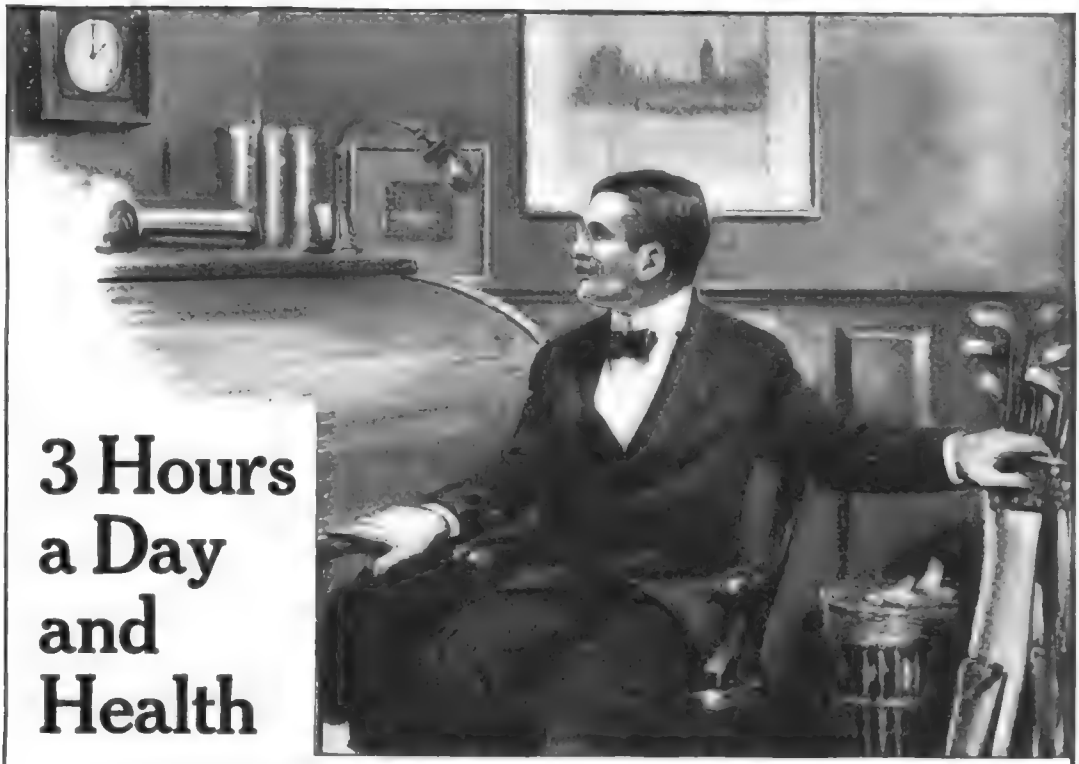

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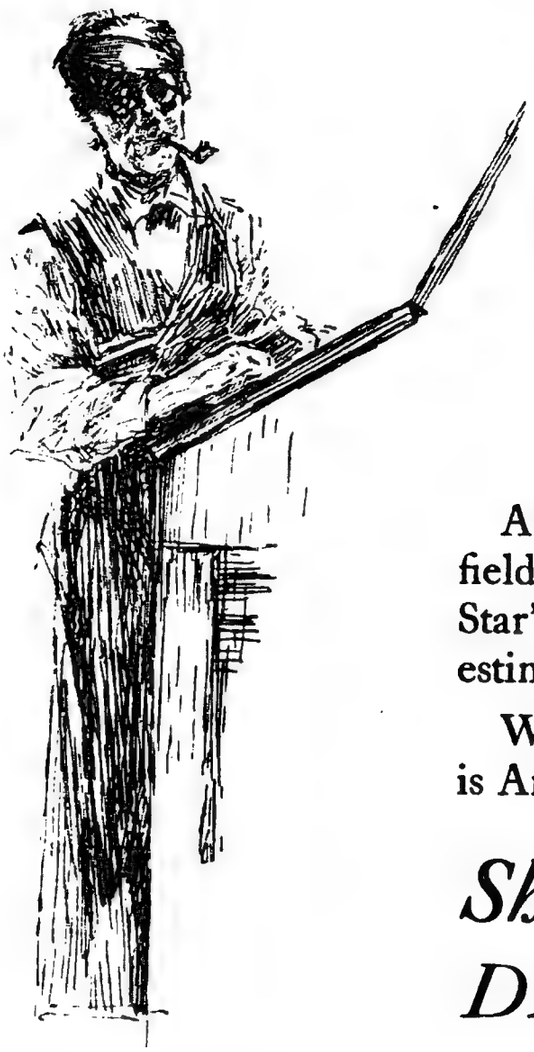

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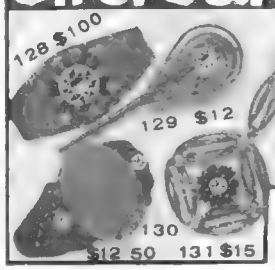

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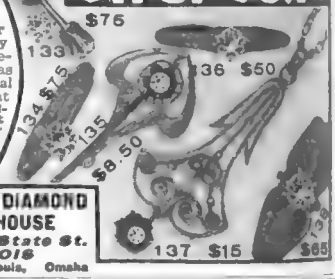

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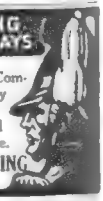

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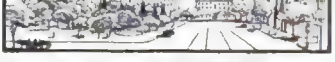

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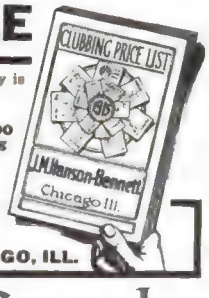

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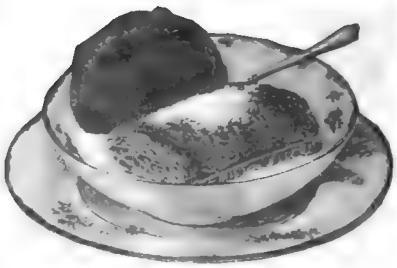

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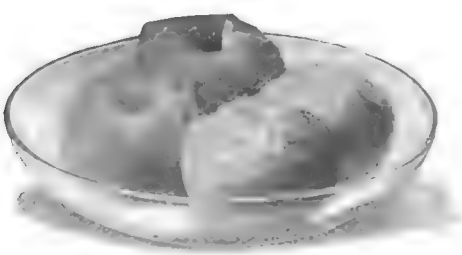

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WHY should you have a Pianola? Why should you have books in your library? Why should you have pictures on your walls? Why should you have any of the fi nements or advantages of present-day 'e?

Why? Because we are civilized beings, ot living in the past, but in the present, nd our civilization means culture—culture the art of living and getting the most out life.

You are obliged to have a piano of some kind in your home, are you not? Your home would not be furnished without one. Then, of course, you want a piano that will furnish the music for which it was intended and that will bring not only entertainment but culture as well.

Your present piano is not meeting your expectations, is it? Your children may be learning to play on it by hand, and so far so good, but it is not cultivating their knowledge of music—making them intimate

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with the greatest and finest and most elevating of the arts. Simply learning five-finger exercises and scales is not making your children familiar with Beethoven, Chopin, Liszt, Wagner and the great works that these masters wrote.

And your present piano won't give you a musical evening whenever you want it or need it. It won't enable you to play the things you hear in the theatre and at the opera, and those old familiar, live-forever tunes you love, and the hymns of a Sunday night, for you and your children to sing.

Why not look this thing squarely in the face? Your piano was all right as long as there was nothing better.

But there is something better now, and that is—The Pianola.

Buckingham Palace

The Pianola is in all the leading Royal Palaces of Europe

II

The Pianola is much more than simply an automatic piano

THE Pianola is only partially automatic. It plays the notes of the piano, thus relieving your fingers of that important work. But piano playing involves both fingers and brain, and you use your brain as much in playing The Pianola as the pianist does in playing the piano.

The Pianola furnishes the *means* to play. You employ this means as you choose. No two people play The Pianola alike. There is almost as great a scope of expression possible in playing The Pianola as in playing by hand.

All the great musicians in Europe and America, of the past decade, have recognized the personal element there is in playing The Pianola. And every single one, without exception, has endorsed the instrument as a worthy and excellent means of artistic piano-playing.

III

No other musical instrument ever made has so distinguished a clientele as The Pianola

EVERY leading sovereign of Europe is the owner of a Pianola. Aeolian patrons here and abroad include people distinguished in all walks of life. Many of the great musicians, besides endorsing The Pianola enthusiastically, own and use one themselves—as does Paderewski for instance.

Numerous Royal Appointments have been conferred upon the manufacturers of The Pianola. And France has bestowed the cross of the Legion of Honor. In fact, no article of American manufacture—certainly no musical instrument—has ever received so many or such distinguished honors as The Pianola.

It is quite true that automatic instruments, which are frequently confused with The Pianola, have been made the subject of ridicule and cheap criticism. But the genuine *Pianola* holds a position in the world to-day that makes its possession an unequivocal mark of sincere musical appreciation and enlightenment.

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IV

The Pianola a help to your children's music study

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If they were studying English literature would you forbid them to read Shakespeare or Milton or Thackeray, or any of the classics?

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Or, if they were interested in sculpture, would you welcome the opportunity to let them see the master works of Michel Angelo or Canova, or Saint-Gaudens, or Rodin?

The Pianola in your home will enable your children to hear the master works of music—to become intimately familiar with them. It will make music as available to them as the books on your library shelves, or the paintings on your walls. As a matter of fact, it is the first means ever devised, and the greatest and most perfect means that could be devised, to enable them to study *music*. They are only studying the technique of the piano now, and that is good as far as it goes, but it isn't studying music, the art.

And far from disinclining them to practice, The Pianola is the greatest *incentive* to practice in the world. Enable your children to hear good music. Enable them to become saturated with it, and they cannot help loving it. And when they love it they will want to make it. Not before.

The greatest musical educators in the world all realize this, and the leading ones hail The Pianola as a wonderful benefactor of music. As a matter of fact, The Pianola is even now in use in over 150 leading educational institutions, such as Harvard, Columbia, Vassar, Tufts, etc., and its use is rapidly spreading. Why, if it had no other function except to afford a means for advancing musical education, its value to mankind would be simply inestimable.

Paderewski says—

"The Pianola is perfection"

V

So-called player-pianos not Pianolas

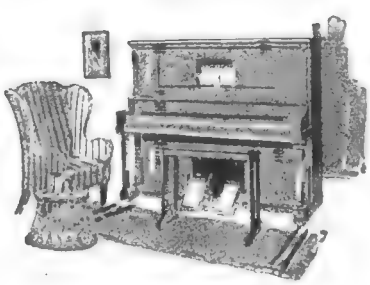
MANY player-pianos possess a certain degree of merit, but they are not Pianolas—decidedly not! The Pianola had become an immensely successful instrument before the first "player-piano" appeared.

"Pianola" is a trade-mark—the specific name for the instrument manufactured by The Aeolian Company. This particular instrument differs from all other instruments of its type in many important respects.

If you have heard a "pianola" played very mechanically—if this "pianola" seemed incapable of giving really artistic results, you must have wondered how great musicians of the calibre of Paderewski, and the late Edvard Grieg, and Dr. Richard Strauss could have endorsed it. But you were mistaken in thinking you were listening to the genuine Pianola.

The devices on the genuine Pianola that enable the performer to achieve the finer points of piano playing, as well as a practical method for instructing a performer in what is known as interpretation, are covered by patents which belong exclusively to the manufacturers of The Pianola. Other manufacturers may not use them, and their instruments naturally fall far below The Pianola in consequence.

The Pianola is like any other piano in looks



VI

You can play The Pianola and you can easily afford one

YOU must accept our word for the fact that you can play The Pianola, until you have an opportunity to prove it for yourself. Individuality is such an important factor in the playing of The Pianola that necessarily different people will play it with differing degrees of excellence. But *you* can play it and play it exceedingly well. And, moreover, from

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Why You Should Have The PIANOLA

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THE STEINWAY GRAND PIANOLA

the very beginning you can give a performance with The Pianola that you yourself will enjoy and that others will enjoy.

Then your ability will gradually increase. Because in the Metrostyle, and other patented features of The Pianola, you are supplied the means by which your musical taste is guided and developed, and by which certain elements necessary to artistic and interesting playing are supplied. You *can* play The Pianola—play it infinitely better than any so-called player-piano. And your progress in developing playing ability will be far more rapid with The Pianola—you will ultimately arrive at a degree of proficiency utterly impossible to you with any other instrument.

You can easily afford a Pianola, for you may purchase one on convenient monthly payments. If you already have a piano, you will be made a very liberal allowance on it in exchange for a Pianola.

And you will not need your old piano, because The Pianola is a piano for hand-playing, practice, etc., and excels the very best of the old type pianos in musical quality, in action and in appearance.

VII

In conclusion

YOU should have The Pianola just as you should have any other of the great modern inventions that make life easier, and pleasanter, and more worth living. Certainly we have made this clear, even though we have only touched lightly on what is really a very broad subject. And now that you are interested, take a little time and a little trouble to investigate.

The Pianola is made only by THE AEOLIAN COMPANY, and in these six models exclusively—The Steinway Pianola, The Steck Pianola, The Wheelock Pianola, The Stuyvesant Pianola, The Stroud Pianola, and The Famous Weber Pianola. Prices from $550 (transportation added on Pacific Coast). Sold on easy terms. Agents or Branches in all principal cities of the world. Send for free catalog and name of nearest agent. Address Dept. E.

THE AEOLIAN COMPANY

AEOLIAN HALL, NEW YORK

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The Man Who Gambles

with money is playing far safer than the man who gambles with health.

Money when lost can sometimes be regained, but health lost—is another matter.

Every person gambles with health who drinks coffee; it contains caffeine, a subtle cumulative drug. It may not seriously affect one at once, because its work is slow but sure.

The safe way is to quit coffee and use

POSTUM

It is made of wheat and a small proportion of wholesome molasses, skilfully roasted and blended to produce a delicious Java-like flavour.

You get the rich food value of the grain, in Postum, and it is absolutely free from caffeine, or any other drug.

Postum comes in two forms:

Regular Postum—must be well-boiled. 15c and 25c packages.

Instant Postum—soluble—no boiling—made in the cup with hot water, instantly. 30c and 50c tins.

Both kinds are delicious—cost per cup about the same—sold by grocers everywhere!

"There's a Reason" for POSTUM

Kindly mention Everybody's Magazine in writing to advertisers or visiting your dealer.

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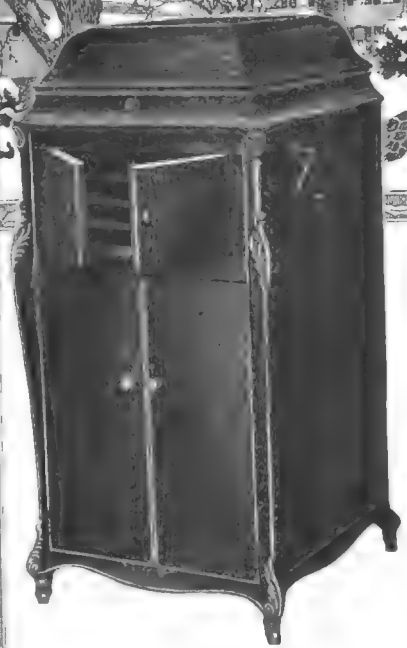


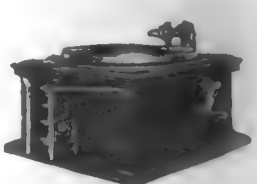
Victrola XVI, $200
Mahogany or oak

Will there be a home this

You can search the whole world over and not find another gift that will bring so much pleasure to every member of the family.

Victrola XI, $100
Mahogany or oak

Victrola IV, $15
Oak



Victrola VI, $25
Oak

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Victrola in your Christmas?

Any Victor dealer in any city in the world will gladly demonstrate the Victrola and play any music you wish to hear.

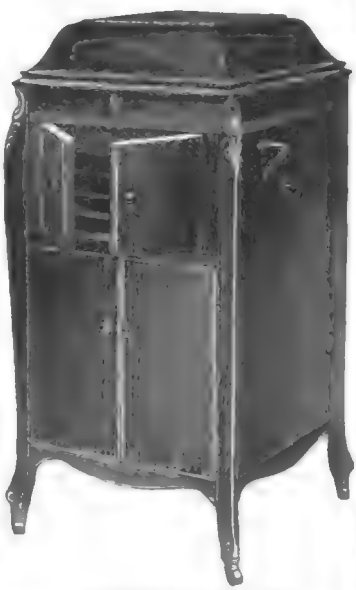
Victrola X, $75
Mahogany or oak

Victor Talking Machine Co.
Camden, N. J., U. S. A.

Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal,
Canadian Distributors

New Victor Records demonstrated at all dealers on the 28th of each month.

Always use Victor Machines with Victor Records and Victor Needles—*the combination.* There is no other way to get the unequaled Victor tone.



Victrola XIV, $150
Mahogany or oak

Victrola VIII, $40
Oak

Victrola IX, $50
Mahogany or oak

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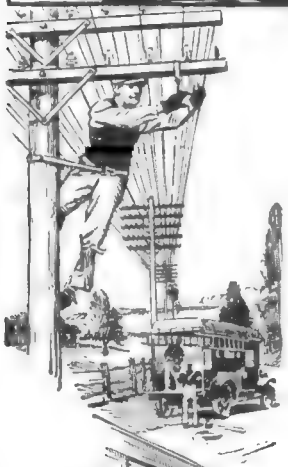
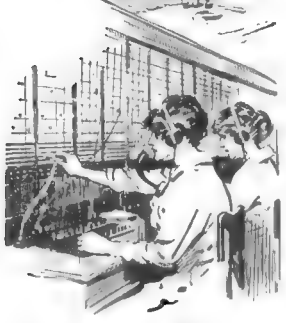
The Cost of a Telephone Call





DID you ever think how much it costs to give yo the telephone right-of-way anywhere, at all times

Your telephone instrument, which consists of 1 different parts, is only the entrance way to your sha of the vast equipment necessary in making a call.

Your line is connected with the great Bell highway reaching every state in the union—with its poles, copp wire, cross arms and insulators in the country; its unde ground conduits, manholes, cable vaults and cables in t cities.

You have the use of switchboards costing upward of $100,000,000. You enjoy the benefits of countless i ventions which make possible universal telephone tal

Your service is safeguarded by large forces of me building, testing and repairing lines. You command a all times the prompt attention of one or more operator

How can such a costly service be provided at rat so low that all can afford it?

Only by its use upon a share-and-share-alike basis b millions of subscribers, and by the most careful econom in construction and operation. A plant so vast giv opportunity for ruinous extravagance; and judicio economy is as essential to its success as is the c operative use of the facilities provided.

That the Bell System combines the maximum usefulness and economy is proved by the fact that no other land and under no other management h the telephone become such a servant of the masses.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPA
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy *One System* *Universal Ser*

Every Call means a Pair of Wires from Subscriber to Subscriber - howev many Calls may be made or however far apart Subscribers may

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The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 4.

When Edison says: "I have found what I have been looking for since 1877," will you take the trouble to find out what it is? The things that Edison spends 37 years hunting for are worth knowing about. The

NEW EDISON DIAMOND DISC

is an entirely new sound-reproducing instrument that reproduces music just as it sounded when the music was recorded. The machine tone has been entirely eliminated.

You Should Hear this New Edison Invention

If you do not know of a merchant who has the Edison Diamond Disc on exhibition, please write us. If you are a real music lover, we shall, at your request, endeavor to give you a Diamond Disc musicale in your home—or club. Do not hesitate to write us.

A permanent diamond reproducing point—no needles to change.

Thomas A Edison INCORPORATED

Unbreakable Disc Records. New selections every week.

18 Lakeside Ave., Orange, N. J.

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THERMOS

The beautiful useful and inexpensive Christmas Gift

For Men

New model, separable type, full nickeled, heavily corrugated seamless case, permitting insertion of refills in less than a minute. For home, office, store, factory or out-of-door use.

No. 15. Pint, $1.50
No. 15Q. Quart, $2.50

Handsome triple nickeled case, adjustable base; heavy nickeled, highly polished; ornamental and useful in a hundred ways in and away from home.

No. 6. Pint, $2.00
No. 6Q. Quart, $3.00

Nickel finish carafe for home, club or hotel use. Most acceptable as gift or prize—ideal in library, bedroom or den. Corrugated case with metal stopper.

No. 53. Pint, $3.50
No. 56. Quart, $4.00

Heavy plain nickel case with ground-glass silvered stopper and silvered chain. For dining or service table, for library or boudoir.

No. 55. Quart, $5.00

THERMOS Carafe with carrier and tumbler holder, triple nickel plated, splendid for serving drinks on porch or in summer garden. Has a hundred uses in the home.

No. 99
Quart, $8.00

For Children

Half-Pint THERMOS Bottle, full nickel, heavily corrugated; wonderfully convenient and durable in nursery or children's bedroom.

No. 15½. $1.50

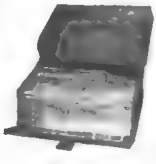
THERMOS Bottle, full nickel, with cup and movable handle; porcelain topped cork. Just the thing for picnics and every sort of outing.

No. 9½. Half Pint, $3.00

Pint THERMOS Jug, for keeping beef tea, hot or cold water or cold milk at the proper temperature until the kiddies require them.

No. 57. $4.00

THERMOS School Kit of dark green Thermaline, red peltine lined, patent clasp fasteners and leather strap handle. For hot or cold classroom lunches and beverages. Complete with THERMOS Bottle and nickeled metal lunch box, hinge cover.



No. 168
Pint Size, $3.50

No. 168½
Half Pint, $3.50

FOR every member of the family at every time of year—at home or afield—there are a thousand uses for THERMOS. Fluids or solids are kept icy cold for 72 hours or piping hot for 24 hours by THERMOS. THERMOS is the gift that will be appreciated and used by all ages.

THERMOS knows no season for this reason
It Serves You Right, Hot or Cold,
Food or Drink, When, Where, and As You Like

The genuine has the name THERMOS stamped on the bottom. Accept no other.

Sold by dealers everywhere. If not sold near you we will send prepaid on receipt of price. Safe delivery guaranteed. Write for an interesting booklet about THERMOS.

For Women

Plain nickel THERMOS Bottle, with new cup and attractive nickel handle, which may be pressed back when not in use, combining container and drinking cup in one. A porcelain-topped cork makes this article exceptional in appearance and utility.

No. 9. Pint, $3.00
No. 9Q. Quart, $4.00

THERMOS Food Jars are so convenient for keeping butter, ice cream, casseroles, salads, thick soups, stews and chowders at the proper temperature until served. Keeps hot 12 hours; cold 30 hours.

No. 601. Pint, $2.50
No. 602. Quart, $3.50

Beautiful Carafe, heavy plain nickel case with serving handle and metal stopper. An ideal gift for the aged or invalid.

No. 551
Quart, $5.50

THERMOS Jug for tea, coffee or chocolate; nickel case, corrugated centre, with handle and metal stopper. Handy for afternoon teas; a delightful house gift.

No. 57. Pint, $4.00

No. 58
Quart, $5.00

Nickel Finish Tilting Carafe and holder, complete with etched crystal tumbler. The ideal ice water service for home or office. Keeps water ice cold three days.

No. 97
Quart, $9.50

American Thermos Bottle Company

NORWICH CONNECTICUT

If you live in Canada, address Toronto

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Endorsed as Guardian of the Throat by Thousands of Physicians

Wulfing's
Formamint

From an article in "The Medical Review of Reviews," N.Y. Dec. 1911

"I have found Formamint to be an excellent antiseptic and bactericide, harmless in its action, exceedingly pleasant to take, capable of relieving painful local symptoms quickly and permanently, and of shortening the duration of inflamed conditions of the throat."

From an article in "The Lancet" March 28th, 1908.

"The sole object of a medical lozenge is to keep part of the mouth or throat one desires to treat bathed for a time in a drug dissolved in the saliva. I know of only one medicated lozenge — FORMAMINT—which meets this requirement."

Professor O. Chiari, M. D., Director of the Clinic for Throat and Nose diseases, Vienna, writes.

"FORMAMINT" has been used in a large number of patients with the greatest success as a means of prophylactic mouth disinfection, and without the least harmful reaction."

RECOGNIZING the importance of *surgical cleanliness* of the throat—of keeping the delicate membranes of the mouth and of the throat as free from harmful germ-life as may be—more than 10,000 physicians have strongly endorsed the *regular* use of Formamint.

For Formamint, disinfecting the mouth and the throat, checks germs that settle on the throat linings with every breath, and thus protects the system against infectious diseases of which sore throat is but one.

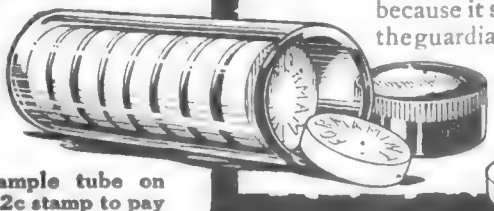
And it is so easy and pleasant to take Formamint. The little tablet sets free in the saliva a germicide that kills harmful germ life and helps the system restore the tissues to health.

For throats already sore, Formamint is excellent—far more effective than any gargle. But this *preventive* use—this *protective* use—is even more important because it safeguards the system. Let it be the guardian of *your* throat. At all druggists.

A. WULFING & CO.
34 R Irving Place, New York
Affiliated with the Bauer Chemical Co.
Makers of Sanatogen—The Food Tonic

FREE!

So that you may see how effective these pleasant *Formamint* Tablets are in mouth and throat troubles, we will gladly mail you a generous sample tube on receipt of a 2c stamp to pay postage. Write for it today.



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This Year
Give
Waterman's
Ideal
Fountain Pen
This is the particular year for practical presents. Waterman's Ideals are a certain fulfillment of the happy Christmas gift sentiment. They are suitable on every gift list. Waterman's Ideals are universally known as the standard pens. There are two generations of pen-making in back of them. They are handsome in finish and design, and made to last and do good work for years. According to the purse or the person, you can select perfectly plain pens or those handsomely mounted in gold or silver. Some mounting is generally preferred for gift pens. Gold points can be had to suit every hand and character of writing and may be exchanged until suited. Waterman's Ideal pen service can be had throughout the world. From the Regular, Safety or Self-Filling Types of Waterman's Ideals can be selected appropriate pens for business, social or student life for men, women or the young folks.
CLIP-CAP
IDEAL
Self-Filling 12 S. F. $2.50 also gold banded $3.50 Clip-on-Cap 25c. extra
Safety 12½ S gold banded $4.00 without band $3.00
Illustrated Waterman's Ideal gift folder mailed upon request. Prices $2.50 to $50.00.
Insist upon the genuine—Waterman's Ideal. In attractively designed boxes for Christmas.
Pocket 412 Poc. Filigree Sterling Silver $5.00 Clip-on-Cap 50c. extra
Sold Everywhere at the Best Retail Stores.
L. E. Waterman Company, 173 Broadway, New York
24 School St., Boston
107 Notre Dame St., W., Montreal
115 So. Clark St., Chicago
Kingsway, London
17 Stockton St., San Francisco
408 Calle Lima, Buenos Aires

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"The ÆTNA will take care of them if anything should happen to me"

THAT'S the thought that will make your mind at ease when you are at your office desk hereafter, if you send this coupon right now.

Every year more men are hurt, more men are killed by accidents. Today the startling toll is one man in seven — one man in seven killed or injured by accident. And no human being can tell when, where or how an accident is going to happen to him. In train or street car, on a boat, in an elevator, falling down stairs, the smallest slip, and it may be too late. Now, while you can,

ÆTNA-IZE

Send the coupon and let us tell you about the **wonderful Ætna Accumulative Accident policy;** the policy that increases every year you own it — annually for five years — so that if you start at $5,000, the sixth year it is worth at least $7,500 and *your premium remains the same.*

Let us tell you how this policy will pay as much as $15,000 if you lose your life, or two limbs or both eyes; how it will pay half as much if you lose one hand, foot or eye; how it will pay hospital bills, operation fees, surgeons' fees; how it will pay you $50 each week as long as you live if you are totally disabled; how it will pay you $25 each week if you are just partially disabled.

Ætna-ize — and no matter what accident may come, you will at least know that your wife and your children are taken care of.

It is not in your power to prevent accidents, but it is in your power to make those accidents bear as lightly as possible on yourself and those who depend on you. Send this coupon today. For the sake of your family — don't neglect this chance.

ÆTNA LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

Drawer 1341 HARTFORD, CONN.

The largest company in the world writing Life, Accident, Health and Liability Insurance

Agency opportunities for all Casualty and Bonding lines

Ex. 12-14

Name.....

Occupation.....

Bus. Address.....

ÆTNA LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
Drawer 1341 HARTFORD, CONN.

I have marked the kinds of insurance I wish to know about: Accident □, Health □, Disability □, $50 Life Certificate □. My age is.....years. I am in good health.

E

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What Does "Colonial" Mean?

THE name is misleading. The quality called "Colonial" has nothing to do with time or periods of history, for it is old as art itself. It should be named to denote purity, restraint—for it is created only where artists strive to reduce beauty to the simplest terms.

It is the style that puts art to the severest test. No florid designs to conceal a faulty outline, no complicated curves to shadow over wrong proportions—each detail in bold relief, the whole in pitiless full-light.

For these reasons, the perfect Colonial Silverware never grows wearisome, but is always restful and harmonious.

By these standards, judge the typical Reed & Barton "Waverly" pattern here shown. You can find our wares at any leading jewelers and can distinguish them by the little Eagle and Lion trade mark.

Send for our book, "Chats About Silver" —filled with needed information for Silver lovers and pleasingly written.

Reed & Barton

Taunton Established 1824 Massachusetts

Represented at

Fifth Ave. & 32d St., 4 Maiden Lane - - New York

Boston Chicago San Francisco London Paris

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NATCO·HOLLOW·TILE

A Happy Home is one Undisturbed by fire or any fear of fire —the *Natco Home*

No matter how perfect your home, your enjoyment of it can never be complete, if threatened by the thought that some time fire may take it from you and all that it contains.

When you build of Natco Hollow Tile, you build not only a home but a future free from the dread of fire disaster. You exempt your home from deterioration, your income from repair expenses. Natco Hollow Tile's endurance defies both time and the elements, and because of it your home is warmer in winter, cooler in summer, dry every day of the year.

Large or small, expensive or inexpensive, your home can have Natco construction — and you, a feeling of security too valuable to be over-estimated or overlooked.

More information will be found in the new 32-page Handbook, "Fireproof Houses of Natco Hollow Tile", containing illustrations of typical NATCO residences and an invaluable guide to the prospective builder. Mailed to any address upon receipt of 10c (in stamps or coin)

Write Today Department B

NATIONAL·FIRE·PROOFING·COMPANY

Established 1889 **Pittsburgh, Pa.**

Offices in All Principal Cities

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Third Call for Christmas Dinner—

yet the only response is the merry click of the balls as mother banks the number "7"—*right into the corner pocket!*

"Bully shot!" cries Master Dick.

Father groans—"*That* finishes me!"

"And it ends this hunger strike," adds mother.

A good laugh all around. Then they're off to the dining room, where everybody plays the whole game over at the feast!

* * * *

This is the royal sport of *Carom or Pocket Billiards* that thousands of families are playing *right at home!*

And now—*this* Christmas—give *your* folks a scientific Brunswick Table.

"Baby Grand"

Carom or Pocket Billiard Table

Has the perfect playing qualities, the speed and accurate angles that have won the world's experts to Brunswick Tables.

Built of genuine mahogany—a masterpiece of cabinet work—in sizes to fit all homes. Vermont slate bed, fast imported billiard cloth, and Monarch cushions known in all lands for their life and lightning action.

30 Days' Trial—A Year to Pay

With every Brunswick Table we give a *high-class* playing Outfit *free*—balls, hand-tapered cues, rack, markers, table cover, tips, cue clamps, expert book "How to Play," etc.

Valuable new billiard book sent *free*, postpaid, pictures these tables in actual colors and gives factory prices and full details of our easy-purchase plan—*terms as low as 50 cents a day.* Send coupon *today*—and learn the rousing sport thousands are planning for Christmas!

Mail For Billiard Book FREE

The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co. (333)
Dept. 6W, 623-633 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago

Please send me free color-illustrated book

"Billiards—The Home Magnet"

and details of your 30-day free trial offer.

Name.....

Address.....

A Taste that Means Something

The keen taste of Pebeco is the mark of a real dentifrice. It drives out lingering sleep-tastes, purifies the breath and stimulates the blood-flow in the gums. It makes the use of Pebeco a morning-and-evening delight.

PEBECO
TOOTH PASTE

Pebeco owes its keen taste to its distinctive composition, which has the power of neutralizing "acid-mouth." "Acid-mouth," as everyone now knows, is the great destroyer of teeth. By neutralizing "acid-mouth," Pebeco does more than anything else can to save your teeth.

Use Pebeco, the really scientific dentifrice, and keep your teeth for years—perhaps a lifetime. Send for

Free Ten-day Trial Tube of Pebeco and Acid Test Papers

They will show you whether you have "acid-mouth," as nine out of ten people have, and how Pebeco counteracts it.

Pebeco is sold everywhere in extra-large size tubes, as only one-third of a brushful is used at a time. Pebeco saves money as well as teeth.

Manufactured by

Lehn & Fink New York

Manufacturing Chemists

118 William Street **New York**

Canadian Office:
1 and 3 St. Helen Street, Montreal

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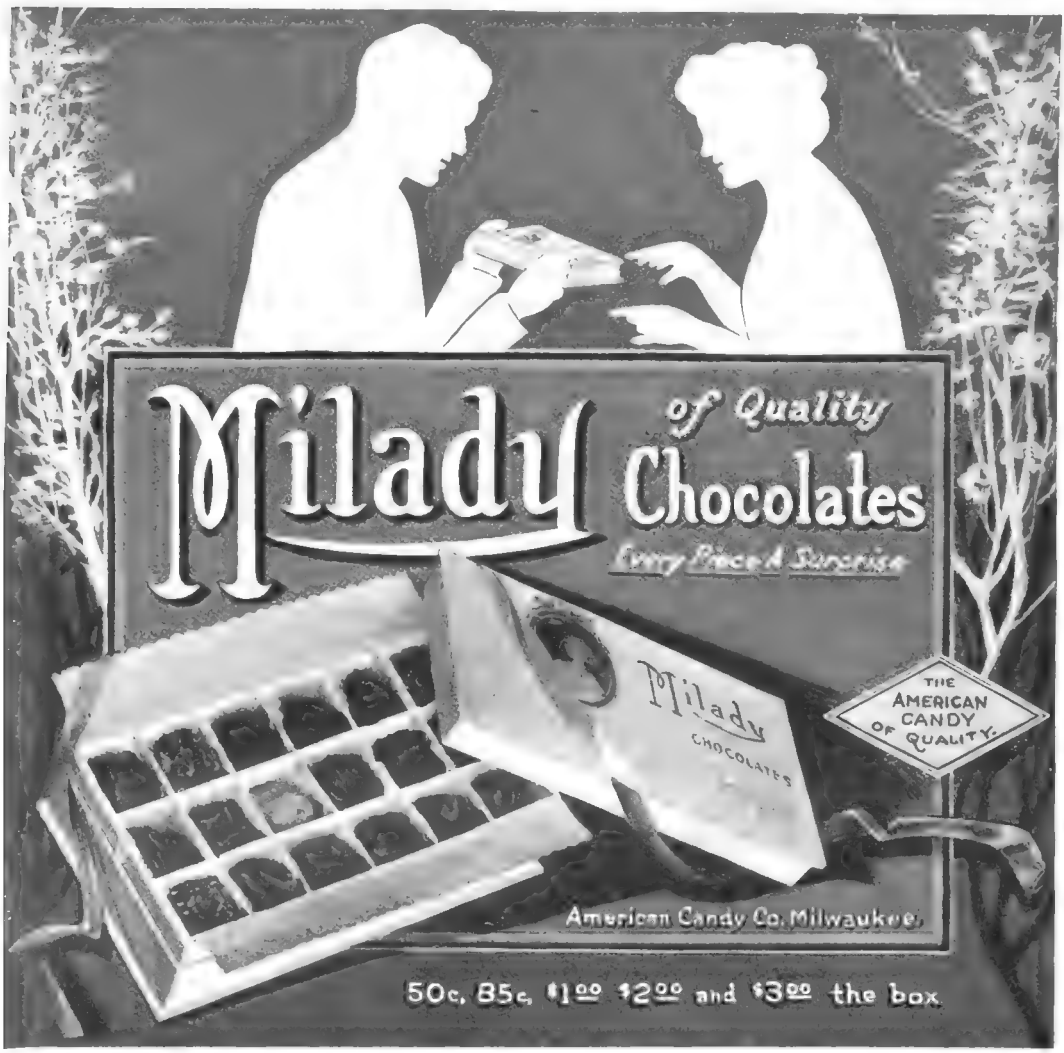
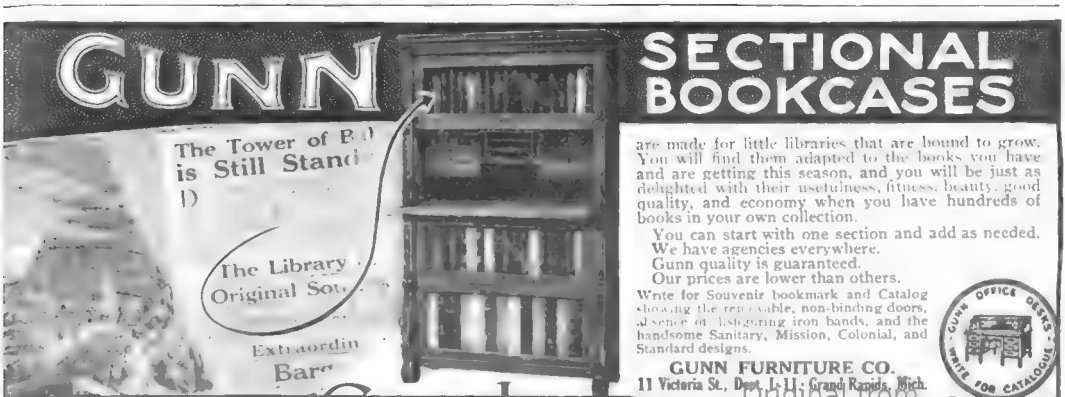


The Stolen War Secret Complete book-length novel all about Craig Kennedy, scientific detective, in the December **ADVENTURE.**


GUNN
The Tower of B
is Still Stand
D
The Library
Original Sou
Extraordin
Barg
SECTIONAL
BOOKCASES
are made for little libraries that are bound to grow. You will find them adapted to the books you have and are getting this season, and you will be just as delighted with their usefulness, fitness, beauty, good quality, and economy when you have hundreds of books in your own collection.
You can start with one section and add as needed.
We have agencies everywhere.
Gunn quality is guaranteed.
Our prices are lower than others.
Write for Souvenir bookmark and Catalog showing the reversible, non-binding doors, absence of disfiguring iron bands, and the handsome Sanitary, Mission, Colonial, and Standard designs.
GUNN FURNITURE CO.
11 Victoria St., Dept. L-11, Grand Rapids, Mich.
GUNN OFFICE DESKS
WRITE FOR CATALOGUE

Kindly mention Everybody's Magazine in writing to advertisers or visiting your dealer

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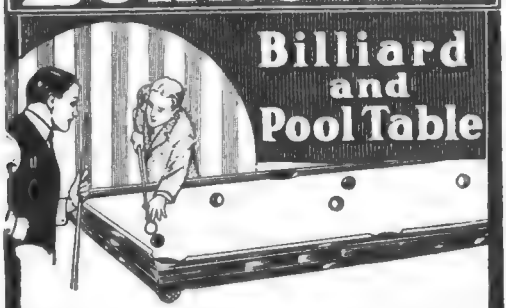
$1.00 DOWN
FREE TRIAL

You can own a Burrowes Billiard and Pool Table. Prices are from $15 up, on easy terms of $1 or more down (depending on size and style) and a small amount each month. Sizes range up to 4½x9 feet (standard). Complete playing equipment of balls, cues, etc., free.

BURROWES

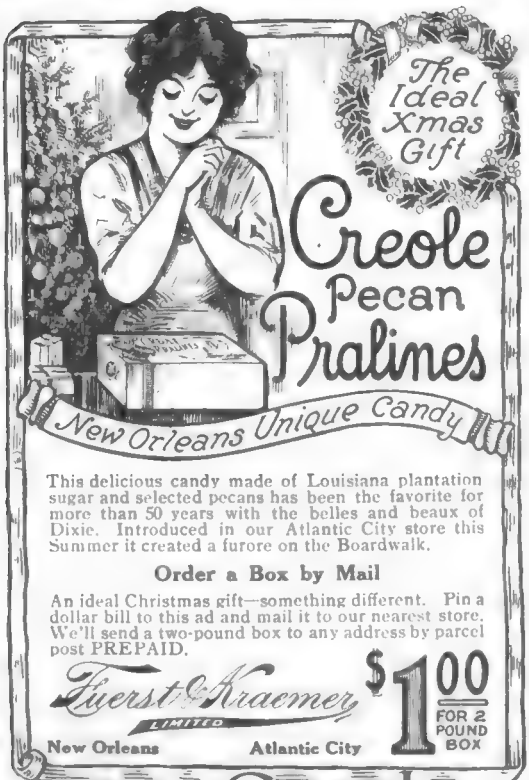


You need no special room. Burrowes Table can be set on dining or library table, or on its own legs or folding stand, and quickly set aside when not in use. Burrowes Tables are used by experts for home practice. The most delicate shots can be executed with the utmost accuracy.

FREE TRIAL—NO RED TAPE

On receipt of first installment we will ship Table. Play on it one week. If unsatisfactory return it, and on its receipt we will refund your deposit. This ensures you a free trial. Write today for illustrated catalog giving prices, terms, etc.

E. T. BURROWES CO., 62 Spring St., Portland, Me.
Mfrs. Burrowes Rustless Insect Screens and Folding Card Tables.



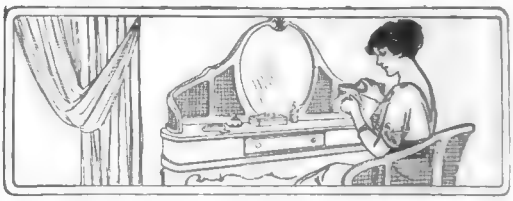
This delicious candy made of Louisiana plantation sugar and selected pecans has been the favorite for more than 50 years with the belles and beaux of Dixie. Introduced in our Atlantic City store this Summer it created a furore on the Boardwalk.

Order a Box by Mail

An ideal Christmas gift—something different. Pin a dollar bill to this ad and mail it to our nearest store. We'll send a two-pound box to any address by parcel post PREPAID.

Fuerst & Kraemer LIMITED
New Orleans Atlantic City

$1.00 FOR 2 POUND BOX



Women of Refinement

thousands of them—throughout the world make daily use of the genuine

MURRAY & LANMAN'S

(The Original, Century-Old)

Florida Water

Widely regarded as an indispensable aid to beauty and comfort. Its sprightly fragrance is acceptable to the most discriminating taste, and its delightful, refreshing effect best attained when it is added to the bath.

SOLD BY LEADING DRUGGISTS AND PERFUMERS.

Sample size mailed for six cents in stamps

Booklet "Beauty and Health" sent on request.

LANMAN & KEMP, 135 Water St., New York

Every Day—1,400 Quarts of Holstein Cows' Milk

are delivered to the National Home for Disabled Volunteer Soldiers at Sawtelle, Cal. The Wisconsin School for the Deaf at Delavan, Wis., provides no other milk but that from Holstein cows for its inmates. The Westboro Insane Hospital at Westboro, Mass., produces 1,000 quarts of Holstein milk per day in its own dairies for the use of its patients. In the Woodcroft School for Feeble-Minded Children at Pueblo, Colo., Holstein Milk is the only kind that is used. The City Hospital and the Home for Friendless Children at Wilkes Barre, Pa., are both supplied with Holstein Milk exclusively.

The Walker Gordon Milk Laboratories are recognized by the medical profession as the leading source from which to secure reliable milk for the scientific feeding of infants and invalids. They are strong endorsers of the value of Holstein milk for infants and children.

This general recognition of a special value in Holstein cows milk carries its own convincing message. Investigate the milk of these black-and-white cows.

Send for our book, "The Story of Holstein Milk," for further information.

HOLSTEIN-FRIESIAN ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA
3-V American Bldg., Brattleboro, Vermont

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Xmas 1914

Shirley President Suspenders

For Christmas

50¢

A pair for every suit makes a man's whole year merry—saves time and temper every time he dresses. Try it and see! The 12 beautifully designed boxes add the final touch to an ever-welcome gift. At stores or prepaid, 50c.

"Satisfaction or money back"

Be sure "Shirley President" is on buckles
THE C. A. EDGARTON MFG. CO.
SHIRLEY, MASS.

Capps Indian Blankets and Sport-Coats

for the **"Tribe of the Great Out-doors."** The latest smart over garment—a practical new "fad," certain of permanent popularity because the coats are so useful. Made from selected designs of the famous CAPPS INDIAN BLANKETS, man-tailored and beautifully finished. Artistic and original—very cosy and comfortable. Light in weight, but warm and waterproof. For all men and women—boys and girls who love out-door sports and pastimes. Charmingly "chic" and exclusive, appealing strongly to the college fraternity. These beautiful coats are guaranteed 100% Pure Wool the same as

Capps Genuine Indian Blankets

Follow authentic designs of Indian Tribal blankets and are clean and sanitary. Their appeal to artistic home lovers is irresistible, and their uses are almost limitless. Ideal for couch covers, slumber robes, camp use, yacht and automobile, steamer rugs, for baby's buggy and dozens of other useful and decorative purposes.

Capps Indian Blankets and Novelty Coats are sold by good dealers everywhere. If not by yours, write us. We'll send you FREE beautiful booklet, illustrating in actual color the most popular patterns and tell you how and where to get the coats and blankets promptly.

J. Capps & Sons, Ltd., Box D, Jacksonville, Ill.

A Christmas Gift *for* Housekeepers

Three wonderfully convenient articles, to make housekeeping EASY, heated by

Sternau Solid Alcohol

A wax-like, non-explosive form of alcohol, made solid by a new process; cannot spill, leak, or evaporate; is sanitary; keeps in all climates. Can be used anywhere.

Sternau Solid Alcohol GRILL

Cooks Chops, Fries Eggs, Potatoes or Bacon, Heats Sad Irons, etc.
Sent Postpaid in U. S. for $1.75.

Sternau Coffee Percolator with the **"Sternau Non-Breakable Transparent Top."** (6 cups' capacity.) Makes the best Coffee you ever tasted, and THE SAME EVERY TIME. Use on any Stove. Postpaid in U. S. $2.75.

Sternau Solid Alcohol STOVE

will Boil the Coffee, Cook Cereals, Heat Milk for Baby, Boil any Food, Heat Water for Shaving. Sent postpaid in U. S. for 65 cents.

THIS COOKING SET $5
of 3 above pieces. All sent by Parcel Post PREPAID in the United States for

These three articles are **Made in America.**

Solid Alcohol, 12 cans for $1.25, postpaid in U. S.
Canadian prices sent on request.

Ask for the articles at your home store, but, if you do not find them, send your order direct to the factory

Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Refunded

Write for free descriptive illustrated Booklet showing these and other useful devices, suitable for gifts

Also FREE Booklet of RECIPES.

S. Sternau & Co.

Makers of Metal Specialties, Coffee Percolators, Chafing Dishes and Everything that Burns Alcohol

309 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

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DIAMONDS ON CREDIT

If for personal use, or as a gift, there is nothing to compare with a Diamond, *if it be of good quality.*

LYON DIAMONDS

are *absolutely perfect and blue white.* Nothing better as an investment, as our grade of Diamond is constantly advancing. Any honest person is offered our liberal terms of

20% Down 10% A Month

which allows eight months to complete payments

We furnish with our Diamonds a guarantee certificate attesting the quality and value, and providing for exchange at full purchase price. Write today for our latest *Catalog No. 15*, in which is shown a complete line of Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry and Silverware. Goods sent to any Bank or Express subject to approval. *We allow a discount of 10% for cash.*

J. M. LYON & CO., (Dept. G) 71-73 NASSAU ST. NEW YORK

Set Six Screws— *and Save $13.25*

It takes six minutes to drive these six screws, and the saving is $13.25. Now if your time is worth more than $2.21 a minute, don't read any further. This advertisement is for those who want high-grade furniture at rock-bottom prices and approve a selling plan that actually saves big money.

$11.75

Over 30,000 Happy Home Owners Have Bought

Come-Packt Furniture for these substantial reasons. Here is an example of Come-Packt economy.

This handsome table is Quarter-Sawn White Oak, with rich deep, natural markings, honestly made; beautifully finished to your order. Two drawers; choice of Old Brass or Wood Knobs. It comes to you in four sections, packed in a compact crate, shipped at knock-down rates.

Our price, $11.75. With a screw-driver and six minutes you have a table that would ordinarily sell for $25!

No. 300 Library Table
Come-Packt Price $11.75
Shipping Weight 150 lbs.

Sold on a Year's Trial

SECTIONAL COME-PACKT FURNITURE

Free Catalog Shows 400 Pieces

for living, dining or bed room. Color plates show the exquisite finish and upholstering. Factory prices. Write for it today and we will send it to you by return mail.

The Come-Packt Furniture Co., 1206 Dorr St. Toledo, O.

Compo-Board

PATENTED TRADE MARK

Is the only "Wood Core" Wall Board

Don't accept *any* wall board that is alleged to be Compo-Board unless it has the center core of wood slats. There are some mighty good reasons why you should prefer Compo-Board to other wall boards. It is strong, rigid, durable. Makes beautiful, smooth walls.

Write for sample piece and book containing an interesting and valuable message. Write today.

Northwestern Compo-Board Co.,
4324 Lyndale Ave. No.,
Minneapolis, Minn.

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The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 4

Mr. Brown Is A Theatre-Goer

—who finds most theatres "draughty"—and sometimes dusty. He adds to his enjoyment, wards off colds and relieves throat irritation with

LUDEN'S

Menthol Candy **Cough Drops**

"Give Quick Relief"

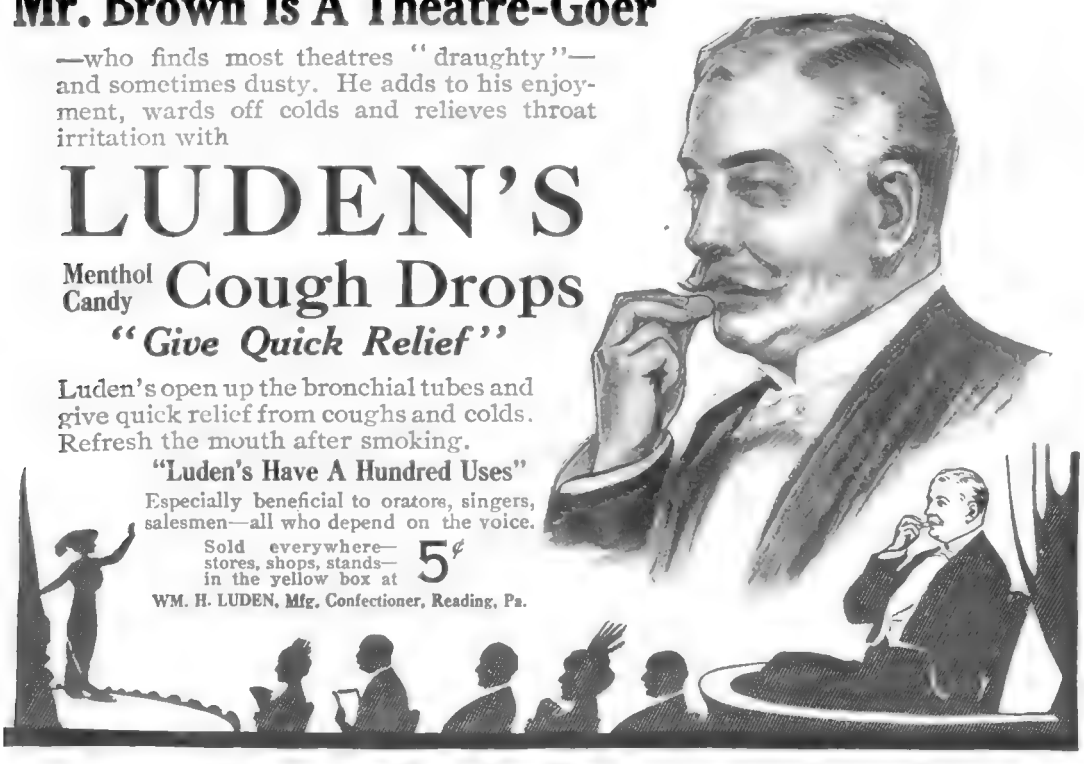
Luden's open up the bronchial tubes and give quick relief from coughs and colds. Refresh the mouth after smoking.

"Luden's Have A Hundred Uses"

Especially beneficial to orators, singers, salesmen—all who depend on the voice.

Sold everywhere—stores, shops, stands—in the yellow box at 5¢

WM. H. LUDEN, Mfg. Confectioner, Reading, Pa.



ATWOOD GRAPEFRUIT

NO OTHER GRAPEFRUIT EQUALS IT IN FLAVOR

THE superiority of Atwood Grapefruit is not an accident. From the first planting the Atwood Grapefruit Co. has sacrificed everything for QUALITY. An initial expense of hundreds of thousands of dollars was incurred, while everything that scientific culture and experience could suggest was done to produce QUALITY. Even then some trees at maturity bore simply *good* grapefruit, but *not good enough for the Atwood Brand.* These trees were cut down and replaced by superior varieties.

So through the various processes of selection, cultivation and elimination has evolved the ATWOOD FLAVOR, as hard to describe as it is difficult to produce.

People who have eaten Atwood Grapefruit say:

"It is absolutely the best grapefruit I ever tasted."

"Fruit is fine and full flavored, 'The Best Ever'."

"They are the nicest fruit we have ever tried."

"The best that we have been able to secure."

"As usual, your grapefruit is way ahead."

"Fully ripe and delicious."

A well-known physician writes: "I prescribe grapefruit for all my patients, and tell them to be sure and get Atwood Grapefruit."

Atwood Grapefruit is always sold in the trade-mark wrapper of the Atwood Grapefruit Co.

THE ATWOOD GRAPE FRUIT COMPANY MANAVISTA, FLA.

FOR SALE EVERYWHERE

ATWOOD GRAPEFRUIT CO. 80 MAIDEN LANE, NEW YORK

Kindly mention Everybody's Magazine in writing to advertisers or ordering your goods.

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These are not real children, but Schoenhut All-Wood Dolls

They are the triumph of forty-two years of successful toy making. They are made all from wood, fully jointed—practically indestructible. The head is modeled of solid wood in real character style, natural and lifelike. It is not a "doll-face" head, but a production of art, modeled by a famous sculptor. Figures are jointed at neck, shoulders, elbows, wrists, hips, knees and ankles with steel spring hinges and swivel connections. The parts are held tightly, though flexible enough to be placed in any character position, and the dolls will hold any pose. *No rubber cord* is used in the joints. They never require restringing.

These wonderful dolls never break and cause heartaches. They can be played with every day without fear of destruction. The dolls are painted with natural oil colors and can be washed. They are dressed either in knitted union suits or in natural clothing. They come with hair carved on head or with fine quality mohair wig.

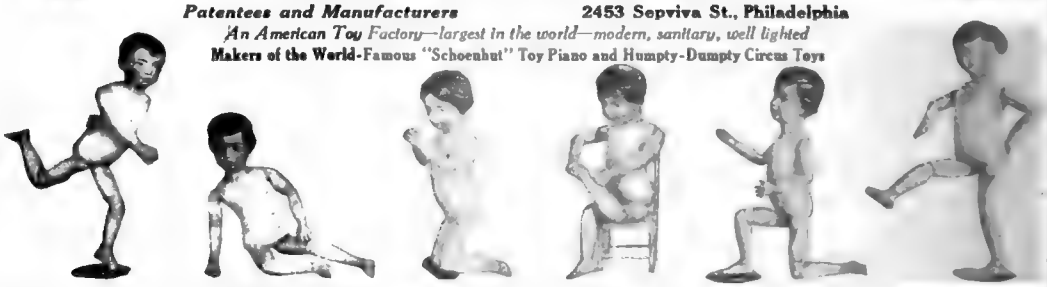
Schoenhut dolls, being a new invention, are not stocked by all dealers. If yours cannot supply you, we will send direct from the factory. Send for illustrated booklet.

THE A. SCHOENHUT COMPANY

Patentees and Manufacturers **2453 Sepviva St., Philadelphia**

An American Toy Factory—largest in the world—modern, sanitary, well lighted

Makers of the World-Famous "Schoenhut" Toy Piano and Humpty-Dumpty Circus Toys



DO YOU NEED MONEY ?

TO educate your children, support a family, pay off a mortgage, buy a home, or dress better? Then do as thousands of others are doing. Make money selling **World's Star Hosiery and Klean-Knit Underwear** in your home town.

No previous experience is necessary. We show you how to make money in an **easy, congenial and profitable way.** Two lady agents began in their home town in California and **each made over**

$3,000 FIRST YEAR

We sell direct from the mill to the home, thereby giving better value for the money. Our lines for men, women and children are famous the world over. We have in 18 years grown to be the largest concern in the world manufacturing and selling knit goods direct to the consumer.

Agents wanted in every town. It is a permanent, pleasant and profitable business. **Write today** for our free catalog. We protect agents in territory and make prompt delivery.

WORLDS STAR KNITTING CO.

Dept. 310 A BAY CITY, MICH.

Does The Socket Chafe Your Stump?

If so, you are NOT wearing

Buchstein's Vulcanized Fiber Limb

which is nothing to [illegible] stump, cool, [illegible]

Guaranteed 5 Years

Sold on easy payments to good people

This [illegible] silver [illegible]

C. Buchstein Co., 113 6th St S., Minneapolis, Minn.

"The Colorado Gem," Newest Product of Our Gem Mines

A beautiful **Genuine Topaz**, of purest white color, finest Diamond cut, wonderful brilliancy and great hardness. Endorsed by leading experts. Far superior to the best imitation Diamond ever produced. Remember, **I guarantee** these stones to be **genuine.** Special price $2.00 each, 3 for $5.00. Size, up to two carats. Free booklet. Address with remittance.

H. LINDEMANN, Expert Gem Cutter,
1536 Champa Street, Denver, Colo.

Print Your Own cards, circulars, books,

small newspaper, &c. PRESS $5, Larger size $[illegible] Rotary $60. Money saver and maker. For old or young, business or pleasure. Everything easy by printed instructions. Write to the factory to-day for illustrated catalog of presses, type, cards, paper, samples, etc. Address **THE PRESS CO., Meriden, Connecticut**

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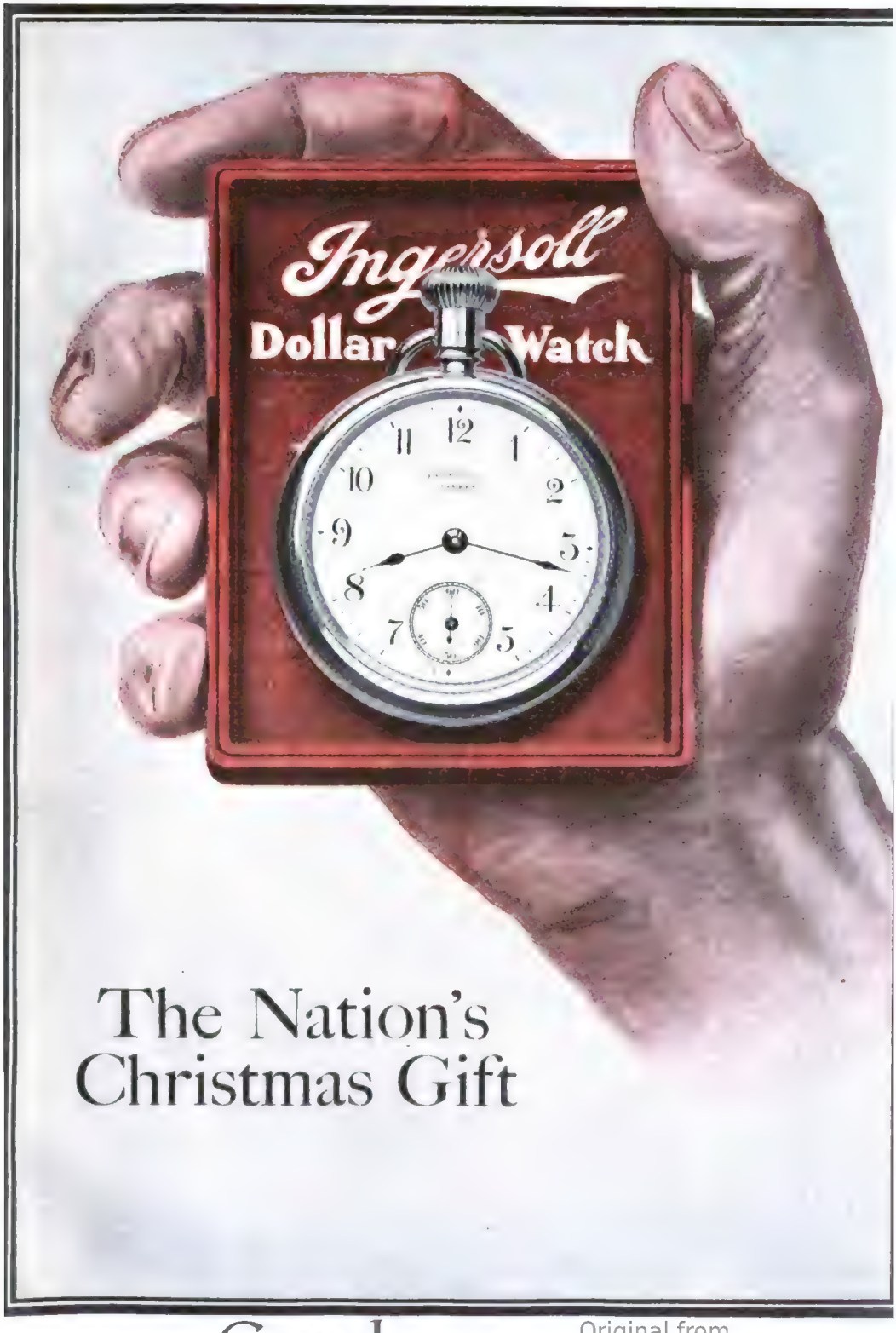
The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are limited. Turn to page 4



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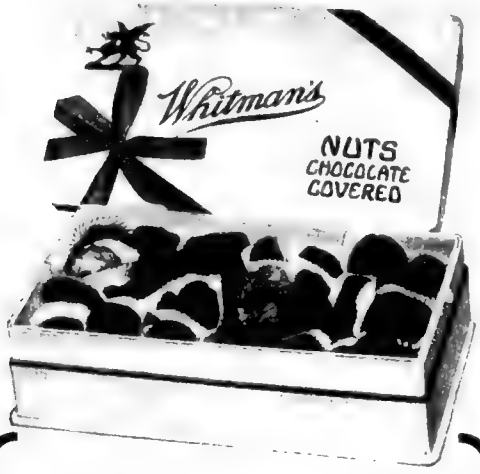

NUTS CHOCOLATE COVERED

A New Package of

Whitman's

An enticing assortment—*all nuts, chocolate covered.* The selected whole meat nuts, gathered from all the world and handled with scrupulous care, are worthy of the nch coating of exquisite super-extra chocolate. These centers are walnuts, double walnuts, cream walnuts, pecans, cream pecans, pecan caramels, filbert clusters, almonds, white nougat, hard nougat, amaracenes, peanut chips and Brazil nuts.

Substantially packed in an elaborate two-tray box. One dollar the package in pound size only (more in extreme west and Canada). If no Whitman agent near you, send us $1.00 for package by mail. Write for booklet.

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, Inc.
Philadelphia, Pa.

Makers of Whitman's
INSTANTANEOUS CHOCOLATE

The CORONA
Folding Typewriter

The CORONA should be used by every man and every woman who has writing to do.

The reasons are: typewriting is far more quickly done than handwriting—it is easier to read—carbons can be made—it looks much better and it doubles the efficiency of any letter, report or document.

Best of all the Corona Folding Typewriter can be taken anywhere easily. It weighs but 6 lbs. and when in its carrying case occupies only about the same amount of space as a large camera.

Write for full particulars of this remarkable typewriter now. Just say, "Send Booklet No. 4."

Corona Typewriter Co., Inc., Groton, N. Y.
141 West 42nd St., at Broadway, New York City
Agencies in Principal Cities of the World

In the highest Civilization the Book is still the highest delight—Emerson

Brentano's Christmas Book Boxes

A Notable Christmas Innovation

An unusual and enduring GIFT, suitable for every age, taste and purse—A BOX OF BOOKS.

Purchasers can make their own choice, according to the amount they wish to spend, or, if selection is left with us, our best efforts will be given. A CATALOGUE, classified as to subjects, with prices, will be sent free upon request.

PRICES: $2.00, $5.00, $7.00, $10.00, and upwards, according to selection.

CATALOGUE will also contain a list of SINGLE VOLUMES of STANDARD AUTHORS, in FINE BINDINGS, also RARE and CHOICE BOOKS, and BOOKS in FOREIGN LANGUAGES.

Christmas Catalogues Free

BRENTANO'S

5th Ave. and 27th St. New York

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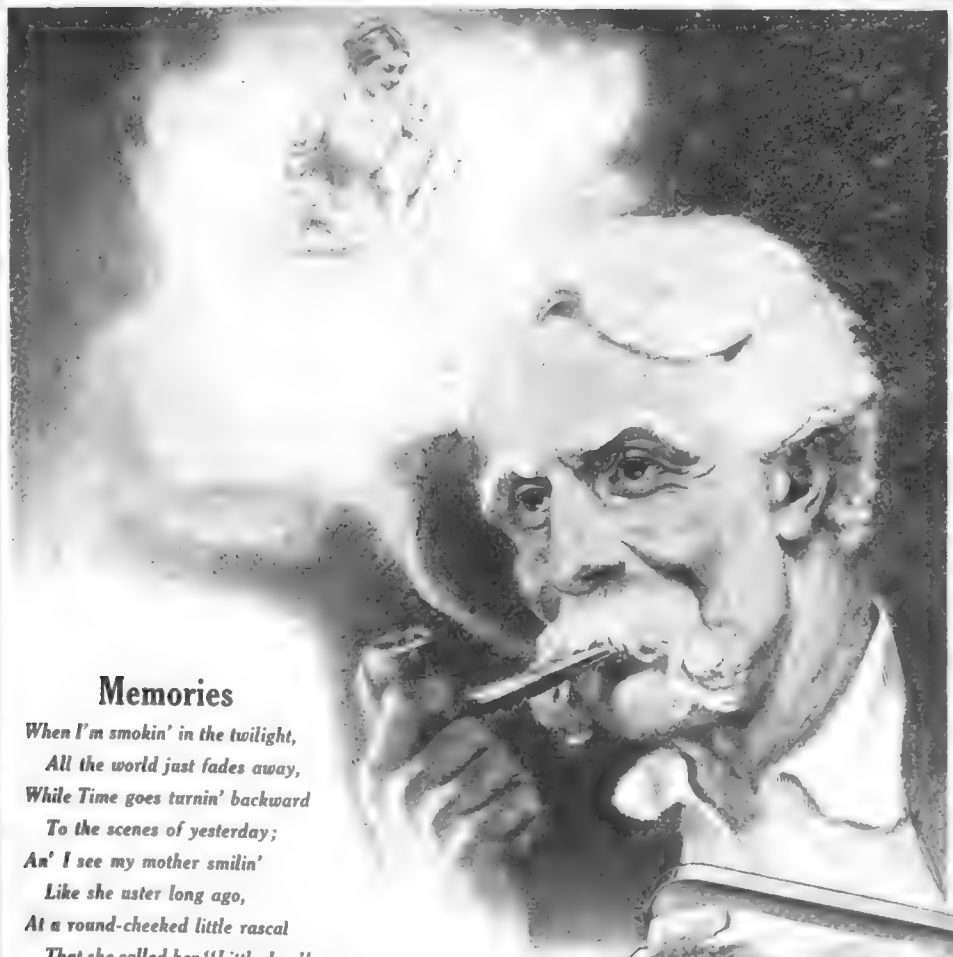

Memories

When I'm smokin' in the twilight,
All the world just fades away,
While Time goes turnin' backward
To the scenes of yesterday;
An' I see my mother smilin'
Like she uster long ago,
At a round-cheeked little rascal
That she called her "Little Joe."

Velvet Joe

LET your pipe, filled with VELVET, waft *you* back to other days—happy days with all their troubles mellowed out by the gentle hand of Time.

VELVET, The Smoothest Smoking Tobacco, is Kentucky's *Burley de Luxe*, to which time has added an aged-in-the-wood mellowness.

5c Metal-Lined Bags *10c Tins*
One Pound Glass Humidors

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

Copyright 1914

½ Actual Size

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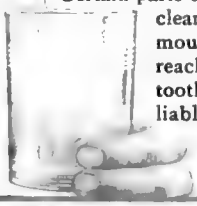
LISTERINE

Avoid Imitations

Listerine has been imitated more than any other antiseptic. The formula of Listerine has never been changed and never will be, because there can be nothing better. Used and prescribed by dentists for 30 years. Demand genuine Listerine in the original package.



Use it every day

DAILY cleansing of the mouth with a trustworthy antiseptic aids in eliminating disease germs and preventing tooth decay. Certain parts of the teeth cannot be reached with a toothbrush. To clean them thoroughly, brush well and rinse the entire mouth with Listerine, the *safe* antiseptic. Listerine reaches, cleanses and sweetens the entire surface of every tooth and the mouth, thus rendering the whole system less liable to infection.

All Druggists Sell Listerine

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, St. Louis, Mo.

When You Give Him a

Kerr Belt and Buckle you can feel assured of his appreciation, because nothing else he receives, regardless of cost, will surpass it in distinctiveness and high quality. The

KERR Belt and Buckle

are designed along clean-cut, mannish lines. The practical, adjustable buckle appeals to a man's love for clever construction. The buckle has no tongue to wear and catch. The belt has no holes to tear and disfigure it. Just a simple, sturdy clutch device that grips doggedly until released voluntarily. Belts are of choicest leather. Fit snugly and comfortably. Look for the name "Kerr" on both belt and buckle. It guarantees the genuine.

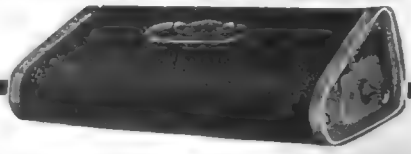
Sterling silver buckle with belt $5.00 up

14K solid gold buckle with belt $25.00 up

At the Better Jewelers

Booklet of distinctive designs on request.

Wm. B. Kerr Company
144 Orange St., NEWARK, N. J.



Clark Heaters
for WINTER DRIVING
In Auto, Sleigh or Carriage

During the coldest weather a Clark Heater will always keep you warm and cozy. **It supplies the heat without flame, smoke or smell.** We make twenty styles of these heaters—**from 90c to $10.** Most of them have attractive carpet covers with asbestos lining. They fit in at the feet in any vehicle, occupy little space and are just the thing for real comfort. You cannot bend or break them—they last forever. We guarantee that you will be well satisfied or your money will be refunded. **Ask your dealer for a CLARK HEATER.**

Write for complete free catalog—a postal will bring it. Why not WRITE NOW!

CHICAGO FLEXIBLE SHAFT CO.
98 N LaSalle St. . Chicago, Illinois

Garage $77.50

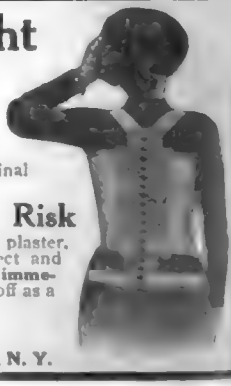
FORD SPECIAL Springfield Portable

Steel Covered 10x16; two men can erect in two hours; fully guaranteed.

SPRINGFIELD MFG. CO., 60 Arch St., Boston, Mass.

Crooked Spines Made Straight

You need not venture the loss of a penny. No matter how serious your case, no matter **what else** you have tried, the Sheldon Method will help you and probably **wholly overcome** your affliction. We are so sure of this that we will make a Sheldon Appliance to suit your special condition and let you decide, after 30 days, whether you are satisfied. We make this unusual offer simply because the 20,000 cases we have treated **absolutely prove** the wonderful benefit the Sheldon Method brings to spinal sufferers, young and old.



Use the Sheldon Method 30 Days at Our Risk

There is no need to suffer longer or bear the torture of old fashioned plaster, leather or steel jackets. The Sheldon Appliance gives an even, perfect and adjustable support to the weakened or deformed spine and brings almost **immediate** relief even in the **most serious cases.** It is as easy to put on or take off as a coat, does not chafe or irritate, is light and cool.

The price is within reach of all who suffer. Write today for our new book. If you will describe the case it will aid us in giving you definite information at once.

PHILO BURT MFG. CO. **204 24th Street, Jamestown, N. Y.**

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FOR THE MAN WHO CARES

The Florsheim SHOE

The Premier — Bound Grey Cloth Top

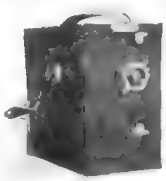
FLORSHEIM dealers are showing a very clever array of men's cloth top walking boots. You will be surprised when you see their aristocratic look—not the gaudy effect that goes with the first thought of a fancy top shoe, but the finest imported box cloths made up in the latest shapes and worn by the most conservative of well-dressed men—proper for all occasions.

$6 and $7 per pair

Look for Name in Shoe

Booklet showing "Styles of the Times" free on request

The Florsheim Shoe Co.
Chicago, U. S. A.



MOTION PICTURE PHOTOGRAPHY

with the **Vista Motion Picture Camera** and **Projector** is as **simple as snapping pictures with a kodak.**

Uses EASTMAN Standard Motion Picture Film.

Price of Camera $50.00

Projecting Attachment Separately Listed

Ask your dealer or write direct for Catalogue 6

MOTION PICTURE CAMERA COMPANY
5 West 14th Street **New York**

Healthy, beautiful hair by using Resinol Soap

Shampoo regularly with hot water and Resinol Soap, rubbing the rich, creamy lather thoroughly into the scalp so as to soften and stimulate the scalp, to remove the dead skin and cells, and to work the healing, antiseptic Resinol balsams well into the roots of the hair.

Rinse in gradually cooler water, the final water being cold. Dry the hair thoroughly, without artificial heat. This simple, agreeable method almost always stops dandruff and scalp itching, and keeps the hair live, thick and lustrous. When the hair or scalp is in very bad condition, apply a little Resinol Ointment to the scalp a few hours before shampooing with Resinol Soap.

Resinol Soap leaves no stickiness or unpleasant odor in the hair and contains no harsh, drying alkali. Ideal as a toilet soap. Its rich brown is due wholly to the Resinol balsams that it contains, not to artificial coloring. For sample, free, write Dept. 14C, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

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Why Not Have A Clear Skin

Cuticura Soap In Daily Use

And Cuticura Ointment occasionally as needed, will help you promote a clear skin, clean scalp free from dandruff, good hair and soft white hands in most cases when all else fails. Nothing more effective or agreeable at any price. You may try them before you buy them.

✠ SAMPLES FREE ✠

Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment are sold throughout the world. Send post-card to nearest depot for free sample of each with 32-page book: Newbery, 27, Charterhouse Sq., London, Eng.; R. Towns & Co., Sydney, N.S.W.; Lennon, Ltd., Cape Town; Muller, Maclean & Co., Calcutta and Bombay; Potter Drug and Chem. Corp., Boston, U.S.A.

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The New Spirit of Christmas Giving

THE REALIZATION that more than a mere wanton expenditure of money is necessary to the true appreciation of a Christmas gift has contributed largely to the popularity of such useful, labor saving articles as

BISSELL'S

"Cyco" BALL BEARING

Carpet Sweeper

It's a wonderful boon to the woman doing her own housework. No other cleaning device can take the place of this handy little machine for every day use. An extra sweeper for upstairs saves steps. The Bissell comes in many handsome designs and finishes and has all the latest improvements. $2.75 to $5.75 at all dealers. *Booklet on request.*

BISSELL CARPET SWEEPER CO.

Grand Rapids, Mich. Niagara Falls, Can.

PATENT YOUR IDEAS $9,000 offered for certain inventions. Book "How to Obtain a Patent" and "What to Invent" sent free. Send rough sketch for free report as to patentability. Patents advertised for sale at our expense in Manufacturers' Journals.

Patent Obtained or Fee Returned

CHANDLEE & CHANDLEE, Patent Attorneys

Established 16 years.

972 F Street, WASHINGTON, D. C.

FOR XMAS A TYPEWRITER!

Look at these bargains! Typewriters Rebuilt in our own Factories, and guaranteed for one year.

Remingtons $20 to $55	Smiths $18 to $40
Underwoods $35 to $60	Royals $25 to $45
L. C. Smiths $30 to $50	Olivers $20 to $35

We have others, of course. Send for catalog describing them, and address of nearest branch office.

American Writing Machine Co., Inc., 345 Broadway, N. Y.

TALBOT MUNDY

has a cracking good story you shouldn't miss in the December

ADVENTURE

Lundstrom

IT GROWS WITH YOUR LIBRARY

SECTIONAL BOOKCASE

PER SECTION $1.75 and up

Endorsed by over seventy thousand users. Sold only direct from our factory at a considerable saving to you. Write for our new catalog No. 52.

THE C. J. LUNDSTROM MFG. CO.

LITTLE FALLS, N. Y.

Manufacturers of Sectional Bookcases and Filing Cabinets

Branch Office: Flatiron Bldg., N. Y. City.

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Send Today For The New "Swift's Premium" Nature Study Calendar for 1915

The handsomest and most interesting of the famous series of "Swift's Premium" Calendars is now ready for distribution.

Four exquisite watercolor paintings of "Butterflies", "Flowers", "Birds", "Animals", by Bessie Pease Gutmann, have been reproduced in full color, each forming a separate plate, without advertising matter.

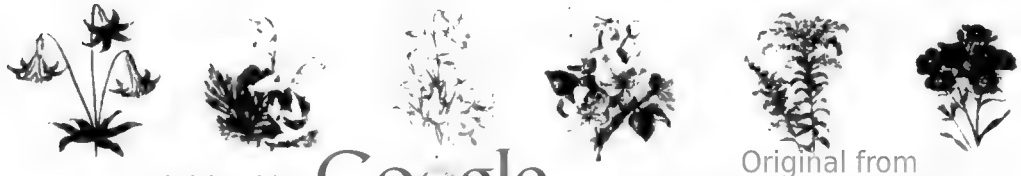
On the back of each plate are twelve or more illustrations, in natural colors, of the division of natural life suggested by the large painting, i. e. birds, butterflies, flowers and animals, with descriptions and interesting facts about each one.

How to Get It

Send 10 cents in coin or stamps;
or—Trade-mark end of five "Swift's Premium" Oleomargarine cartons
or—Parchment circle from top of jar of "Swift's Premium" Sliced Bacon
or—4 Covers from Brookfield Sausage cartons
or—6 Maxine Elliott Soap wrappers
or—10 Wool Soap wrappers
(10c extra in Canada on account of duty.)

When you send for a Calendar, address

Swift & Company 4162 Packers Ave. Chicago



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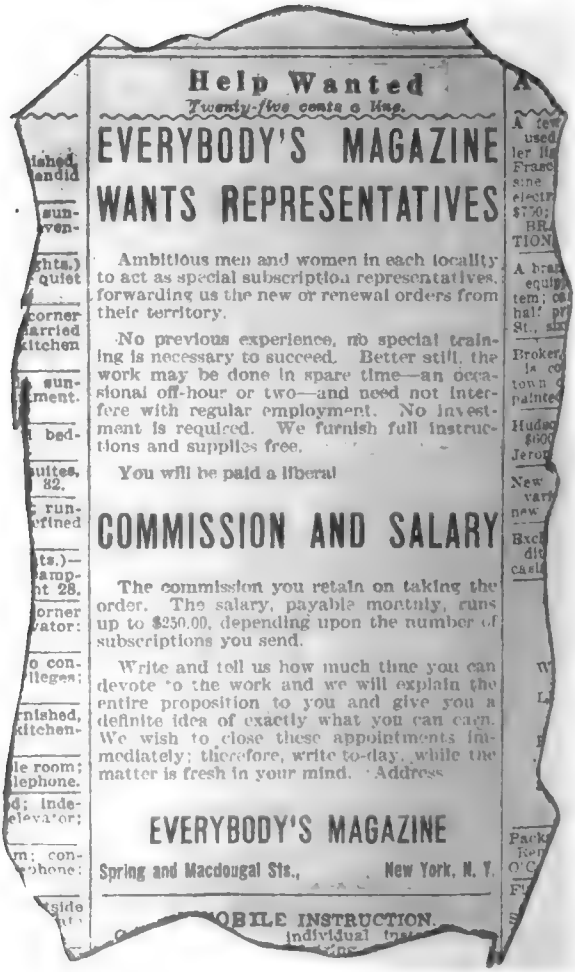
HELP WANTED



Help Wanted

Twenty-five cents a line.

EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE WANTS REPRESENTATIVES

Ambitious men and women in each locality to act as special subscription representatives, forwarding us the new or renewal orders from their territory.

No previous experience, no special training is necessary to succeed. Better still, the work may be done in spare time—an occasional off-hour or two—and need not interfere with regular employment. No investment is required. We furnish full instructions and supplies free.

You will be paid a liberal

COMMISSION AND SALARY

The commission you retain on taking the order. The salary, payable monthly, runs up to $250.00, depending upon the number of subscriptions you send.

Write and tell us how much time you can devote to the work and we will explain the entire proposition to you and give you a definite idea of exactly what you can earn. We wish to close these appointments immediately; therefore, write to-day, while the matter is fresh in your mind. Address

EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE

Spring and Macdougal Sts., New York, N. Y.

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The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 4.

Help the South!

Buy an Ostermoor

The Ostermoor Mattress is made of cotton but is no more like original cotton than cloth is like original wool. "Buy an Ostermoor" is better than

Buy a Bale of Cotton

for you will help the South and at the same time provide yourself with a mattress which will give you sleep-comfort for a lifetime.

Ostermoor mattresses are dust-, moth- and vermin-proof, and are guaranteed never to mat, pack nor get hard and lumpy.

Send for FREE Book of 144 pages, with samples of ticking. Or a handsome, full-size Ostermoor mattress, 4 ft. 6 in. wide and 6 ft. 3 in. long, elegantly finished, will be sent you, express prepaid, same day we get your check or money order (see price list). Your money will be returned without question if you are dissatisfied at the end of 30 days. Mattresses packed in leatherette paper and burlap, fully protected.

OSTERMOOR & CO., 107 Elizabeth Street, New York

Canadian Agency: Alaska Feather & Down Co., Ltd., Montreal

$15.

"Built—Not Stuffed"

Mattresses Full Double Bed Size

A. O. A. Ticking, 45 lbs.	$15.00
Satin Finish Ticking, 45 lbs.	16.50
Mercerized Art Twills, 45 lbs.	18.00
Special Hotel Style, 50 lbs.	23.00
Extra Thick French Edge, 60 lbs.	30.00

Express prepaid. Mattresses in two parts, 50c extra. Smaller sizes cost $1 less each size.

HAVONE

The Forget Me Not of Gifts

Send for my illustrated Autobiography. Address Dept. H, HAVONE CORPORATION, 21 Maiden Lane, New York.

MY MOTTO—*a case for every cigarette and every cigarette in its case.*

HAVONE

I KEEP order in Cigarettedom—no wandering from the straight and narrow among "smokes" entrusted to me. Out they come—clean, sanitary and ship-shape as they went in.

As for me—I'm made for keeps and like all good things—simple as A, B, C.

Really, you can't know how you've missed me until you've tried me.

For yourself or any special friend, or "from her to him"—at high-class jewelers' and other shops.

And look for my mark when you buy.

PRICES
HAVONE SILVER PLATE, $4.50
24 karat gold plate, $5.25
Sterling, $12 and up.

Two-Thirds Size Open

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Dollar Christmas Gift for Men Who Smoke

(—not much to pay for a gift, but *this* gift will make a hit with any smoker.)

(—your friend, brother, husband—it's a safe gift, sure to please.)

It is Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed in a pound humidor tin. It is choice tobacco. It is the tobacco that induced Mr. H. J. Kline, 1050 Leader-News Building, Cleveland, Ohio, to write the producers of Edgeworth as follows:

> "Three years ago my dentist heard me complaining because I could get no pipe tobacco that was worth a cent a carload. He immediately introduced Edgeworth. If I had a million dollars I would be almost willing to give half the sum for what he did for me. Since that time I have smoked Edgeworth and nothing else. And it has the same flavor today that it had the first time I smoked it. I have told a thousand friends about it and they are now all Edgeworth devotees. Pipe smokers who come to my house go 'daffy' over my Edgeworth.
>
> Very truly yours,
>
> (Signed) H. J. KLINE,
>
> Secretary, Forest City Live Stock & Fair Co.
> General Manager, The Forest City Fair.
> Secretary, The Grand Circuit."

If you can't get Edgeworth in one-pound humidor tins (price $1.00) at your retail tobacco store, Larus & Brother Co. will ship you direct on receipt of $1.00, all charges prepaid.

If you want to make one or more of your friends Christmas gifts of these Edgeworth packages, give your instructions to your dealer, or, if he will not supply you, send us names and addresses of friends with your cards and check to cover your order at $1.00 per package and we will gladly attend to the shipping.

If you have smoked Edgeworth through some long, quiet evening, this is all you need to know. If you have never smoked Edgeworth, we will cheerfully give to you a sample of the tobacco we suggest that you give your friends.

A sample of Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed is something easy to obtain. All you have to do is to make up your mind to ask for it and send a post card request to Larus & Brother Co., 11 South 21st Street, Richmond, Virginia, who will be glad if you will also mention your dealer's name. You are invited to send for the sample.

The original Edgeworth is a Plug Slice, wrapped in gold foil and sold in a blue tin. Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed may be bought in 10c and 50c tins everywhere and in the handsome $1.00 humidor package which is so suitable as a Christmas gift. Edgeworth Plug Slice, 15c, 25c, 50c and $1.00. Sold by practically all dealers or mailed prepaid if yours has none.

To the Retail Tobacco Merchant:—If your jobber cannot supply Edgeworth in dollar humidor packages, Larus & Brother Co. will gladly ship you direct at the same price you would pay the jobber.

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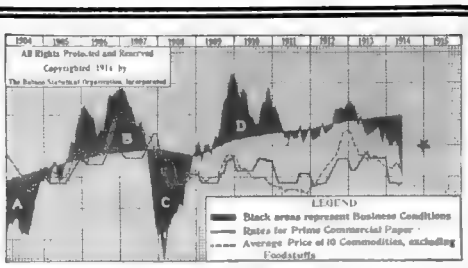

★Subscribers each week receive this Chart revised to date.

What's Coming?

On the first Monday of January we shall issue a bulletin carefully analyzing

"The Outlook For 1915"

It will discuss impartially the mercantile, monetary and investment situations here and abroad.

This bulletin is of vital interest to manufacturers, merchants, bankers and investors, to whom it will be sent free.

Write at once to insure getting a copy.
Address Dept. E-43 of the

Babson Statistical Organization
Engineering Block. Wellesley Hills, Mass.
Largest Statistical Organization of its Character in U. S.

Ask your stationer
250 styles
FALCON PEN
The most popular pen in the world.
Esterbrook's Falcon No. 048
The standard pen for general correspondence, combining a smooth, medium point with large ink-holding capacity.
Send 10c. for useful metal box containing 12 of our most popular pens, including the famous Falcon 048.
Esterbrook Pen Mfg. Co.
New York Camden, N. J.
Esterbrook Pens

The Heart of the Heating Plant

This perfect device enables one to have a fixed temperature throughout the house, both day and night. It automatically opens and closes the drafts and dampers, keeping the fire burning sufficiently to maintain exactly the degree indicated.

The "MINNEAPOLIS" HEAT REGULATOR

WITH TIME ATTACHMENT

At bedtime a lower temperature is indicated for the night and the time attachment is set for a change at, say, 7 A. M. At the morning hour thus set the indicator automatically and silently moves back to 70 and the rooms are warm at the time of arising.

Ends worry and constant attention. Insures comfort and health. Saves fuel. Has universally become a requirement of every modern home

Model No. 47 1 Day Clock

Model No. 60 8 Day Clock

Used with any heating plant. Installed and guaranteed by the heating trade everywhere.

Write for Booklet

Minneapolis Heat Regulator Company

Factory and General Offices
2778 Fourth Ave., So.
Minneapolis, Minn.

Shaving doesn't make your razor dull half as fast as rust does. Rust, caused by moisture from lather, forms on the microscopic teeth of the edge. This makes the blade pull and scrape.

You can't wipe the blade so dry that rust won't form between the microscopic teeth. The sharper the edge and thinner the steel, the greater the rust. That's a scientific fact!

To keep a sharp blade *always* keen and clean (ordinary or safety razor) simply do this: Rub a few drops of 3-in-One well into your razor strop. Draw the razor blade between your thumb and first finger, moistened with 3-in-One. Then strop as usual. You'll be surprised at the improvement. Always wipe blade dry and apply a little 3-in-One after shaving.

Don't take our word for this. Simply test it. Do it at our expense.

FREE SAMPLE and special scientific circular—both free! Sold at all stores—8-oz. bottle, 50 cts; 3-oz., 25 cts; trial size, 10 cts.

3-in-One Oil Co., 42 CTR. Broadway, New York

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Gifts Men Like

FOUR Krementz 14 Kt. Rolled Gold unbreakable Collar Buttons in a handsome Christmas box—$1.00.

Two Krementz one-piece-bean-and-post Cuff Buttons and two Krementz 14 Kt. Rolled Gold Collar Buttons, in an attractive holiday box—$2.50.

A pair of Krementz Cuff Buttons built with the famous Krementz one-piece-bean-and-post. Choice of a wide variety of exclusive designs; plain, engine-turned or engraved. In a beautiful gift box—$2.00.

Krementz

Krementz Bodkin Studs, Vest Buttons and Cuff Links for evening wear are an ideal Christmas gift for the careful dresser. Note in the illustrations below how the Krementz Bodkin Clutch "goes in like a needle and holds like an anchor." Sold in sets or separately. Price per set in presentation case—$5.25 and $6.50.

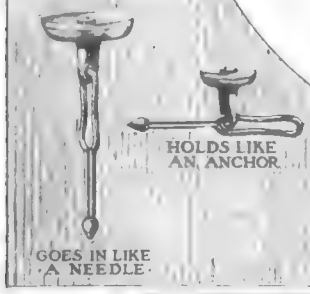
Remember, the name Krementz stamped on these goods guarantees:

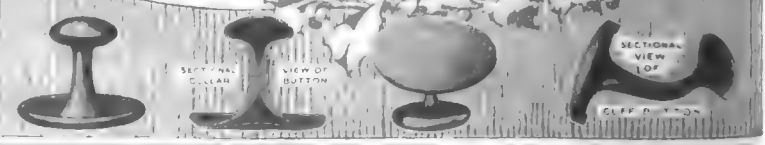
"If unsatisfactory from ANY cause, they will be replaced FREE."

The better jewelry stores and haberdasheries sell these guaranteed Krementz Gift Sets. Solid Gold and Platinum Dress Sets sold at select jewelry stores only.

If your dealer hasn't received his Christmas stock order direct from us, enclosing price. We will deliver to you, or to any address you desire, packed in Christmas boxes, daintily tied with ribbon and enclosing your personal card.

Krementz & Company
36 Chestnut Street, Newark, N. J.





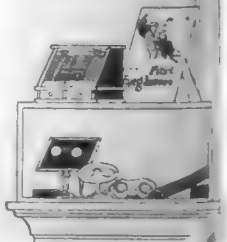
"The lens is the most important part of your glasses.

And yet few people know whether they are getting good lenses or bad. These were made by the American Optical Company, the oldest optical manufacturers in America and the largest in the world. If you always insist upon getting American Optical Company lenses you will be sure to have the best glasses obtainable."

Ask *your* oculist, optometrist or optician—he knows

AMERICAN OPTICAL COMPANY
Southbridge Massachusetts

Largest Manufacturers of Spectacles, Eyeglasses and Lenses in the World.



The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are invited. Turn to page 4

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Open on time

War will not affect the 1915 Panama Expositions

Plan now to go and visit Grand Canyon of Arizona on the way

Four trains a day, including California Limited
The Santa Fe de-Luxe (extra fare) weekly in winter

On request will send you our Panama Expositions and California trains folders.
W. J. BLACK, Passenger Traffic Manager
Atchison Topeka & Santa Fe Railway, 1086 Railway Exchange Chicago.

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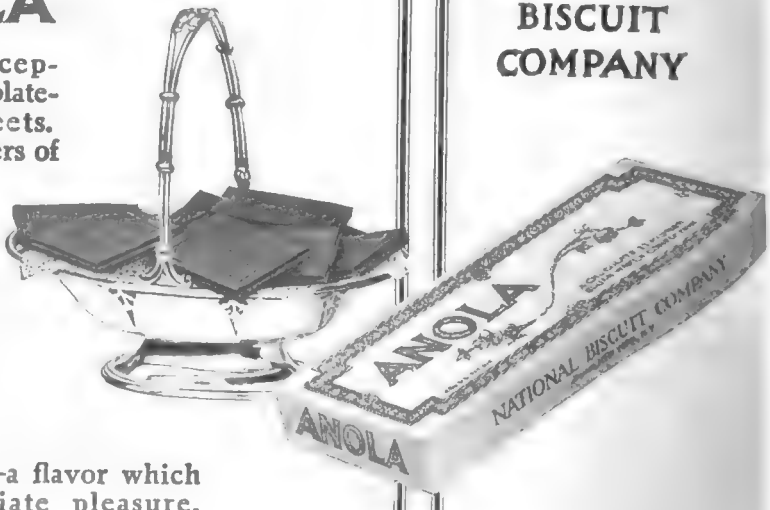
Kindly mention Everybody's Magazine in writing to advertisers or visiting your dealer.

NABISCO
Sugar Wafers

—entrancing sweets which are always and everywhere popular. Wafer confections centered with delicately flavored cream. The perfect accompaniment for every dessert. In ten-cent tins; also in twenty-five-cent tins.

ANOLA

—a new conception in chocolate-flavored sweets. Exquisite wafers of crisped baking with chocolate-flavored cream nestling between. Anola has achieved a new delight which only taste can tell—a flavor which gives immediate pleasure. In ten-cent tins.



NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed

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Electric Table Lamp
$4.50

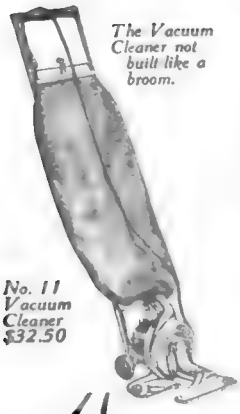
PRACTICAL GIFTS
That will delight any woman

ELECTRICAL devices for the home—things that make the duties lighter and the home brighter—these are the gifts most welcome. And they exemplify the true Christmas spirit—the spirit of doing good to others in the most practical manner.

Electric Toaster
$4.00

Why not surprise your wife or mother with a Western Electric vacuum cleaner—a washing machine—a dish washer—an electric iron or an Inter-phone between bedroom and kitchen? All of these save much hard work and many steps. Or, why not give her the soothing comfort of a Western Electric warming pad, or the convenience of the toaster, or the beauty of the table lamp? These, and many more needfuls, comprise the list of

American Beauty
Electric Iron
$5.00



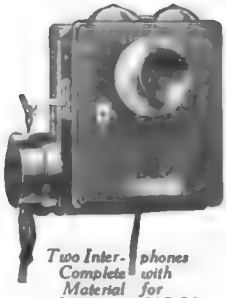
The Vacuum Cleaner not built like a broom.

No. 11
Vacuum
Cleaner
$32.50

Western Electric
Household Helps

Electric Warming Pad
$6.50
The successor to the hot-water bag.

They exemplify the high quality of all Western Electric merchandise, and are guaranteed by the world's largest distributors of electrical supplies. The Bell Telephone, which you use so often, is made by this company, and is an evidence of Western Electric worth.

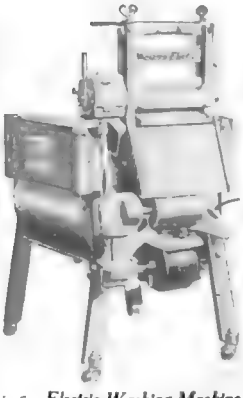


Two Inter-phones
Complete Material
Installing
with for $15.00

This is the "Push-a-Button Age," in which the well-equipped housewife has electricity's power at her beck and call. Electricity is a willing helper, and the cost of current to operate any of these household helps is surprisingly low.

Electrical dealers all over the country sell our goods. Write to any of our houses in the cities listed below, and we will send you our booklet, "An Electrical Christmas," and tell you where in your vicinity our goods may be purchased. Ask for Booklet No. 61-T.

Electric Dish Washer



Electric Washing Machine

WESTERN ELECTRIC COMPANY

Manufacturers of the 8,000,000 "Bell" Telephones

New York	Chicago	Kansas City	San Francisco	Montreal
Buffalo	Milwaukee	St. Louis	Salt Lake City	Portland
Philadelphia	Pittsburgh	Oklahoma City	Oakland	Toronto
Boston	Cleveland	Minneapolis	Los Angeles	Winnipeg
Richmond	Detroit	St. Paul	Dallas	Calgary
Atlanta	Cincinnati	Denver	Houston	Vancouver
Savannah	Indianapolis	Omaha	Seattle	Edmonton
New Orleans				

EQUIPMENT FOR EVERY ELECTRICAL NEED

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You Pay for the Name!

The Iver Johnson costs about $5 more than ordinary bicycles. You pay that $5 for the name "Iver Johnson."

For if the prestige of our name were not at stake we could use welded instead of seamless tubing; castings instead of drop forgings; hastily tempered bearings instead of the finest bearings that ever went in a bicycle; cheap paint and varnish instead of five coats of hand-rubbed enamel.

You pay $5 extra because the name "Iver Johnson" guarantees a standardized, well made, fast and durable bicycle. Prices, $30 to $55. Juveniles, $20 to $25.

IVER JOHNSON

The same argument holds good on Iver Johnson Revolvers.

You can buy for much less a revolver that is just as shiny, hard and heavy as the Iver Johnson. You pay the difference because you know that the name "Iver Johnson" stamped on the barrel assures you of absolute safety, positive accuracy, a full equipment of unbreakable, permanent tension wire springs and finest steel and workmanship.

There are 35 points like the following wherein the Iver Johnson Motorcycle differs from other machines. In the Twin motor there are two crank pins. Both pistons occupy relatively the same positions in the cylinders, with the result that the power strokes come at regular intervals. In other motors with one crank pin the power strokes are at irregular intervals. 34 other superiorities are explained in our 82-page book (stiff board covers). This book also tells of Iver Johnson Safety Automatic Revolvers, Iver Johnson Champion Shotguns and Bicycles. It is free.

IVER JOHNSON'S ARMS & CYCLE WORKS
126 River Street, Fitchburg, Mass.
99 Chambers Street, New York
717 Market St., San Francisco

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The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 4.

1847 ROGERS BROS.
"Silver Plate that Wears"
The new Continental pattern is shown in this chest. Surprisingly low in cost are some of these chests, being priced according to the number of pieces contained, and can be had in almost any combination.
Always sold with an unqualified guarantee made possible by the actual test of over 65 years. At all leading dealers. Send for illustrated catalogue "Z-20."
INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO., MERIDEN, CONN.
Successor to Meriden Britannia Co.
NEW YORK CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO HAMILTON, CANADA
The World's Largest Makers of Sterling Silver and Plate

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STEINWAY

IF you are thinking of purchasing a piano as an appropriate gift this Christmas, consider what a Steinway would mean in your home.

Necessarily the Steinway is priced slightly higher than pianos of other makes. This difference in cost merely reflects the superior quality of the Steinway. The price makes possible the incomparable tone, resonant and sweet, and the perfect workmanship that makes every Steinway a lifetime possession.

We shall be glad to send you, free, illustrated literature, with the name of the Steinway dealer nearest you.

STEINWAY & SONS, STEINWAY HALL
107-109 East Fourteenth Street, New York

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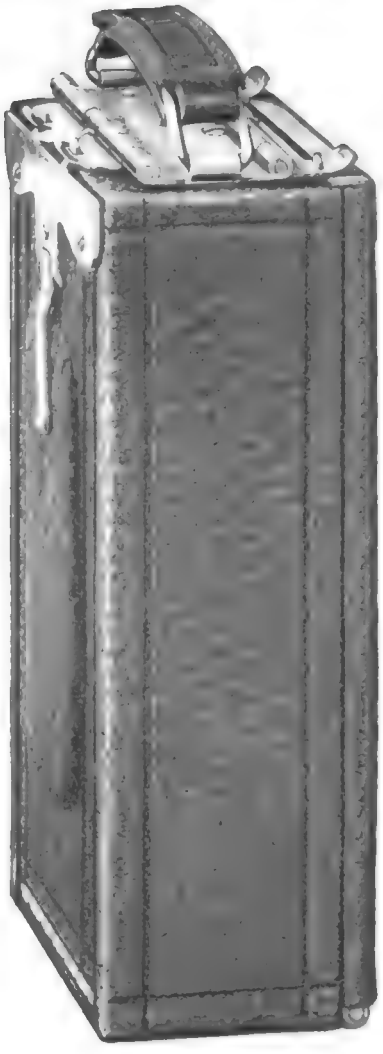
The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are interesting. Turn to Page 4

The gift that will please anyone

Premoette Junior



Actual Size

A compact, convenient and efficient camera. So simple to operate that anyone can start right in Christmas morning and make good pictures of all the fun and merriment of Christmas Day and of all the days that follow.

The Premoette Jr. loads in daylight, is fitted with the latest type of ball bearing automatic shutter and a carefully tested meniscus lens. It is so compact that it may be carried in a boy's pocket, a lady's hand-bag or muff.

In a word, it is so simple that a boy or girl can readily use it, so dainty and attractive in appearance, so sure in high quality of results, that it will be welcomed by a man or woman of any age.

Premoette Jr. No. 1, for 2¼ x 3¼ pictures *$5.00*
Premoette Jr. No. 1A, for 2½ x 4¼ pictures *8.00*

There are many other Premo cameras to choose from, at prices ranging from $1.50 to over $100.00. Get the Premo catalogue from your dealer to day, or write us. It's free.

Rochester Optical Division

Eastman Kodak Co. **Rochester, N. Y.**

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Kindly mention Everybody's Magazine in writing to advertisers—it helps your dealer.

For Christmas Morning

A KODAK

And throughout the day, the taking of pictures of all that goes to make that day a merry one.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY,

Catalogue free at your dealer's or by mail.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., *The Kodak City.*

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ARROW
DRESS SHIRTS

The ARROW marks a variety of shirts for formal day and evening wear that are remarkably smart and well made. The nicety of the fit, the unusually good quality of the fabrics, the correctness of the styles, and the superior workmanship, give to these shirts an air not surpassed even by the product of the shirt-to-order shop $2.00 *and upwards*

DONCHESTER

Dress Shirts with plain or pique bosoms which cannot bulge. No matter what position the wearer may assume, the bosoms always remain flat, creaseless, and in their place

TANGO SHIRTS

ARROW Tango Shirts are offered with soft and semi-soft, tucked or pleated bosoms. They may be had with plain or turned back cuffs in a variety of suitable fabrics

CLUETT, PEABODY & CO., Inc., *Makers of* ARROW COLLARS, Troy, N.Y.

Kindly mention Everybody's Magazine in writing to advertisers or visiting your dealer

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$2 a DAY—or $2 an HOUR?

Which will it be? The difference is only a matter of **training.** The man who works with his hands will always be an order-**taker.** He will take orders from the man who knows how to use his **brains.**

What's ahead of **you?** Are **you** going to be an order-**giver** or an order-**taker?** Are you going to be paid for what your brains **know** or for what your muscles can do?

The International Correspondence Schools can qualify you to be an order-**giver.** They can help you to a better job by giving you the **training** that the better job requires. They can help you to earn more money. They can help you to a more congenial position and send you to work in the morning chock full of ambition and determination.

For 24 years the I. C. S. have been aiding men just like you to rise to positions where salaries are larger and opportunities greater. Every month more than 400 men of all occupations voluntarily report better jobs and more money as a result of I. C. S. training.

Mark the Coupon

Successful men in every city and every town trace their success to the day they **marked the coupon.** Start **your** real success to-day. Mark the coupon.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
Box 1269 SCRANTON, PA.
Explain, without further obligation on my part, how I can qualify for the position before which I mark X

Salesmanship	Civil Service
Electrical Engineer	Railway Mail Clerk
Elec. Lighting Supt.	Bookkeeping
Electric Car Running	Stenography & Typewriting
Electric Wireman	Window Trimming
Telephone Expert	Show Card Writing
Architect	Lettering & Sign Painting
Building Contractor	Advertising
Architectural Draftsman	Commercial Illustrating
Structural Engineer	Industrial Designing
Concrete Construction	Commercial Law
Mechan. Engineer	Automobile Running
Mechanical Draftsman	Teacher
Refrigeration Engineer	English Branches
Civil Engineer	Good English for Every One
Surveyor	Agriculture
Mine Superintendent	Poultry Farming
Metal Mining	Plumbing & Steam Fitting
Locomotive Fireman & Eng.	Sheet Metal Worker
Stationary Engineer	Navigation
Textile Manufacturing	Languages: Spanish, French, German
Gas Engines	Chemist

Name

Present Occupation

Street and No.

City State

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The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 4.

Copyright 1914 by Hart Schaffner & Marx

Hart Schaffner & Marx

ır label in clothes is a small thing to look for, a big thing to find

You can buy a dress suit for $35

MANY men—young men especially—go without full dress clothes because they think they can't afford them.

We have just produced a special full dress suit made of fine dress cloth, silk linings and facings, braid on trousers; latest style in every particular; a suit to be proud of and to sell for $35.

Ask about it of the merchant in your town who sells our clothes.
You will see the above illustration in colors in his show windows.

Hart Schaffner & Marx

Chicago New York

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COPYRIGHT 1914 BY THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO. CINCINNATI

Before the days of Ivory Soap, it was a very serious matter to soil one's dainty frock. But now —

"Ivory Soap and water, will not injure anything that water, alone, will not harm."

IVORY SOAP · · · IT FLOATS · · · 99 44/100% PURE

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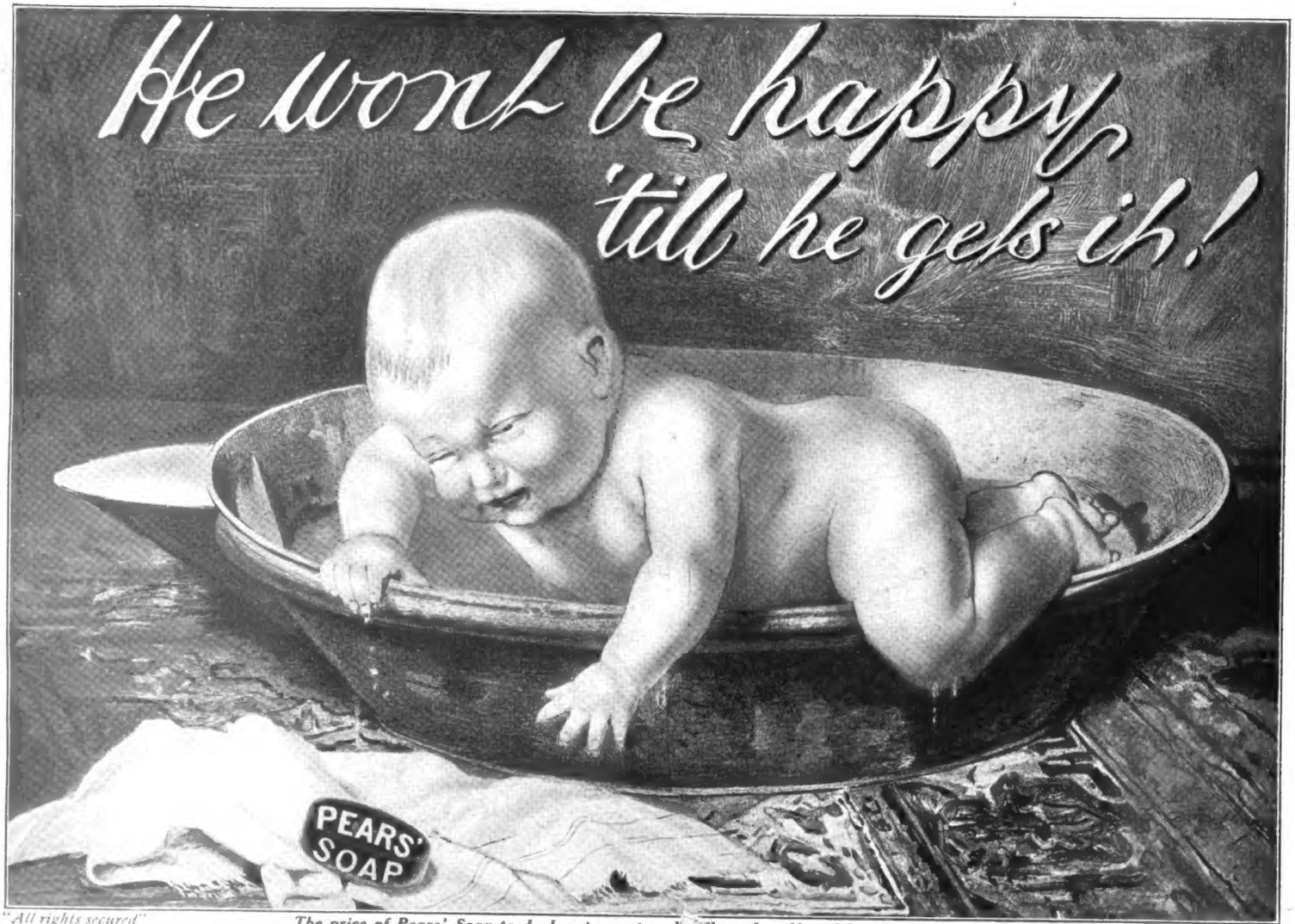

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The price of Pears' Soap to dealers has not and will not be affected by the European War

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